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PLAYS

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS SOUTHERNE, Esq.

VOL. III.

PLAYS

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS SOUTHERNE, Esq.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

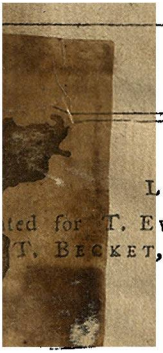
46510
ac.

WITH

An Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of the AUTHOR.

——Your tributary tears we claim,
For scenes that Southerne drew; a fav'rite name.
He touch'd your fathers hearts with gen'rous woe,
And taught your mothers youthful eyes to flow:
For this he claims hereditary praise,
From wits and beauties of our modern days.

HAWKESWORTH.



VOL. III.

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THE

FATE

OF

CAPUA.

A TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE in LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS,

By His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,

In the YEAR 1700.

Cætera, neque temporum ſunt, neque ætatum omnium, neque locorum: Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium, ac ſolatium præbent: Delectant domi, non impediunt foris: Pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur. CICERO Orat. pro Archia Poeta.

PROLOGUE:

Written by the Honourable CHARLES BOYLE, Esq.

OUR Bard resolv'd to quit this wicked town,
And all poetic offices lay down;
But the weak brother was drawn in again,
And a cast mistress tempted him to sin.
Thus many a cautious gallant in this throng,
May wed, when old, whom he debauch'd, when young.
Thus the repenting fair ones vow in vain
From cards, from love, from scandal, to refrain,
For, Easter over, they relapse again.
To write well's hard: but I appeal to y' all,
Is't not much harder not to write at all?
Some men must write, for writing's their disease,
And ev'ry Poet's sure one man to please.
Some meddling coxcombs, rather than sit still,
And perfectly do nothing, must do ill.
Some are with busie dulness so o'er-run,
They seem design'd by heav'n to teaze the town.
Yet when these fools have spawn'd some sickly play,
We have so many greater fools than they,
They'll pack a crowded audience the third day.
This Poet has no sly inveigling arts,
He'll try to gain, but he'll not steal your hearts.
His Muse is rustic, and perhaps too plain,
The men of squeamish tastes to entertain:
Who none but Dutchesses will deign to toast,
And favours only from front boxes boast.
That's all grimace: when appetites are good,
Be the dress coarse, the air and manners rude,
You can take up with wholesome flesh and blood.
But he despairs of pleasing all the nation,
'Tis so debauch'd with whims of reformation.
He's done his best: here is no wanton scene
To give the wicked joy, the godly, spleen.
Not one poor bawdy jest shall dare appear,
For even the batter'd, veteran strumpets, here,
Expect at least to bring a modest ear.

Here

Here is ſome love, 'tis true, ſome noiſe, ſome war,
Enough to pleaſe the belles, *the* beaux *to ſcare.*
Some buſtling patriots too, ſome rabble-rout,
And ſenators of the weak ſide thrown out.
But in all this, here's nothing can offend,
Nothing to loſe one ancient midnight friend:
He hopes then, when his cauſe comes on, they'll all attend.
Let critic foes remember 'tis paſt Lent,
And all good Chriſtians curſes then were ſpent.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PACUVIUS CALAVIUS,	Of *Hannibal*'s faction.	Mr. *Hodgſon.*
VIRGINIUS,		Mr. *Betterton.*
MARIUS BLOSIUS,		Mr. *Berry.*
VIBIUS VIRIUS,		Mr. *Bayly.*
DECIUS MAGIUS,	Of the *Roman* intereſt.	Mr. *Boman.*
PEROLLA,		Mr. *Scudamore.*
JUNIUS,		Mr. *Verbruggen.*
FAVONIA,		Mrs. *Barry.*

Senators, Deputies, Officers, Guards, *Capuan* and *Carthaginian* Meſſengers, and Clients.

The SCENE, CAPUA.

THE FATE OF CAPUA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

PACUVIUS.

THIS only I would offer to you more:
My known alliances, and kindred blood,
By intercourſe of marriages with *Rome*,
Cementing long the honour of my houſe,
With all the intereſt of that glorious ſtate,
May well proteſt for me, that I adviſe
Abandoning the *Romans* to their fate,
As neceſſary to avert our own.
2 *Sen.* To avert our own!
Pac. At leaſt you'll join with me,
It may be needful to advance our own.
1 *Sen.* Ay, there I cloſe with you when you ſpeak plain.
Rome loſt at *Canna* ſhows itſelf
Only in this, that their confederates,

Who had ſtood ages faſt and firm for *Rome*,
From that moſt dreadful day began to fail;
Deſerting her in abſolute deſpair
Of her loſt empire not to be reſtor'd.
1 *Sen.* You have a liſt of all the ſeveral ſtates,
People, and cities that are fal'n away
From *Rome* to the *Carthaginians*:
Let it be read——
Pac. It has been read already.
Their number and example ſhould adviſe
Their neighbours, who intend to follow 'em
As we muſt do, to follow chearfully;
To jump into our reſolutions;
What muſt be done, to have it frankly done;
To make a merit of our forwardneſs;
And not diſgrace the ſervice we intend,
By cold debates, indifference and delay.
2 *Sen.* Our rabble are in barefac'd mutiny.
3 *Sen.* And have declar'd themſelves for *Hannibal*.
[*Shouts in ſeveral quarters of the city.*
1 *Sen.* The noiſe comes this way now.
2 *Sen.* 'Tis every where.

Enter Decius Magius.

[*Within.*] Make way for *Decius Magius*.
Pac. Decius Magius!
I thought he had giv'n o'er the common-wealth.
Mag. I thought ſo too: but there is nothing certain;
I was in hopes I might have ſtaid at home:
But when a city is in general flame,
Cripples will find their legs to cry out fire.
Age has not much to loſe: but I am come
To awake, to rouze, and warn you of your ruin.
Pac. What is this ruin, *Decius Magius?*
Mag. In ſuch an honourable argument,
As yours may be, in the *Tarentine* war,
A peace from *Pyrrhus* was propos'd with *Rome*.
The queſtion almoſt was reſolv'd for it,
When *Appius*, as we have it on record,
Aged and blind, diſabled long before

To the ſtate's ſervice, and the public cares,
Was led into the ſenate, and inſpir'd
By indignation, and his country's cauſe,
Sway'd the debate, never to make a peace
With any foreign foe in *Italy*.
I come by his example: he was happy
In his ſucceſs; and ſo may I be bleſt,
So may I thrive to-day, as this great cauſe
That lies before you now is of more worth,
Of weightier worth, and threatning conſequence.
Pac. A long preamble: what will be the tale?
Mag. They ſay, you are upon deſerting *Rome*,
And joining *Hannibal*: I have a voice
Before it comes to that, and muſt be heard.
Pac. We have all voices for our country's good.
Mag. Our country's honour is her chiefeſt good.
Can we forget what *Rome* has been to us?
A foſtering neighbour of our infant ſtate:
A kind rejoicer in our growth and ſtrength:
Ever a friend: and in adverſity,
(As we have taſted of that bitter cup,
Now ſwill'd in pleaſures to the giddy brim
Of drunken riot, and forgetfulneſs:)
In our bad days, I ſay, ſhe ſtill has been
A comforter, a parent, and protector.
Pac. Well, *Decius Magius*, had you minded us,
If we had been inclining to forget
What, as allies and friends, we owe to *Rome*.
But, *Vibius Virius*, you our legate were,
Commiſſion'd to *Rome*'s conſul: You can ſay—
Vib. That we have paid all our reſpects of grief;
Condol'd their dire misfortunes, offering
Supplies of all things wanting to their wars;
This in the general name of *Capua*:
But cordials to the dead are ſo apply'd:
Fortune has left them nothing to ſupply.
The *Roman* legions, enſigns, horſe and arms,
Men, money, proviſions, routed, ſpoil'd,
All in the day of *Cannæ* were deſtroy'd,
Or on the morrow's plunder of both camps.

Pac. So that 'tis not enough to aid them now:
If you do any thing you muſt reſolve
To undertake their war with *Hannibal.*
Mag. And can you undertake a worthier cauſe?
Is there a worthier, than a ſocial war?
Our anceſtors compell'd within theſe walls,
No longer able to defend the city,
The *Samnites*, *Cidicines*, inveſting us,
Sinking in ruin, who upheld us then?
Who, but the *Romans*, could have ſav'd us then?
They took us trembling to protection:
Suſtain'd a war for near a hundred years,
With fortune often varying the event,
Dreadful to *Italy*, againſt the *Samnites*,
Which they begun, and carry'd on for us:
And is there nothing to be done for them?
4 *Sen.* Why, that is true; if we cou'd do it,
Without an injury to our ſelves.
Mag. Have we not always been affianc'd friends?
Our laws, our cuſtoms, conſtitutions
Almoſt a-kin, and, as our marriages,
Mingled, and wove into our mutual weal?
The citizens of *Rome*, and *Capua*,
Enjoying common rights of burgheſie,
Speak us indeed one people in two ſtates.
So that whatever miſchiefs fall on them,
Betide us too; and we muſt ſtand oblig'd,
By all the bonds of honeſt intereſt,
To ſave a country, equal to us both.
5 *Sen.* That I don't ſo well underſtand neither.
Mag. This is no *Samnite*, no *Hetrurian* war;
Where if one loſe a neighbour ſtate muſt win;
And tho' the empire ſhould be torn from *Rome*,
It ſtill remains with us in *Italy*.
We ſhall not find it ſo with foreigners.
The *Carthaginians* are theſe foreigners:
The *Carthaginians* are our enemies—
Pac. Hold, have a care——
Mag. I will, to ſpeak the truth;
And ſay again they are our enemies;

Rivals of empire, in this ſecond war:
And therefore to be thought the common foes
Of *Rome*, of *Capua*, and of *Italy*.

4 *Sen.* Urg'd home, and boldly.

Mag. O! let us pay the debt of glory now!
Tho' *Rome* be drooping, we may raiſe her head.
Our forces are unbroken, freſh, entire:
Full thirty thouſand foot, four thouſand horſe,
Upon our muſters in *Campania*:
Money, munitions, and proviſions,
With the proud train and equipage of war,
Martial'd, and ready harneſs'd for the field,
All high of heart, and full of able proof.
If then our friendſhip, and fidelity,
Anſwer the firmneſs of our ſtrength and power,
Hannibal will not perceive his victory;
No, nor the *Romans* feel their ſore defeat. [*Shouts again.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

3 *Sen.* Here comes another meſſenger.

4 *Sen.* The news?

Meſſ. If I had breath, it is not to be told.
The madding rabble have at laſt poſſeſt
The ſober part; the peaceful citizens,
Infected by their fury, are in arms;
And *Capua* now is but one multitude.

Pac. There is no time for foreign argument
Of right and juſt; of future good or ill:
Since what we have to fear, is preſent now,
Imminent, and breaking on our heads at home.

Enter Marius Bloſius.

Make way—good *Marius Bloſius*, take your ſeat:
We know you have done the beſt you can for us:
When you're collected, you will tell us all.

Blo. Diſorders, tumults, and confuſions,
Raging with horror up and down our ſtreets,
Had ſpent themſelves in oppoſition
Of their contending parties; there we hop'd
The uproar would have end: but now they join,

Rabble and citizens, in horrid league,
And all combin'd in violence, reſolve
On miſchiefs more premeditate and bold.
1 Sen. Reſolve on what?
2 Sen. What miſchiefs are reſolv'd?
Blo. All who are *Romans* found in *Capua*,
(As we have families tranſplanted here)
Tho' in the ſervice of our ſtate employ'd,
Or in their private callings, they have ſeiz'd——
Mag. How! ſeiz'd!
Blo. Men, women, children, huddled in the rout,
Without diſtinction hurry'd and ſhut up,
Under the name of ſafety, in our baths,
The public baths, where choak'd with heat and ſmoak,
Their ſtruggling ſouls muſt wretchedly expire,
If timely not ſet free.
Mag. If this goes on
Ruin muſt follow: I will ſpare no pains
For their deliverance. [*Magius goes out.*
1 Sen. Wretched indeed!
2 Sen. Barbarous and cruel to our worſt of foes,
Without a name to our allies and friends!
Pac. No friendſhip, no alliance after this.
What they have done, is a ſad argument
They will do more to carry to their ends.
Blo. Nay, there is more in hand, and to be fear'd,
Directed this way too: for, one and all,
They cry, the Senate's councils are too ſlow,
That they intend to come and quicken 'em——
1 Sen. The Gods forbid!
2 Sen. Avert this danger, heav'n!
Blo. But that we ſhall no longer buy and ſell
Their intereſts, with our mercenary tongues:
That we but hold the government in truſt
For them, they all have law enough for that,
They ſay, they can recall it when they pleaſe.
They'll do their work themſelves; they'll have no more
To do with us; we never did 'em good,
Before this time; and now againſt our will;
Affording 'em ſuch juſt occaſion

To

To throw us off, Senate and tyranny.
3 *Sen.* Heav'n grant it go no farther.
2 *Sen.* But I fear——
3 *Sen.* They bear us ancient hate on former ſcores:
And what the privilege of ſuch lawleſs times
May ſet 'em on to act, is to be fear'd.
Blo. Nay, what portends the worſt, and threatens moſt:
This head-long rout, this lewd ungovern'd crew,
Is captain'd, headed, and led on by ſome,
The nobleſt blood, and foremoſt of our youth:
Who ne'er will think their ſervices well pay'd,
But at the price of univerſal change.
1 *Sen.* They're at our doors. [*Shouts nearer.*
2 *Sen.* What will become of us!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Fly, fly, you Senators of *Capua:*
There is no ſafety for you, but in flight:
The people are determin'd in your doom,
And now come on to execution:
They've vow'd to murder you, and ſo give up
The common-wealth void of all government
To *Hannibal*, and *Carthaginian* power,
To model new, and ſtamp what form he pleaſe:
As the beſt ſacrifice, the juſteſt means,
To attone his wrath, and puniſh your delay.
Pac. Let us not ſtand confounded in your fears:
[*Shouts again.*
Gaping on one another, as relief,
Without our care, would drop into our mouths.
2 *Sen.* What can we do?
1 *Sen.* We would do any thing.
3 *Sen.* No God to pity us!
4 *Sen.* *Pacuvius*, you have been the people's friend;
Would we had all.
1 *Sen.* Ay, good *Pacuvius*,
You might do much, would you appear for us.
Pac. I had ſome credit with 'em: What 'tis now——
2 *Sen.* They will hear you.
Pac. I cannot promiſe that.

But what I can, I will: perhaps I may
Do more than you expect——but then you muſt
Give up your faith entire to what I do;
Lay by your feuds, and factions in the Senate;
Submitting all to my direction.

Omn. Diſpoſe of all, ſo you deliver us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Outſide of the Palace.*

[*Shouts again.*

Enter Pacuvius *with Guards.* Virginius *heading the Rabble.*

Pac. Shut up the gates; none to paſs in or out,
But by my orders: if a Senator
Eſcapes your guard, you anſwer with your lives
To our great Lords the people.

1 *Cit.* Why, here's a Lord, indeed.

Vir. He does not think himſelf too great
To be the people's friend.

2 *Cit.* No, no; Lord *Pacuvius* has been always our friend; and we will be his upon occaſion: for he ſhall find himſelf, within this half hour, the only Senator unhang'd in *Capua*.

Pac. My country-men, my fellow-citizens!
'Tis in your power now to revenge your ſelves
On this deteſted *Senate*, juſtly fal'n
Under your ſentence; odious grown to all,
Who love the people, or the common-wealth.
I offer you a full and ſafe revenge,
A free revenge, nothing to interrupt,
But you may do your work with decency:
No tumult for one Senator to ſcape in.
Without the danger of invading 'em
In their particular houſes, which wou'd be
Defended by their friends, clients, and ſlaves,
I have 'em here, defenceleſs and alone,
Impriſon'd in the palace; ſay the word,
What ſhall be done with 'em?

1 *Cit.* Come, come, open the gates, we'll quickly diſpoſe of 'em.

2 *Cit.* Ay, ay, we are men of expedition, and ſo they ſhall find us, to their coſt: every man take his Senator; we'll hang 'em upon the battlements of the palace, for a ſinking example to all common-wealths.

1 *Cit.* Hold you, hold you, I don't like hanging: there's a great deal to be done in a handſome execution.

3 *Cit.* Look you, my maſters, I am but a plain man to ſee to, as a body may ſay, but I can ſpeak my mind without being aſkt, as ſoon as thoſe that are wiſer: look you, time is precious, and we have a great deal to do with it; make as ſhort work as you can, I adviſe; ev'n cut their throats, and there's an end on't.

1 *Cit.* Cutting of throats is but a ſlovingly way of doing juſtice: I am for doing things decently, neighbours, and I believe I have hit it: this is not an ordinary day with us, you know, why then let's make a holy-day of it indeed; ſet the palace a-fire about the Senators' ears, and there's a bonfire to our holiday.

Omn. Agreed, agreed; a bonfire, a bonfire.

Pac. It was the very thing I was thinking of——

1 *Cit.* Why very well.

Pac. Nay, it is excellent, to have the old drones ſmother'd in their hives.

Omn. No more to be ſaid, boys; about it inſtantly, my lads.

2 *Cit.* We are all in a mind once in our lives.

Omn. Fire the palace, down with it, fire the palace.

Pac. And yet what has this noble building done?
A public ornament, a reverend pile,
That has ſtood ages——but if you pleaſe to think
It has ſtood long enough, why, down with it;
Who ſhall find fault? It is the common-wealth's,
The people's, and you may diſpoſe your own.

1 *Cit.* How's that? The palace ours! Let's hear him a little upon that ſubject.

Pac. The Senators! blow them up in a blaze;
You will miſs nothing of them but their beards;
Or if you ſhould, they cheaply are ſupply'd.
But if the Senate-houſe be laid in aſhes,
Who ſhall repair the ruin?

Vir. At a time
When *Capua* ſtands the rival of great *Rome*,
You would not ſtrip her of her palaces,
To leave her naked to her neighbours ſcorn?

Omn. No, no, we don't deſire that neither.

Vir. This venerable ſtructure may ſtand up
With our moſt celebrated public domes,
Sacred and common, temples, theatres,
And all our numerous progeny of art,
The monuments of famous anceſtry,
That ſpeak as loud for us, as *Rome*'s for her;
And wou'd you throw it down?

Pac. If you repent,
When it is down, who builds it up again?
The public purſe alone, the common ſtock
(The citizens free-born inheritance)
Whoever does the miſchief, pays for all.

1 *Cit.* If it be ſo, my maſters!

2 *Cit.* 'Tis as he ſays, man; and the caſe is quite alter'd.

1 *Cit.* Why, my Lord, we're at a loſs here for want of employment.

2 *Cit.* You have ſav'd the building, 'tis true, and we thank you for't: but the Senators——

Omn. Ay, ay, the Senators, the Senators——

Pac. I am their gaoler ſtill, to anſwer their forthcoming,
When you pleaſe; and to promote the juſtice you intend,
Since you are not agreed among your ſelves,
I do propoſe to bring each Senator
Upon the trial of his ſingle merit,
To ſtand or fall, juſt as his cauſe deſerves:
Your ſelves to be the judges.

2 *Cit.* Why there you have hit it, my Lord.

1 *Cit.* Every honeſt man muſt be of your Lordſhip's mind.

Vir. Your ſelves to be the judges! Mark you that?

1 *Cit.* Well, my Lord, pray proceed in your own method: We know you're a friend to us, we'll be govern'd by you.

Pac. Then, in the firſt place, I wou'd have you ſo govern your anger, that your anger get not the upper hand of your int'reſt and ſafety. For I ſuppoſe your hatred extends to theſe Senators only; you like the conſtitution well enough——

2 *Cit.* My Lord, that's more than we can ſay with a ſafe conſcience.

Pac. What! not like a Senate?

1 *Cit.* To tell you the truth, we don't approve of the order, and wou'd baniſh it the city, if we cou'd.

Vir. You muſt have a government among you.

Pac. You muſt have a Senate; a Senate is but the great Council of a free people, and that's for your good, you muſt own.

2 *Cit.* Well, if we muſt have a Senate——

Pac. Why, that's well ſaid: then, in order to a reformation, my maſters, there are two things that call upon you at the ſame time; the diſſolving your old Senate, and chuſing a new one in the room.

1 *Cit.* Why, there I grant you, a Senate of our own chuſing we may like.

2 *Cit.* We'll chuſe a Senate, I warrant you.

Pac. I will ſummon the Senators, one after another, to appear before you: what you judge of 'em ſhall be executed; I will only gather your voices.

1 *Cit.* This is method now.

Pac. Unbar the gates, and bid the Senators
Prepare themſelves to appear upon their names.

2 *Cit.* Ay, this is doing buſineſs.

Pac. But one thing you muſt promiſe me, my friends,
To puniſh none, however criminal,
Before you chuſe an able, honeſt man,
Into his place, as a new Senator.

1 *Cit.* That's fair on every ſide.

Pac. Here is a roll, agree among your ſelves
Whom to cite firſt——This day muſt crown our hopes.
[*Going to* Virginius.

Vir. The deputies are return'd from *Hannibal.*

Pac. Let 'em be ready, I ſhall want 'em ſtraight.

2 *Cit.* Let's ſee, let's ſee; where ſhall we begin, at the top or the bottom?

3 *Cit.* Hold you, hold you; *Titus Didius* here; begin at him: I happen'd to get a ſlave of his with child, and he made me marry her, for which I ſhould be very glad to ſee him hang'd.

4 *Cit.* Make 'em into lots, I ſay, and let 'em be drawn fairly.

Omn. Ay, ay, every man take his chance.

[*They are buſy in making the lots, while* Pacuvius *and* Virginius *ſpeak.*

Pac. O that *Perolla*, my degenerate ſon,
Wou'd follow thy ambition; but he pules,
And conſcience-bound in ſuch a cauſe as this,
The cauſe of empire, baſely ſtands for *Rome*,
Againſt his country, and his father's houſe.

Vir. That *Decius Magius* has infected him.

Pac. My old oppoſer ſtill.

Vir. He has been every where among the crowd,
To ſpread the poiſon of his politics:
But we had dos'd 'em with our antidotes;
Timely preventing all the giddy turns,
That might have happen'd to that ſickly ſtate;
Confirm'd the crazy conſtitution
Of their weak, wavering minds; and now we have
Scatter'd, diſpers'd the faction, and the cauſe,
Quite routed him, and his malignity.

Pac. So that the people all ſtand ſound for us.
But do not truſt 'em with themſelves too long:
They will relapſe into their natural fears,
And cool, without your fire to keep them warm.

Vir. Theſe you'll take care of: I have other parties
To head, and bring up on occaſion. [*Exit.*

[*The Citizens come forward, one having drawn a lot.*

1 *Cit.* So, ſo, without favour, or affection, now open it.——

Pac. Who have you drawn?

2 *Cit.* *Rutilius Lupus.* [*Reading the name.*

Pac. *Rutilius Lupus* there, let him appear.

1 *Cit.* Ay, ay, let him appear, and be hang'd for his pains, I ſay.

3 *Cit.* Ay, ſo ſay I.

Omn. And all of us.

Enter Rutilius Lupus.

2 *Cit.* Here, here, he comes. He has always been an enemy to the people.

1 *Cit.* And now we'll quit ſcores with him.

Pac. Well, he is doom'd: you do expel him firſt. The Senate——but before his puniſhment,
You muſt elect a new one in his room.

Omn. Ay, ay, that's quickly done.

Pac. He may paſs on, we'll talk with him anon.

1 *Cit.* Who ſhall we chuſe, neighbours?

2 *Cit.* Let's lay our heads together, and do it to purpoſe once in our lives. [R. Lupus *withdraws.*

1 *Cit.* Why, ay, who ſhall we chuſe?

2 *Cit.* Let me ſee——

1 *Cit.* Some body that deſerves very well of the commons.

Omn. That's to be ſure.

1 *Cit.* One that is in the intereſt of his country; and, if poſſible, will continue ſo in ſpight of preferment——

2 *Cit.* That's the man, that's the man.

3 *Cit.* Who, who?

2 *Cit.* Nay, good troth, I can't tell; we han't found him yet.

1 *Cit.* He muſt be one, we have nothing to ſay againſt——

3 *Cit.* Ay, marry, who may that be?

1 *Cit.* One who wonnot forget his benefactors, the people that rais'd him.

2 *Cit.* A very good quality, indeed; now name the man that owns it, and I give my voice.

1 *Cit.* Nay, I name no body.

3 *Cit.* Name no body! what! we muſt name ſome body: come, I'll name one——*Cecilius Nepos*——

Omn. Cecilius Nepos! there's a man indeed!

3 *Cit.* What do you think of him?

Omn. We don't think of him.

2 *Cit.* Stay, ſtay, the Senators are call'd Fathers, you know——

1 *Cit.* What then?

2 *Cit.* Why, in that ſenſe he may be qualify'd; and thou doſt honeſtly to ſet him up; for he is naturally thy Senator, being the father of thy family.

1 *Cit.* No, no, we'll father our children without him, if we can, with our wives leave; we'll none of him. Set up another.

4 *Cit. Titus Volcatius.*

Omn. That's worſe and worſe.

1 *Cit.* What ſhall we do with him?

2 *Cit.* He knows nothing of the matter.

1 *Cit.* When he ſhows any management in his private affairs, we may begin to think of him for the publick: in the mean time, let him play the fool at his own expence, and in private; as he uſes to do.

4 *Cit. Mamellius,* then.

1 *Cit. Mamellius!* who is he?

2 *Cit.* He is one, that was ſqueez'd out of the neceſſities of the government; that has made a hard ſhift to get a mighty eſtate, by the common calamities; a plaguy rich fellow.

1 *Cit.* Rich! as a dunghil may be, by a congregation of filth and villainy.

2 *Cit.* Wou'd he were to be ſo well beſtow'd; carry'd out by a common conſent, for he's a nuſance as he is, and ſpread abroad for the enriching the public.

1 *Cit.* O, ho, I know him; a viper, that has eaten thro' the bowels of his country, in hopes of coming to the head on't: but I hope he will return as he came, and go out at the tail.

2 *Cit.* Well, *Furius Philus.*

1 *Cit.* He's too proud for us.

2 *Cit. Marcus Mutius.*

1 *Cit.* Let him pay his debts.

3 *Cit.* He pays no body, as 'tis.

1 *Cit.* And you would give him a privilege to ruin his neighbours.

Pac. Well, are you agreed?

1 *Cit.* Agreed, my Lord, there's nothing to agree upon: when we come to particulars, 'tis only to find fault: men are but men; and, new or old, the Senate's the ſame.

Pac. Why do you diſſolve this then?

2 *Cit.* We don't diſſolve it.

Omn. No, no, we don't diſſolve it.

1 *Cit.* And for this reaſon, neighbours, to carry home to your wives, to ſtop their mouths withal; becauſe the evils that we are beſt acquainted with, are always the eaſieſt to be borne.

2 *Cit.* Marry I think ſo too.

Omn. And all of us.

2 *Cit.* Therefore, I am for ſetting the Senators at liberty.

Omn. Ay, ay, ſet them at liberty.

2 *Cit.* Provided they join with us in this buſineſs.

1 *Cit.* Heartily, and ſpeedily, or we ſhall viſit 'em again. And ſo you may tell 'em, my Lord. [*Ex. ſhouting.*

Pac. I wonnot fail.

Enter Senators.

1 *Sen. Pacuvius!* O! what honours are thy due! Statues and temples, thou deliverer!

2 *Sen.* We cannot ſpeak our humble thanks too low, In the deep ſenſe of our acknowledgments.

3 *Sen.* Thou haſt ſav'd our lives, diſpoſe of them and us——

4 *Sen.* Our fortunes, friends, and deareſt intereſts.

1 *Sen.* Command in all, for we owe all to thee.

Pac. I have been the happy inſtrument, indeed, To ſerve the Senate——

2 *Sen.* Nay, to ſave the State.

Pac. And I am nobly pay'd in the good work.

1 *Sen.* The people tho' won't be ſo ſatisfy'd.

Pac. No, they are obſtinate upon their terms; You muſt comply with 'em.

2 *Sen.* We are agreed in every article for *Hannibal.*

3 *Sen.* And wou'd declare our ſelves, did not our friends——

Pac. Under the *Roman* arms in *Sicily*——

3 *Sen.* As hoſtages for our fidelity,
With-hold us, till we can provide for them.

Pac. That fear was urg'd before; but you ſhall have
It fully anſwer'd by our deputies:
I ſee they are return'd.

Enter Deputies.

Omn. O! welcome, welcome!

2 *Sen.* What have you done for us with *Hannibal?*

Dep. We bring moſt advantageous terms of peace.
Theſe the conditions, the laſt of which [*Offering a Paper.*
Removes the preſent fear, and does provide
Expreſsly for our friends in *Cicily*.

3 *Sen.* Let that be read.

Pac. Nay, read 'em not in parts.

Dep. He offers you three hundred *Roman* knights,
Which you ſhall chuſe out of his priſoners,
To give the *Romans*, in a fair exchange,
For our *Campanian* youth in arms with them.

1 *Sen.* He has hit upon the ſole expedient,
To enſure the lives and ſafety of our friends.

Pac. He offers more than we cou'd aſk of him.

Dep. You'll find him in all points as generous.

Pac. Now are you ſatisfy'd?

3 *Sen.* We aſk no more.

Dep. In the juſt confidence of proffer'd love,
He comes himſelf, the hoſtage of his faith,
To *Capua*.

Blo. So my advices ſay, but mention not the time.

Dep. He comes this day; he's on his march already.

1 *Sen.* Let us prepare for his reception.

Pac. Summon the people to the *Forum* then,
And let the articles be read to 'em:
So hand in hand we ſhall proceed in love,
And act unenvy'd for our country's good. [*Going.*

Enter Decius Magius.

Mag. Pacuvius! you have done moſt worthily,
Saving the Senate: wou'd you wou'd employ
Your intereſt with the people always ſo.
The wretched *Romans* wanted ſuch a friend:
I had no pow'r; but death has ſet 'em free.

1 *Sen.* Dead! are they dead!

[*The Senators go out one after another, and leave him alone.*

Mag. All periſht in the baths.
And they are left behind, to bluſh in blood
For this day's treaſon, who encourag'd it:
It muſt be anſwer'd for to Gods and men,
And *Capua* rue it in her ſons unborn;
An impious city of devoted crimes!
The vengeance will fall heavy, and, I fear,
Fall wide enough, ev'n to involve us all.

1 *Sen.* Alas! we are not guilty of their death. [*Goes out.*

2 *Sen.* But mourn alike with you the people's rage.

[*Goes out.*

3 *Sen.* What could we do? [*Goes out.*

Mag. What are you doing now?
Where are you going? Do you leave me too?
But you indeed have left me long ago.
Your ſteps have err'd long from the track of truth,
And are not worth an honeſt man's purſuit;
But I will follow. If I can't prevent,
I may proteſt againſt their practices;
That's in my pow'r: that will exempt me from
The general guilt, and juſtify my fame:
Let me ſecure my innocence, and then
Death to an old man cannot come too ſoon. [*Exit.*

SCENE Virginius's *Houſe.*

Favonia *at work with her Women.*

A SONG (written by *Anthony Henly*, Eſq.)

WHAT's Beauty? bright Favonia, *tell.*
The miſtreſs of it knows it well.
'Tis not colour, 'tis not feature,
Eaſy faſhion, nor good-nature:
Good teeth, and hair, a ſmiling grace,
Can't give perfection to a face:
Not yielding lips, or wiſhing eyes;
But ſhe is handſome who denies.

A SONG (written by Colonel *Codrington.*)

WHAT Beauty is, let Strephon *tell,*
Who oft has try'd it, knows it well.
Not all the wonders of a face,
Where nature triumphs in each grace,
Not ſnowy breaſts, thro' which is ſeen
The purple flood that boils within,
Not lips, when wit with eaſe beguiles,
Whilſt playſom Cupids *dance in ſmiles,*
Not youth, not ſhape, not air, not eyes;
She only charms me who complies.

Virginius *enters to 'em.*

Vir. Among your women in your huſwifry!
Fie, 'tis a profanation of the day,
Sacred, and ſet apart from common uſe,
And dedicated to the public joy.
Fav. The public joy, my Lord!
Vir. The general joy;
In which I have ſecur'd a part for thee,
A liberal ſhare for my *Favonia.*
Fav. May I ſecure my private peace at home;
And for the public, let the joy, and grief,
Fall to their different fates, who riſe and fall.

The ſtate does not concern a woman's care;
Yet, Sir, I thank you for remembring me.
Vir. Doſt thou! Well, there's ſomething ev'n in that;
There is a kind of gratitude in thanks,
Tho' it be barren, and bring forth but words.
Fav. I do not underſtand——
Vir. Thou doſt not; true:
And that's the very root of my complaint,
That any thing relating to my love
Should ſtill be ſtrange, not underſtood by thee.
Fav. My Lord——
Vir. O! thou art cold in my reception,
Thou can'ſt not think thy ſelf, but thou art cold.
I would have met my welcome in thy arms,
My eager welcome in thy longing arms,
That ſhould have cruſh'd me inward to thy heart,
Into thy heart, if it were poſſible,
Throbbing and beating with the pulſe of love:
That, that had been a welcome fit for me,
And a juſt recompence of all my pains.
Fav. Indeed, my Lord, I owe you every thing,
In recompence of what you have done for me:
But for your welcome, that you bring along
With you; 'tis yours, as you are maſter here:
And if I have not ſerv'd it up to you,
As does become the duty of my place,
With that frank chearfulneſs to give content,
Let me not anſwer for my nature's faults.
Vir. Nay, now thou art too ſerious.
Fav. I am unhappy in the want of all
Thoſe neceſſary, natural arts to pleaſe.
Vir. Thou art above the little reach of arts,
And can'ſt want nothing, but the will, to pleaſe.
Fav. What is there that I can invite you to,
That you do not diſpoſe of?
Vir. Nothing, nothing:
Thou art all mine; and let me tell my heart,
That hourly grows more covetous of thy love,
And therefore buſie to torment it ſelf,
Its fears are vain, and thou art wholly mine.

Fav. I own your title, and you are the Lord
Of every thing that does belong to me.
Vir. Why, what would I have more? there's nothing more.
I do confeſs that I am happier
Than I deſerve to be; much happier:
I commit many faults, but none to thee.
O! could thy gentleneſs of ſoul infuſe
Its ſpirit into my breaſt, to temper mine;
How ſhould I then be bleſt! but who can tell?
Perhaps 'tis better order'd as it is.
Indifference would never ſuit my fate.
My paſſions are unruly, and ſometimes
Break looſe on my beſt friends; but then you ſhould
Conſider 'em as the effects of love:
As the effects! nay, they are love it ſelf;
For love it ſelf is all the paſſions,
At leaſt to me; whether it be deſire,
Or hope, or fear, or anger, or revenge,
In all its different motions, ſtill 'tis love.
Love, love! the great incendiary here!
His torch ſets all this little world on fire;
And let it burn, to purify my flame;
For life and love ſhall both burn out together.

Servant enters to him.

Serv. Sir, you are ſtaid for.
Vir. So, ſo; well, I come.
I have forgot my ſelf, my buſineſs too,
With looking on thee. Can'ſt thou tell me, Love,
What 'twas I came about?
Fav. Buſineſs, you ſay.
Vir. I fancy'd I had mighty buſineſs here;
But now I find 'twas but a fond pretence
To come and viſit thee.
Fav. You're always kind.
Vir. The hurry and the ſtruggle of the day,
You were inform'd in by my meſſengers.
Fav. They hourly brought me the particulars.
And there are ſome things done, which I could wiſh—

Vir. Things which I thought I could not have allow'd:
And, but to raiſe thy fortune, never would———
Fav. Pray heav'n they do not overturn it quite.
Vir. But they muſt paſs with others in the crowd.
There will be miſchief in confuſion:
I had forgot: Thou art a ſtranger ſtill
To the ſad news: Thy rival is no more.
Fav. My rival!
Vir. Yes, thy rival in my heart:
You had it all between you, wife and friend:
Junius, that friend, is dead.
Fav. Dead! is he dead?
Vir. He fell at *Cannæ*: Had he been alive,
And ſtill a *Roman* in his intereſt;
I never could have been a foe to *Rome*.
I have an hour of grief to dedicate———
But this is not the time. I'm call'd upon.
Hannibal comes, the glorious *Hannibal*.
His entry will be moſt magnificent,
And will reward your curioſity.
I will provide you place, and ſend for you. [*Exit.*

Favonia *alone.*

Fav. What? what is there that I can want on earth,
To fill the meaſure of my happineſs?
Why am I not contented with my lot?
So kind a huſband falls not to the fate
Of every wife: all that he ſays, and does,
All his deſigns are working ſtill for me:
And yet I cannot thank him, as I ought.
Not but I ever had a dutious ſenſe——
But that is not the payment of the heart.
He aſks my love, and not my gratitude,
And why is that deny'd? O! *Junius!*
But thou art dead, and I may name thee now.
I made it criminal to pronounce his name,
Avoiding every way all news of him,
Endeavouring to forget him, if I could.
But Oh! the torment, and the rack of ſoul!
To keep our thoughts for ever on the bent

Upon themſelves, ſtill labouring to forget,
What, by the labour, we remember more.
Why didſt thou come between him and my heart?
Why rather did my huſband place thee there,
By bringing thee into the family?
I ſaw no danger, till it was too late.
But what have I not done, and ſuffer'd too,
To drive thee thence, to make *Virginius* room?
I have maintain'd an everlaſting war
Within this breaſt, ſtill fighting on his ſide:
Have ſummon'd all my ſuccours to my aid;
My native powers, and the confederate force
Of reaſon, duty, virtue; nay, brought down
The woman's laſt reſerve of all, my fame:
Weak aids, alas! againſt the tyrant Love.
But he's depos'd, and Death has ſet me free:
A greater tyrant gives me liberty. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Forum.*

Enter Decius Magius *with* Perolla, *and two or three of his Clients among the Citizens.*

Mag. A Garriſon in *Capua!* O! prevent,
Reſiſt their entrance, block their paſſage up.
Remember *Pyrrhus*, and the *Tarentines*;
His inſolent rule, and their ſubjected ſtate.
Per. They are already enter'd.
Mag. Let 'em not poſſeſs themſelves;
Expel 'em, drive 'em out:
Or if, by a brave memorable blow,
You would redeem your baſeneſs to your friends,
Cut 'em in pieces, and compound with *Rome*.
Per. They are not of your party. They fall off.
[*Citizens ſneak off.*

Mag. Old Honeſty is us'd to ſtand alone.
Per. Here comes my father.
Mag. Good young man, retire:
I may ſay ſomething that you would not hear.

Pacuvius *with the Senators in their Robes, croſſing the Stage.*

Pac. Widen our gates; let our encircling walls
Sink in the earth, that nothing may appear,
Ev'n in a ſeeming oppoſition,
To ſtand againſt the conquering *Hannibal:*
The conqueror of *Rome*, but *Capua*'s friend.
1 *Sen.* We need no ramparts now, no Bulwarks, walls,
We're ſtrongly fortify'd in *Hannibal.*
Mag. What are the forces that he brings along?
Not only *Africans*, but nations drawn
From the extreameſt limits of the earth;
Hercules's Pillars, and the ocean's bounds:
Who have no knowledge of humanity;
And but in human ſpeech differ from beaſts;
Brutal and bloody: but their leader has
Advanc'd their natural barbarity;
Erecting monſtrous bridges of the dead,
On human bodies urging his proud way——
2 *Sen.* Nay, *Decius Magius.*
Mag. And, as an abſolute maſter of the war,
Defying famine in his horrid camp,
Has taught 'em to devour the fleſh of men.
1 *Sen.* Now, *Magius*, you grow dangerous indeed.
Mag. Are theſe to be our friends? theſe our allies?
Who that is but a ſon of *Italy*,
Can ſee, and ſuffer ſuch deteſted ſlaves,
Whom, but to touch is a pollution;
Such obſcene villains to become our Lords?
What! ſhall we turn a province to their power!
Who would depend on *Afric* for her ſmiles,
That looks upon the fair-fac'd *Italy?*
Can you conſent, that ſhe ſhould fall at laſt;
A ſober matron, and unſullied yet,

With all her graces, to the ſwarthy ſpoil
Of hot *Numidians*, and luſt-burnt *Moors?*
Pac. We'll hear no more. *Perolla*, if thou art
A ſon of mine, leave him, and follow me.
Forward, my Lords.
Mag. I have done with *Hannibal.*
And now, *Pacuvius*, a word to thee.
Per. I know my duty here, and will withdraw
From what I fear, a father's infamy. [*Exit.*
Pac. This you muſt anſwer.
Mag. To the gods, and men,
I'll anſwer it; would thou could'ſt do as much,
For what thou'ſt done.
Pac. I've ſerv'd the common-wealth——
Mag. Thou haſt ſerv'd thyſelf.
Pac. And 'tis thy envy rails.
Mag. O! that there was no juſter cauſe to ſpeak!
But ſure there's not ſo reprobate a wretch,
To envy thee the ruin of thy country.
Pac. The ruin of thy peeviſhneſs and pride.
Mag. That fame unenvy'd ſhall be wholly thine.
Thou can'ſt not, as a free-born citizen,
But underſtand, that true proſperity
Lives in a common ſhare of liberty:
Not in the plunder of our neighbours rights.
Pac. Who has invaded 'em?
Mag. Thou would'ſt be firſt:
And would thou hadſt been ſo, in dignity
Of honeſt deeds: But that was not enough.
Pac. I find I am arraign'd: What was there more?
Mag. Thou haſt long practis'd on the government;
Pois'ning its wholeſome conſtitution,
By lawleſs, bold experiments of power:
And now they are broke out in tyranny,
To infect the health and life of liberty.
Pac. Becauſe I have appear'd the people's friend.
Mag. Thou did'ſt betray the people to themſelves,
By taking off their ſafe reſtraining laws;
And then the ſenate to the people's rage:
That by the credit of redeeming both,

Thou

Thou might'ſt betray us all to *Hannibal.*
Pac. 'Tis very well; go on; let him go on.
Mag. What is the puny part that thou muſt act
In this poor farce of thy ambition?
What will it end in? O! thou wouldſt be fear'd,
Rather than lov'd; thou ſhalt be hated too;
And then what comes of thee? Who can be happy
On ſuch conditions of an anxious life;
That ev'n his murd'rer ſhall not only 'ſcape
Unpuniſht, but ſhall be rewarded too?
All good men will combine againſt thy life:
Tho' this may want deſign to lay the plot;
A ſecond, courage to attempt the deed;
Another want an opportunity;
All will conſent, and wiſh to have it done.
It is enough for gallant minds to know
How honourable in the enterprize,
How grateful in the general benefit,
How glorious in the renown and fame,
It is to kill a tyrant. *Hannibal,*
Immur'd in walls of ſteel, cannot be ſafe.
Pac. O! he'll take care to ſave himſelf from you.
Mag. Where then can'ſt thou from juſtice hide thy head?
Pac. The laws are living ſtill, to puniſh ſuch
Licentious tongues.
Mag. By death, or baniſhment?
Say which, thou tyrant; which do'ſt thou pronounce?
Death drives us from the fellowſhip of mankind:
But baniſhment from only ſuch as thee.
Before I take my journey, I prefer
Theſe two petitions to the immortal gods:
The firſt, That I may leave my country free:
The next, *Pacuvius*, thou wilt join me in;
And we will bind all our poſterity
In the ſtrong charm, as guilty of this vow;
That all that does belong to thee and me,
Our children, kindred, family, and name,
May flouriſh or decay, may riſe or rot,
Be bleſt or curſt, as thou and I deſerve
From *Capua*, and from the commonwealth.

Pac. Thou haſt curſt thyſelf, and ſo expect thy fate.
[Pacuvius *goes out with the ſenators.*

Magius *remains only with his clients;* Perolla *returns to him.*

Mag. When I was young, I fought for *Capua*,
And wonnot now deſert her, being old:
But all my bravery is in my tongue,
I can but talk, and that unminded now.

Per. I fear you'll find you've done and ſaid too much.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Stand, *Decius Magius* ———

Mag. Well, I am the man.

Officer. I come from *Hannibal*, to ſummon you
To appear before him.

Mag. Tell your *Hannibal*
His *Punick* language is not current here:
We do not underſtand his ſummoning:
He has no right upon a *Capuan:*
I am free-born, and therefore wonnot come.
[*Exit Officer.*

Per. O Sir, you are undone.

Mag. I think not ſo.

Cli. The ſnares are ſet, you cannot 'ſcape 'em now.

Per. You are encompaſs'd round with enemies.

Mag. Better encompaſs'd round with enemies,
Than live to be forſaken of our friends.
Diſtreſs is virtue's opportunity;
We only live, to teach us how to die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Favonia.

Fav. What is this pomp of *Hannibal* to me?
I cannot loſe my ſelf ev'n in the crowd;
His coming would be welcome, could it guard
All other images from entring here.
While I am gazing on the triumph, one,
Meaning no harm, cries, This is the reward
Of *Cannæ*'s field: I ſtart, and take the hint,
Purſuing it quite through that ſcene of blood,
Till it preſents at laſt my *Junius* ſlain:

My

My *Junius*, O! the guilt of that ſurprize!
Why muſt I harbour in my boſom thoughts
Thus to ſurprize me to my ſin and ſhame?
I ſhall betray my ſelf in company,
Therefore moſt fit for me to ſtay at home.
O! let the ſteps of youth be cautious,
How they advance into a dangerous world;
Our duty only can conduct us ſafe:
Our paſſions are ſeducers: But of all,
The ſtrongeſt love: He firſt approaches us,
In childiſh play, wantoning in our walks:
If heedleſly we wander after him,
As he will pick out all the dancing way,
We're loſt, and hardly to return again;
We ſhould take warning, he is painted blind,
To ſhow us, if we fondly follow him,
The precipices we may fall into.
Therefore let virtue take him by the hand,
Directed ſo, he leads to certain joy. [*Exit.*

Enter Citizens.

3 *Cit.* Is there no more to be ſeen? Is the ſhew over already? Is this all?

1 *Cit.* All, why, what did you expect?

3 *Cit.* Expect, marry, I expected———

2 *Cit.* You ſaw *Hannibal*, did you not?

3 *Cit.* Yes, yes, I ſaw *Hannibal:* But, what? I thought he had been half as big as one of his elephants: Your heroes, I find, are little more than other men, when you come near to examine 'em.

1 *Cit.* But did you mind his looks?

2 *Cit.* How terrible he lookt with that one eye!

3 *Cit.* Very terrible indeed.

1 *Cit.* I ſtood by him a good while, and heard all that he ſaid to the ſenate when they meet him.

2 *Cit.* And what, what did he ſay?

1 *Cit.* Why, he began very civilly, that's the truth on't, and thankt us for preferring his friendſhip before our alliance with the *Romans*.

2 *Cit.* And what more?

1 *Cit.* Why, he aſſur'd us, that *Capua* ſhould, in a little time, be the capital city of *Italy*.

3 *Cit.* Ay, marry ſirs.

1 *Cit.* And that the *Romans* themſelves, as well as other people, ſhould do homage to us, and fall under our government.

2 *Cit.* Nay, *Pacuvius* told us as much; that when the war was at an end, and *Hannibal* the conqueror, he wou'd carry back his forces into *Africk*, and leave us the empire of *Italy*. We ſhall all be great men.

1 *Cit.* But I did not ſo well like the end of his ſpeech.

2 *Cit.* How ſo?

1 *Cit.* 'Twas all againſt *Decius Magius*: And truly he came to plain ſpeaking at laſt, and told 'em roundly, he expected they ſhould deliver him into his power.

2 *Cit.* And what ſaid the ſenators?

1 *Cit.* Why truly, not much to the purpoſe at that time. Some ſaid *Magius* did not deſerve to be ſo us'd neither; others, that ſuch a beginning would have an ill end; but they agreed at laſt to deny nothing to *Hannibal*, and ſo gave the old man up to his mercy.

2 *Cit.* See where he comes.

3 *Cit.* O what a ſight is here?

1 *Cit.* A rope about his neck, and bound in chains.

2 *Cit.* A *Carthaginian* guard upon him too.

Enter an Officer with a Guard of Carthaginians *before and behind* Magius, *chain'd with a Rope about his Neck, and led along by a Lictor.*

Off. Have your eyes every way upon the crowd;
If any man but ſeems to pity him, [*To the guards.*
Secure him as an enemy to the ſtate.

Mag. You ſee, my countrymen, the liberty
You have brought home at laſt for you, and yours.
Here, in the *Forum*, in the bareſac'd ſun,
You ſee a citizen of *Capua*,
Second to none in name and dignity,
Torn from his friends, and forc'd in chains to death.
Go meet your *Hannibal*, crowd all your ſtreets;
Dreſs up your houſes, and your images,

And

And put on all the city's finery,
To conſecrate this day a feſtival
Of barbarous triumph over you and me.

Off. I'll ſpoil your ſpeech-making; drag him along.

[*Exeunt, the Lictor dragging* Magius *off the Stage.*

1 *Cit.* O! piteous ſpectacle.

3 *Cit.* Piteous indeed.

1 *Cit.* This is the ſetting out of Slavery.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis well if it goes no farther: Not allow us to pity our fellow-citizens?

3 *Cit.* Ay, did you mark that?

2 *Cit.* They begin to ſhew themſelves already.

1 *Cit.* In colours I don't like: We may repent too late what we have done.

Enter more Citizens to 'em.

4 *Cit.* O you have loſt the beſt of the ſhew, the fight of the priſoners, and the buſhel of gold rings.

1 *Cit.* What! there were ſo many *Roman* knights kill'd, and taken at *Cannæ*, that their ſeveral rings, in a heap together, fill'd a buſhel.

4 *Cit.* So they ſay, indeed.

1 *Cit.* Why, then their buſhel lies out of all meaſure, in my opinion.

4 *Cit.* The three hundred knights that were deliver'd to us, would have been worth your ſeeing; gallant fellows indeed, and wounded moſt of 'em.

2 *Cit.* Some body ſaid, That *Junius* was found among the priſoners.

2 *Cit.* Yes, yes, *Junius*, our countryman was among 'em; he was ſaid to be kill'd at *Cannæ*, but he's alive again, and in a way to do very well.

1 *Cit.* He's a priſoner, you ſay.

4 *Cit.* No, his old friend *Virginius*, upon the merit of his violence, and the credit of his father *Pacuvius*, has made an intereſt with *Hannibal*, and, they ſay, has got him his liberty.

2 *Cit.* All in good time: But *Decius Magius*, Let's follow all to know what comes of him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Virginius *and* Junius *with an Officer and Guard.*

Vir. O *Junius!* how art thou reſtor'd to life!
And I by miracle to happineſs!
For tho' the bounteous Gods have bleſt my fate
With all the good things, elſe, of this great world;
Yet wanting thee, wanting my other ſelf,
I could not be entire to my content,
Not abſolute, nor perfect in my joy.
But they have brought thee back to me again,
And through ſuch 'mazing paths of Providence,
We cannot trace, and only can admire.
Thus thy good fortune riſes from the bad.
Hadſt thou not been at *Cannæ*, taken there;
Had we not leagu'd our ſtate with *Hannibal*;
Thou hadſt not been among the priſoners,
The *Roman* knights, to be deliver'd here:
Thou hadſt not ſeen thy country, city, friends;
Nor ſhould I had the intereſt and power
With *Hannibal*, to gain thy liberty.

Jun. I wonnot be oblig'd for any thing
I do not underſtand a benefit.
I'm priſ'ner of an honourable war;
And do deſpiſe my freedom, but on terms
As brave and honeſt, as I parted with it:
Such terms I muſt deſpair of finding here.

Vir. We do invite you to an equal ſhare
Of all th' advantages of government,
Of place, and power, with us in *Capua*.

Jun. Therefore I do refuſe my liberty.

Vir. You wonnot ſure refuſe it from a friend.

Jun. I have no friend, nor I pretend to none.

Vir. You have been mine, and you have thought me yours.

Jun. That was in our young days; when every thing
Was ſwallow'd, and went credulouſly down.
Our pleaſures hurrying on in the ſame courſe,
When we purſu'd 'em with the ſame deſires,
With the ſame ſtretch, and eagerneſs of youth:
Our manners too in every thing ally'd;

Then

Then we were friends for our convenience.
But when the buſineſs of the world comes on,
Juſtling between ambitious intereſts,
'Tis then, in the great voyage of our life,
As if our veſſels ſtruck upon a rock,
Each ſhifts a ſeveral way to 'ſcape the wreck,
And ſink or ſwim, my friend; nay, plunge him down,
So by his ruin I get ſafe to ſhore.

Vir. It never can be ſo between us two.
I have no ambition, have no intereſt,
That friendſhip can ſuſpect, or ſplit upon.
Friendſhip is riches, power, all, to me.
Friendſhip's another element of life:
Water and fire not of more general uſe,
To the ſupport and comfort of the world;
Than friendſhip to the being of my joy.
I would do every thing to ſerve a friend.

Jun. And I would ſerve a friend in honeſt things:
I do pretend no farther. You, and I,
You ſee, have very different ſentiments;
Therefore unlikely to continue friends.
If from our former brotherhood of love,
You do ſuſpect I may have any claim,
Againſt her intereſt, that ſhould have it all,
Here I renounce it, I reſign it here.
And now let's heartily ſhake hands, and part;
To your high fortune, You; I to my fate.

Vir. My fortune and your fate ſhall be but one.

Jun. They are impoſſible to reconcile:
You happy, I am born to be a wretch:
You free, and I condemn'd to be a ſlave.
O! had I fal'n with honour in the field,
How many miſeries had ended there!
Death had ſecur'd me then from being led
In triumph here, over my country's ſhame.
I hate your *Hannibal*, I hate your cauſe:
And now can only be a friend to *Rome*.
And if I ever come at liberty,
It ſhall be but to ſtrike againſt you all.

Off. You hear him, he is not to be reclaim'd.

Vir. This is the preſent ſenſe of ſuffering;
The grief of unheal'd wounds: All will be well.
Off. You cannot truſt him with his liberty.
Vir. With my own life I will.
Jun. Have you reſolv'd
About the triſle of diſpoſing me?
Vir. My houſe your priſon, I muſt be your guard.
Jun. With your own hands you ſet it then on fire.
Off. He has warn'd you, and the conſequence be yours.
[*Exeunt*, Junius *following* Virginius.

SCENE Virginius's *Houſe.*

Enter Favonia, *a woman following.*

Fav. I'll hear no more: When next thou ſpeak'ſt to me,
Let blood, and death, and ruin be the theme.
Talk of the maſſacres of families,
Plunder of cities, and whole countries waſte.
A private miſchief is not worth the news.
Tell me that all the dire calamities
Of raging war, chain'd up in diſcipline,
Are now broke looſe, trooping in horrid march,
To fright the world, the brood of *Cerberus*,
And worry all, like the black-guard of Hell.
That luſt and rapine do divide the ſpoil:
That giant murder does beſtride our ſtreets,
Stalking in ſtate, and wading deep in blood.
My father butcher'd, weltring in his gore:
A dagger in the throat of my dear child:
And thou ſhalt be as welcome then as now. [*Exit woman.*
That *Capua* is in univerſal blaze;
All, all the winds of heav'n driving this way,
And nothing but my tears to quench the flame.
—— *Junius* alive! ev'n that would give me death.
In *Capua* too! that brings it nearer ſtill.
In the ſame houſe! that ſtabs the dagger home;
It hurries me to execution,
And execution too upon the rack:
Let me be out of pain before he comes.
What corner ſhall I find to hide this head in?

Where

Where is that dungeon-darkneſs that can blind
The eye of jealouſie? My huſband comes
To draw me to the hateful light again,
To drag me to the trial of my truth.
What can I plead? O guilty, guilty wretch!
There is no courage, but in innocence:
No conſtancy, but in an honeſt cauſe.
Thy conſcience is a thouſand witneſſes:
And *Junius*, the chief acceſſary, he
Stands out againſt thee, and confeſſes all.
I'll hear no more: Pronounce my ſentence quick,
Let it be death, to end me any way. [*Exit.*

Enter Virginius *and* Junius.

Vir. I need not tell you, you command all here,
And that you have your liberty entire.
Ha! *Junius!* why that paleneſs on thy face?
Thy alter'd looks ſpeak thy condition,
Thou art not well.

Jun. Indeed I am not well.

Vir. Expence of ſpirits, and the loſs of blood.
With needful care they will recruit again.
Reſt on my arm, and led me lead you in.

SCENE *changes to* Favonia's *Apartment.*

Favonia *leaning on her Hand in a Chair.* Virginius *leading* Junius *into the Room.*

Vir. Favonia ——

Fav. Ha! who calls?

Jun. I can no more: I muſt end here.

[*Faints at the ſight of* Favonia, *ſhe ſhrieks at ſight of him.*

Fav. Ha!

Vir. Fall into theſe arms,
They never will refuſe to bear thee up.
Favonia, call for help; he comes again;
Stay; lend your hand; ſoft, gently, ſet him down.
[*In the Chair ſhe riſes out of.*
How is it now?

Jun. Confounded in my ſhame,

That

That my infirmity ſhould here intrude.
Your pardon, Madam, will recover me.
Vir. Rally your routed ſpirits to your aid,
Reſt will compoſe and bring 'em back again.
I cannot ſtay with you, but will return
To cheer, to comfort you, and to renew
The paſt endearments of our former friendſhip.
I will provide you balm for all your wounds:
My wife her ſelf, your kind phyſician,
Will wait upon you, 'till I come again. [*Exit.*

Favonia *and* Junius.

Jun. I'm hunted to the brink of the abyſs:
Plunge in I muſt, and to the bottom now.
But firſt upon my knees let me fall down,
Trembling, and aw'd, and fearful of your frown,
Beſpeaking pardon, if I vildly ſhould,
In queſtioning the Gods upon my fate,
Say any thing towards diſturbing you.
Fav. O riſe, I muſt not hear you on your knees.
Jun. I'm bleſt, that you will hear me any way.
But O! the accent of my voice is chang'd:
You cannot know it now in miſery.
There was a time, in the gay ſpring of life,
When every note was as the mounting lark's,
Merry, and cheerful, to ſalute the morn;
When all the day was made of melody.
But it is paſt, that day is ſpent, and done,
And it has long been night, long night with me.
I have been happier, you have known me ſo.
Fav. Alas! there is no fortune perfect here.
Jun. Indeed I find it: When I enter'd firſt
Into the liſt of this contending world,
I promis'd fair for a more proſperous courſe:
The favourite of fortune, and the friend,
To perfect all, of my *Virginius*:
We liv'd the envy of our *Capuan* youth;
The moſt aſpiring to the glorious fame
Of friendſhip, only imitated us:
So bleſt you found us.

Fav. Would to all the Gods
I ne'er had come between you to divide,
To part ſuch friends.
Jun. O! had we parted there:
He to the rich poſſeſſion of your charms;
I to a poorer fortune in my love;
Yet rich enough, and happy in content,
All had been well: But he would have me home.
Fav. O! I remember his impatience.
Jun. To be a witneſs of his happineſs.
And ſo I was. I heard him every day
Tranſported *in the riot of the theme;*
Full of the raviſhing diſcoveries
He hourly made in that bleſt land of love:
The ever riſing ſprings of flowing joy;
The hoarded mines of treaſures, yet unborn:
With ſuch a rapture of variety,
Of pleaſures that were ever growing there:
It was not ſafe to hear, *I found it ſo.*
Fav. O curs'd effect of fooliſh vanity!
Jun. What was it to approach then, to behold,
And face to face examine and compare
The copied beauties with the original?
O! they were faint, and the deſcription cold,
Heavy and dead, to the inſpiring life:
And what I thought extravagance before,
Prov'd eaſie to the wonders I ſaw there.
Fav. What will this end in?
Jun. Can we reſolve to gaze upon the ſun
With ſteady eyes? Soon blinded by that pride
I loſt my way; and found my ſelf too late,
Born down the torrent of a paſſion,
That always ended in a ſea of woe:
I plainly ſaw ruin attend my ſteps:
Therefore reſolv'd to lead 'em far away,
Where they might never come to trouble you.
But O! it was with all the violence
Of pangs, in death, that I at laſt reſolv'd
And yielded to that only remedy:
A remedy worſe than the worſt of deaths,

To

To fly the place, where I muſt die for love,
Or live a traitor to my friend and fame.
Fav. What have you ſaid?
Jun. If I have ſaid too much,
Believe, I rather had in ſilence dy'd,
Than to have ſpoke at all: This was the fate
I labour'd to avoid. But who can ſhun
His deſtiny? It follows every where:
Capua, or *Rome*, or *Cannæ*, ſtill the ſame.
I would have welcom'd it, that fatal day;
But there it loſt me in the crowd of death.
This was the place of execution:
And it has caught and ſeiz'd, and bound me here:
I'm on the rack: What I diſcover now,
Is only the expreſſion of my pain,
Wrung from my heart, long overcharg'd, and full,
Which elſe ſhould burſt with its convulſive throws,
Rather than eaſe its labour by a groan,
A trembling ſigh, that might offend your ear.
Fav. O *Junius!* whither are you going? hold.
Jun. A little farther, and I ſhall arrive
At my long home, the goal of my deſpair.
To aſk your pardon, would repeat my fault:
To aſk your pity, were to draw you in,
By ſteps of mercy, to a tenderneſs,
Criminal, and guilty, to reprieve a wretch,
Who, for the common peace, and yours, muſt die.
There is no ward againſt ſuch blows as theſe;
They ſtagger me, and I at laſt muſt fall.
Since I am doom'd to be a ſacrifice
Of fatal friendſhip, and of hopeleſs love,
Here let me fall, I would be offer'd here;
Allow me dying to confeſs my love
In my laſt ſigh, and at your feet expire.
[*Falls at her feet; ſhe breaks his fall, and kneels by him to recover him.*
Fav. 'Tis I am bound, and torn upon the rack!
I cannot bear it, *Junius*, *Junius*:
Look up, and live, and I'll confeſs enough
For you, and for my ſelf, all that I know,

All

All that I ever heard of wretchedneſs;
What you have undergone, what I have felt;
What I now feel from this tormenting love.
Where am I going? Help there—O he comes
Again to life—fly, fly to my relief.

Enter women, run to aſſiſt Junius, *and lead him off.*

Uſe all your arts, his weakneſs to reſtore;
My cure muſt be, never to ſee him more.

[*Exit at another door.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Garden.*

Enter Pacuvius *and* Perolla.

Pac. I'VE watch'd thee with a careful parent's eye,
Follow'd through all the motions of thy ſoul,
And cannot find it, therefore have withdrawn,
To give thee place, and opportunity.

Per. And therefore have I follow'd you, my Lord,
To tell you what it is I labour with.

Pac. 'Tis mighty ſure, when the great *Hannibal*
Not only has forgiv'n, but honour'd thee,
At his high table, bidding thee his gueſt,
That can diſgrace his invitation,
Poiſon his feaſt, and in a general mirth,
Make ſad the brow of youth with diſcontent.

Per. 'Tis a deſign to raiſe my country's fame.

Pac. Thy country's fame!

Per. You ſee this dagger here,
A little inſtrument for ſo great a work,
But well employ'd, and gallantly ſtruck home—

Pac. Struck home!

Per. Into the heart of *Hannibal*,
Wou'd yet attone our infamous revolt.

Pac. O *Jupiter!* thou great deliverer!
Per. I have reſolv'd to make our peace with *Rome*,
And ſeal it with this *Carthaginian*'s blood.
'Tis fit that you ſhould know what I intend:
If you approve the deed, then ſee it done;
If not, take this occaſion, and retire.
Pac. By all the bonds of duty, and of love,
That tye a ſon and father's hearts in one,
I beg, implore, conjure thee to deſiſt:
Let me arreſt thee in this horrid courſe,
That leads through all the ſteps of infamy,
Into the gulf of ſure perdition.
Per. I think not ſo.
Pac. But now, before the altars of the Gods,
We interchang'd our ſouls, and plighted faith,
With right hands join'd, in ſolemn, holy league
Of ſacred truſt; and was there nothing meant
By theſe good rites of hoſpitality,
More than, when he had feaſted, drank, and laught;
To get a nearer opportunity
To perpetrate the foulеſt act of ſhame,
And ſtab our entertainer?
Per. How, my Lord!
Our entertainer? You compell'd me here.
Pac. Your benefactor; he has ſav'd your life.
Per. So is the robber, that but takes my goods:
And ſhall I thank him for not doing more?
Pac. If there is nothing ſacred; if you think
Religion, faith, and piety, reſtraints
But for the weak, then let looſe all the reins.
Yet when you undertake a villainy
Act like a man, not raſhly throw away
Honour and life in the mad enterprize.
Per. My life I have devoted to my cauſe,
And honour muſt attend it when it goes.
Pac. What! would you ſingly ſtrike at *Hannibal?*
Where is the circle of his officers?
His waiting ſlaves, and his attending guards?
The many eyes that only wake for him?
The many hands always in arms for him?

All

All blind and dead? are they confounded all?
Can you alone, undaunted, ſtand againſt
Thoſe looks of terror, which arm'd legions
Have trembled at, and *Rome* could not ſuſtain?
Per. I can ſurprize him in his riots here.
Pac. O, no, my ſon, he's not to be ſurpriz'd.
There is an awful guard of majeſty
About his perſon, that denies approach:
A majeſty of glorious actions,
Of famous wars, and bloody battles gain'd,
That are his ſword and buckler every where.
They charge around him, like *Numidian* ſpears,
To terrify and keep off all ſurprize.
Trebie, and *Thraſimene*, and *Cannæ*, all,
Shelter him with the laurels of their fields.
The mighty ghoſt of great *Æmilius*,
That waits him, as his guardian genius now,
Would wiſh to die again, a death of ſhame,
To ſee a boy attempt his conqueror.
But grant you could ſurprize him, and his guards;
Yet I am there, what will you do with me?
I am his fortreſs, I am his defence.
Will you purſue him through a father's life?
If you will ſtab him, ſtab him then through me.
My breaſt oppos'd, firſt you muſt reach my heart,
Before your dagger can arrive at him.
Per. O, Sir, your words have ſtruck a dagger here.
Pac. Is then the thirſt of thy revenge ſo hot,
Not to be ſlackt, but with a father's blood?
Per. I'll pour out mine to quench your kindled rage.
Pac. Let me deter thee here, rather than go
To throw away thyſelf, and ruin me.
O let my prayers proſper, and prevail
With thee, as for thee they prevail'd to day.
Per. I muſt deny you nothing; but you have
Undone yourſelf, your country, and your ſon.
You have commanded me, and I will pay
That piety to you my country claims.
O my dear country! this was my laſt hope,
To have reſtor'd thee to thyſelf and *Rome*.

I had

I had prepar'd this dagger in thy cauſe:
But ſince my father wreſts it from my hands;
I can no more, but with my grief retire,
And in the crowd expect the common fate. [*Exit.*

Enter Virginius *to* Pacuvius.

Vir. You have withdrawn yourſelf in a bad time.
We wanted you within; the public has
Put on a different face from what it had:
But ſmile or frown, we cannot mend it now.
Pac. Pray, what's the matter?
Vir. Why, the queſtion roſe
Upon the taking in the *Tarentines*.
Pac. O, I was by, when their ambaſſadors
Were introduc'd, and had their audience.
Their buſineſs was welcom'd, and well receiv'd,
But not requiring haſte, ſoon laid aſide,
And civilly diſmiſt while I was there.
Vir. It was ſo, and the revellings went on.
But then, from all the quarters of the town,
We were alarm'd by clamorous complaints
Of every kind againſt the ſoldiers.
Women and wine we knew of right were theirs,
But in a natural and manly uſe;
Not to break through, or over-leap the bounds
Of government, by brutal violence.
But when they came, without diſtinction,
To ſeize on all, proceeding ſo to blood,
To plunder, murder, and to raviſhment,
'Twas high time to complain.
Pac. High time indeed.
Vir. Some call'd on you, others petition'd me;
And every client to his patron ran,
To ſave him, or to redreſs his injuries.
Pac. What follow'd then?
Vir. Maherbal ſtanding by,
The *Carthaginian* general of the horſe,
With his blunt honeſty, told *Hannibal*,
That from the ſoldiers luxury, he foreſaw
Capua would prove to him and his affairs,

Fatal

Fatal as ever *Cannæ* did to *Rome*.
Pac. Ha! that was home.
Vir. Hannibal rouz'd at that,
And gave his orders for a ſpeedy march:
But not ſo much, on what *Maherbal* ſaid,
It is believ'd, as on ſome news from *Rome*.
Pac. We never wiſh'd him to continue here.
Vir. But what ſhou'd be the news that has ſo ſoon
Alter'd his meaſures?
Pac. O, no matter what
Can come from *Rome*; he has ſerv'd the preſent turn,
And we can ſerve our ſelves againſt the next:
We muſt be near him, while he ſtays with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Virginius's *Houſe*.

Enter Junius.

Jun. It was her hand that rais'd me from the grave;
It was her mercy that repriev'd my fate:
She meant it in a kind compaſſion,
Tho' it had been the tendereſt charity,
To let the rigor of the ſentence paſs
Upon my life, and put me out of pain.
I am redeem'd from the arreſt of death,
To pine, and languiſh in a wretched life.
Is there no remedy; want will be heard,
And anſwer'd too; I could turn beggar here:
When once it comes to the extremity
To take, or ſtarve, there is no more a right
Of property: all things lie common then
In nature's field, from heav'n to hell is ours,
For our ſupport, to compaſs any way.
What hinders then but I may be reliev'd?
I have diſcharg'd my ſelf from all the bonds
Of friendſhip, duty, that encumber'd me;
And I am left at large, and free to take
All opportunities that can aſſiſt
To make me—What? a villain: Am I free?
Diſcharg'd of all my obligations?
Why am I here, plac'd as another Lord

Over this family, and not a friend?
Is then the truſt and confidence repos'd
In me, and my fidelity, no bond?
Theſe are ſtate morals; but adverſity
Has ever been an evil counſellor;
And always will be ſo: I'll hear no more.
I have nothing left me but my honeſty,
To write my epitaph, and grace my tomb.
Thither I'm going. O *Favonia!* ſtay,
I ſee you ſhun me, let me only take
A parting look, I wonnot dare to ſpeak,
If I ſhou'd ſigh, it is my laſt adieu! [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the* Forum.

Enter three or four Citizens of the better Sort.

1 *Cit.* Are theſe our friends? what cou'd they have done worſe by us, if they had been our enemies?

2 *Cit.* If our city had been taken by ſtorm, they could but have raviſh'd our wives and daughters.

3 *Cit.* And put us to the ſword; you forget that, man.

2 *Cit.* No, we were reſerv'd for a worſe puniſhment, to ſtand by, and look on, as ſcandalous witneſſes of our infamy and diſgrace.

1 *Cit.* There's nothing free from their inſolence and outrage.

2 *Cit.* Every place prophan'd by their rioting and drunkenneſs.

1 *Cit.* They have invaded every thing that's dear to us.

2 *Cit.* No property in any thing.

3 *Cit.* Eſpecially the petticoat; nay, it has been very bad indeed; but 'twill mend now, they are marcht away to the *Tarentines*; and *Tarentum* take 'em, I ſay.

1 *Cit.* *Hannibal* is march'd indeed with his army, but has left a garriſon behind him: What does he mean by that?

2 *Cit.* To protect us againſt the *Romans.*

1 *Cit.* The *Romans!* why, we have been told all along there was no danger of them.

2 *Cit.* I wiſh we may find it ſo.

1 *Cit.* There's no believing any thing now-a-days; not a ſyllable of truth in the mouth of report, for an honeſt man to walk by.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis all party, and ſerving a turn.

1 *Cit.* There was no news current a great while, but the diſtreſs of the *Romans*, the miſery they were brought to, and the utter impoſſibility of ever appearing in arms again; that was all the reaſon we had for deſerting our old friends.

2 *Cit.* Now that turn's ſerv'd, and not ſo much care taken to ſtifle the intelligence; we hear of nothing but their induſtry and virtue, the preparations and power of the *Romans*: I am credibly informed they have a conſular army in the field, and in condition to try their fortune again with *Hannibal*, if he pleaſes.

1 *Cit.* He may thank himſelf, if they ſhould beat him now.

2 *Cit.* If he had march'd directly to *Rome* from *Cannæ*, as he was adviſ'd.

1 *Cit.* But he ſtay'd there playing the merchant, and ſelling his priſoners.

2 *Cit.* Which provok'd *Maherbal* to tell him, That he knew how to conquer, better than to uſe his victory.

3. *Cit.* If the *Romans* are ſo ſtrong, what may become of us then?

2 *Cit.* Nay, we have pull'd our houſes upon our heads, and may be buried in the ruins, for ought we know.

1 *Cit.* We have deſerv'd as ill as we can of 'em.

2 *Cit.* And have nothing to pray the gods, but that they may never have it in their power to reward us to our deſerts.

Omn. That's all we have to truſt to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pacuvius *and* Virginius.

Vir. Is't poſſible! he cannot be ſo baſe,
Forgetful, ſo ungrateful to his friends.

Pac. Contain yourſelf, at leaſt here in the ſtreet;
Let us not be the firſt in our complaints,
Who were the forwardeſt——

Vir. And we are paid
Moſt richly for our pains.
Pac. I will come home
To you; and there we will enlarge our hearts——
Vir. In ſpight of all his guards, and ſpeak bold truths:
I ſhall expect you with impatience. [*Exit.*
Pac. Bold truths! They may return upon ourſelves:
For if I ſpeak truth boldly, as it is,
I cannot be ſurpriz'd, that *Hannibal*
Should leave a garriſon, ſhould not truſt me
With full command, which I had juſt before
Abus'd, betray'd, and given up to him:
To him, I mean to my ambition:
This little ſtand of fortune gives me time
To look about, and ſee what I have done;
The many violent ſteps that I have made
To bring me here; to my untimely fall,
It may be too. When *Thraſimene* was fought,
Being chief magiſtrate of *Capua*,
Had *Hannibal* marcht this way, I had deſign'd
The ſenate's ſlaughter, to deliver up
The city ſo. I was prevented then:
But now have done it——not ſo bloodily.
What was the *Romans* murder in our baths,
Was not that bloody, and ſet on by me?
I had forgot; 'tis dangerous to awake
A guilty memory. *Decius Magius* too
Stands out to accuſe me——but he's ſtill alive.
O I remember all his curſes now:
May they be blown about, and loſt in air;
Not ſhed their venom upon me and mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Virginius's *Houſe.*

Enter Junius.

Jun. All cloſe and ſilent! as in depth of night
Wrapt up in darkneſs! In the inner room
I ſpy a winking lamp, that weakly ſtrikes
The ambient air, ſcarce kindling into light:
That, feeble as it is, ſhall be my guide.
There I ſhall find her in her pomp of grief.
Dare I invade her ſacred ſolitude?
My heart ſinks in me, and my trembling knees
Knock, and forſake me, when I wou'd go on;
Warning me not to touch forbidden ground.
Forbidden! ſo are all good things to me.
Nothing to hope, I nothing have to fear. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes, and ſhows* Favonia *aſleep on a Couch in an Undreſs.*

Junius *returns.*

Jun. She conſecrates the place, where-e'er ſhe is,
With reverence: We enter temples ſo.
Where are the terrors, that ſhou'd keep me back?
Her frowns, the greateſt, are diſarm'd in ſleep.
O may the ſofteſt down of ſweet repoſe
Receive thee gently on the bed of peace,
And fold thee cloſe in the kind arms of reſt:
That undiſturb'd, this opportunity
May now be mine, to feed my famiſh'd eyes.
The ſickning light is envious, and grows pale,
With looking on her: 'Tis a ſight indeed,
For the high mounted ſun, in all his pride,
To ſtop, and wonder at——Let me fix here——
Stretch wide the gates of ſight to take her in,
In the full triumph of her conquering charms.
My eager eyes devour her beauties up,
Inſatiable, and hungring ſtill for more.
O! the rich glutton, that enjoys this ſtore!
Nothing to ſpare from ſuperfluity,

To feed my wants——my fever burns me up,
O! let me quench it at this healing ſpring.
The ſpring is ſacred; a divinity
Protects the place; thrice happy, happy, he
Who may plunge in, and bathe, and wanton there.
But I may taſte the coolneſs of the ſtream.
And I will drink the cordial of a kiſs,
From this dear hand, reach'd out to comfort me.
[*Kneels and kiſſes her Hand.*
She wakes!

Enter Virginius *and* Pacuvius *at the Door.*

What noiſe! I may retire unſeen. [*Exit.*
Vir. A man here with my wife! O! give me way.
[*Breaks from* Pacuvius.
Fav. Who's there! my Lord?
Vir. Where is the villain? where? [*Runs after* Junius.
Fav. O! where indeed? My father! on my knees
Let me proteſt, and ſwear my innocence.
I am betray'd, and loſt.
Pac. Thou art indeed. [Virginius *returns.*
Vir. This was contriv'd, and lay'd for his eſcape:
And this apartment fitted, and prepar'd
To be the ſcene of their adulterous luſt.
Where is there ſuch another wretch on earth?
Ruin'd, undone in every intereſt,
Betray'd, and ruin'd in the deareſt truſt!
But I will be the executioner
Of my juſt rage, and here begin revenge——
Pac. Strike home, it is the ſword of juſtice now.
Vir. Have you condemn'd her?
Pac. I applaud the deed. [*She opens her arms.*
Vir. I wonnot kill thee in thy father's ſight.
That were to act a murder upon him.
Here, take her, Sir, I give her up to you.
Your houſe's honour is engag'd with mine.
Do with her what is fit for you, and me.
You are her judge, condemn, or ſet her free. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Forum.*

Junius, *with Citizens.*

Jun. LET *Capua* ſink under the rods of *Rome*:
Her axes hew your branches to the ſtock,
The lifeleſs trunk, never to ſprout again.
The Gods appointment always is the beſt,
But every way your ruin will be juſt.

1 *Cit.* If all our nobles are of your mind, what muſt become of the city in a little time?

Jun. It muſt become the injur'd *Romans* ſpoil,
At the beſt, that, and you their faithleſs ſlaves,
As you deſerve, unworthy to be friends.
Now, now the day of your account draws on.
The *Roman* conſuls come as miniſters
Of wrath, and terror, to this guilty town,
Arm'd with the kindled juſtice of the gods
Againſt your crimes, with their avenging bolts
From heav'n, and the devouring flames of hell,
To burn, deſtroy, and ruin you and yours.
They have inveſted you with fire, and ſword.
Famine, and peſtilence will follow ſoon
In the ſtarv'd rear, to ſeize, and faſten on
Thoſe wretches, who juſt 'ſcape the ſtroke of war.
You have variety of miſery
Before you, in this ſiege, to pick, and chuſe
What death you pleaſe, but think not to eſcape.
Your *Hannibal* has left you, with the Gods,
And all good men, to ſure perdition. [*Exit.*

2 *Cit.* A ſorry comforter——

1 *Cit.* Of t'other ſide; no friend of ours; no matter what he ſays. He wiſhes it were worſe, if poſſible.

3 *Cit.* Nay, 'tis ev'n bad enough; and how 'twill be better I don't know.

2 *Cit.* We're in a miſerable condition, that's the truth on't, and which way to apply our ſelves for a remedy—

1 *Cit.* Ay, that's the way, if we cou'd hit on't.

2 *Cit.* Let's to the *Forum*, there we ſhall find our fellow-citizens.

1 *Cit.* We'll join with them, for ſomething muſt be done. [*Exeunt.*

Junius *returns.*

Jun. What is't to me, my country, *Capua?*
Who does maintain, or who deſerts her cauſe?
Favonia is the province of my care:
And her I have deſerted, baſely left.
How! baſely! nay, abandon'd to the rage,
It may be, of a jealous huſband too.
Ah! whither am I hurry'd by my fears?
Had I foreſeen but half the accidents
That threaten now, what wou'd I not have done?
I wou'd have ſnatch'd her from his cruel hands.
And may do ſtill. I will declare my love,
Clear her ſuſpected honour to the world,
Or juſtifie my paſſion by revenge. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Pacuvius's *Houſe.*

Enter Pacuvius *and Servant.*

Pac. Let him diſpoſe of her, as he thinks beſt:
It was a taſk unnaturally impos'd,
And therefore willingly I lay it down.
Beſides, there is a public conflict here,
Within this breaſt, admits not private cares.
Say, have you ſent to *Vibius Virius*,
And *Marius Bloſius?*

Ser. As you order'd, Sir.

Pac. And what?

Ser. They will come home to you.

Pac. 'Tis well.
Let no body diſturb me, 'till they come.
They ſent no news?

Ser. There's none worth ſending, Sir.

Pac. Worth ſending! true, 'twill come itſelf too ſoon.
But we may boldly hear what we muſt feel.
'Tis natural to enquire how the world goes—
Ser. Towards an end with us, 'tis to be fear'd,
And *Capua*; the expedition is
Incredible, that carries on the ſiege.
Pac. We often aſk, in caſes of deſpair,
When we are ſure the anſwer cannot pleaſe.
Ser. Hannibal try'd to raiſe it, but in vain:
And now 'tis ſaid that he is march'd to *Rome*:
That way to draw the conſuls from our walls,
To ſave their city, and defend themſelves.
Pac. Leave me, and bring in what reports you hear.
[*Exit the Servant.*
We cannot anſwer for unborn events:
The Gods have plac'd 'em in the hands of fate,
To ſhape, and faſhion for their high decrees;
At their appointed time, to bring 'em forth,
To baffle human wit, and induſtry.
Elſe in the courſe of probability,
And as appearances preſented things,
Rome was to fall, and *Capua* was to riſe.
But fate, it ſeems, has otherwiſe ordain'd.
There is a ſecret power, within the ſcene,
That works unſeen, and makes ſo quick a change.
I cannot ſtand the taunts of bad ſucceſs,
And therefore wonnot meet 'em in the crowd.
I have hitherto been on the winning ſide.
We have another game of fortune now,
And I will loſe as little as I can.
I cannot make the figure that I wou'd,
But need not make a bad one; that's in me;
If it grows worſe, I know my remedy. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Forum.*

A Crowd of Citizens.

3 *Cit.* No tidings to comfort us?
4 *Cit.* Sad times, ſad times, and running on to be worſe as faſt as they can drive.

2 *Cit.* Did ever people fall from ſuch a pinacle of proſperity, unto ſuch a gulph of deſtruction, in ſo little a time?

3 *Cit.* Never, never.

2 *Cit.* Our ſallies did ſomething at firſt to hinder their works, but to no purpoſe now, they're beaten back upon every attempt, and dare not look the *Romans* in the face.

1 *Cit.* There's no peeping upon the walls.

3 *Cit.* The engines play ſo thick, they're about your ears before you're aware of 'em.

2 *Cit.* Not a ſpade employ'd in the trenches, but digs a *Capuan* grave.

4 *Cit.* We're in a ſad condition indeed.

1 *Cit.* There's no body to command, but *Boſtar*, and *Hanno*, the *Carthaginians*; and how the *Capuans* obey them, you may believe.

2 *Cit.* The garriſon fights hard for us, to ſave themſelves; but they'll pay their quarters before they leave us.

3 *Cit.* They have brought us into the crime, and won't forſake us in the puniſhment.

1 *Cit.* Nay, they have done all they can for us with *Hannibal*.

2 *Cit.* And for themſelves, for they muſt pay our ſcores; but what was that all?

1 *Cit.* Why, they ſent to him, to complain that he had abandon'd the town, and, as it were, yielded it up himſelf to the fury of the *Romans*; and withal beſeeching him, that he wou'd come to their relief, who were not only beſieg'd, but ſhut up in the works, and almoſt in the hands of the enemy.——

2 *Cit.* Upon which, he came to look upon his patients at a diſtance, ſhook his head in deſpair of our ſtate, and went to *Rome* for better advice.

3 *Cit.* He ſent us his reaſon for ſo doing.

2 *Cit.* But the conſuls are here ſtill, for all his reaſon, and the prætor too; their armies are not drawn off. As ſoon as *Hannibal* march'd out of *Capua*, the *Romans* came upon us, you know, as if they had hit the opportunity, they had been aiming at ſo long; they did not come here to be drawn away by every motion of the enemy.

4 *Cit.* No, no, they won't leave us ſo.

2 *Cit.* Therefore my advice is, either to try what our deſpair can do, in making a bold puſh, or take the benefit of the conſuls proclamation.

3 *Cit.* What's that? What does the proclamation ſay?

2 *Cit.* It offers life and liberty to all thoſe that ſurrender themſelves in four and twenty hours.

3 *Cit.* Why, ay, why don't we lay hold on the proclamation?

4 *Cit.* At leaſt let's ſtay for an anſwer from *Hannibal*. Some *Mauritanians* have undertaken, in the name of deſerters, to get to him thro' the *Roman* camp.

2 *Cit.* And will be wiſe enough never to come back again. In the mean time, we ſtand like condemn'd men, with the halter about our necks, but no body attempts any thing for himſelf, or the public.

1 *Cit.* What wou'd you have us do? The chief citizens have ſhut themſelves up in their houſes, expecting their ruin, with the deſtruction of their country.

3 *Cit.* The nobles have deſerted us, and the care of the common-wealth.

2 *Cit.* Why then, in the firſt place, let us go, and ſet *Decius Magius* at liberty.

Omn. Agreed, agreed; 'twas luckily thought upon.

3 *Cit.* He's a good man, and a lover of his country.

4 *Cit.* And a lover of the people.

1 *Cit.* Nay, he never quarrell'd with us, but for our faults, when we deſerv'd it.

3 *Cit.* If we had been govern'd by him, friends——

2 *Cit.* Let us clap him up at the head of the government.

3 *Cit.* And his enemies in his place.

4 *Cit.* We can't do better.

1 *Cit.* And then we'll go about the city to ſummon the ſenate, and tell the Senators plainly what they muſt truſt to; that unleſs they aſſemble immediately to look after the public, we'll ſet their houſes on fire about their ears, and begin with them in the ruin of *Capua*.

2 *Cit.* We'll ſacrifice them to their country, rather than give up our wives and children to the enemy.

3 *Cit.* And ſo we'll tell 'em plainly.

4 *Cit.* There's nothing elſe to be done.

1 *Cit.* If we are to be ruin'd, let it begin at our betters.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis time enough for us, when it comes to our turn. And I'll take my turn, tho' it be at the gallows.

1 *Cit.* Why, that's well ſaid, there's ſomething to be expected from our honeſt endeavours. Therefore all hands to *Decius Magius*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Virginius's *Houſe.*

Enter Virginius *with a Servant.*

Vir. You know the reſt, tell her that I am here. [*Ex. ſervant.*

SCENE *opens, and ſhews* Favonia *on the Ground.*

Where are you? on the ground! it does become
The preſent poſture of your fall'n eſtate,
Fallen from the higheſt pitch of happineſs,
Into the loweſt depth of miſery.
Yet I will raiſe you; wou'd I cou'd reſtore you
To the admir'd height, in which you ſtood,
Of fame, and virtue; but it cannot be.
As well I may refix a new fall'n ſtar,
In his bright orb, to light the world again.
I come to viſit you.

Fav. I thank you, Sir,

Vir. I durſt not truſt you in a father's hand.

Fav. I have no friend.

Vir. O! that the time ſhou'd come,
That you ſhou'd ever ſay you have no friend,
When I am near you. Yes, you have a friend,
A friend you ſhou'd not have; no more of that.
I am to tell you what a friend you've loſt:
And then compute your gains.

Fav. I have loſt all
That ever was of value to my peace.

Vir. You have deſtroy'd all that was in your pow'r:
And you well knew your pow'r to ruin me.
You've thrown away a huſband, and his love,

That

That follow'd you, as nature does her works,
To nurſe, and raiſe you to perfection.
Had all the good things of this earth been mine,
And mine the pow'r to draw the ſpirits off,
Into a quinteſſence of happineſs,
I had beſtow'd the precious draught on you.
And in return——

Fav. O I could make you none,
To your deſerts.

Vir. In barbarous return,
You have reach'd out the gall of bitterneſs
To daſh my cup, and poiſon all my joys.
I cou'd have ſweet'ned it with my revenge,
Which I reſtrain'd. I held your father's hand,
Stretch'd out to take away your guilty life.
For when I heard he had pronounc'd your death,
And ſign'd the execution, tho' I knew
You had deſerv'd it of my wrongs, and me,
I cou'd not hold, but flew to your relief.
And why? Is it becauſe my nature is
Inſenſible, and cannot feel a wrong?
Stupid, and dead'ned to the ſenſe of ſhame?
Or, that I'm noted for my eaſineſs
In finding out excuſes to forgive?
And pardon faſter than they injure me?
Is that the reaſon that I reſcu'd you?
You know me better: no, *Favonia*, no,
'Twas pity came into the place of rage.
But do not therefore think that I am fit
For my diſgrace, becauſe I pity'd you.
Juſtice her ſelf condemns with a remorſe,
And pities while ſhe ſtrikes; beſides I thought,
That I, and you, who for ſo many years
Had liv'd, as friends, ſhould have a time to part.

Fav. O miſery! that I muſt nothing ſay
In my defence, to clear my innocence.

Vir. Hold, have a care, no more of innocence,
Or a defence; if you inſiſt on that,
I ſhall break thro' the temper I propos'd,
And then I cannot ſay where I ſhall end.

Fav. Well, I have done.

Vir. Not but you have an advocate ſtill here,
Within this breaſt, and not to be remov'd,
That in defiance of a cauſe ſo foul,
So deſperate, and ſo loſt, will yet be heard.
But then it does pretend but to adviſe,
And warn me to be cautious what I do,
Well to conſider what I undertake,
Pondring to weigh the heavy conſequence,
And not revenge my ſelf upon my ſelf,
As that's the caſe, unleſs I am reſolv'd
Never to want what I would throw away.
And who can know his reſolution?
Who can be ſure, that he is well enough
Acquainted with the temper of his heart,
To anſwer for its proof and conſtancy?
To know its ſtrength ſufficient to ſupport
So great a loſs, to bear a loſs, like yours?
The loſs of all, that ever I held dear.
A loſs, to beggar me, and all my hopes.
Theſe were the thoughts that flew to your relief,
And have preſerv'd you for this interview.

Fav. More terrible than death it ſelf to me.

Vir. You cannot think I come to pardon you.
No, all that I endeavour, or can gain
Upon my wrongs, is to diſarm my rage.
And let it paſs among the ſtrange effects
Of that commanding pow'r, you always had
Upon my heart, that you are yet alive.
But I am ſtill contriving my revenge;
Still meditating how to puniſh you;
And I am in a way that pleaſes me:
It ſatisfies my juſtice better too,
Than the atonement of your ſpotted blood. [*Exit.*

Fav. There is no remedy, no way to ſave
My innocence, but by accuſing him,
Who always has been dearer than my life.
It muſt be he, that could purſue me there.
If he has ſcap'd with ſafety, I am paid,
Tho' 'tis a heavy loſs of life and fame.

Virginius *returns with a Child in his Hand.*

Vir. Here is a little innocent, that comes
To mourn with you: Soon as ſhe can ſpeak plain,
She'll tell you, 'tis an undone mother's loſs
Has brought her hither, to be nurs'd in tears.
Fav. O! may ſhe never know her mother's fate.
Vir. Nor the diſhonour of her father; but
Inheriting her parents infamy,
She muſt grow up with the diſgrace, and ſhame.
Look on her well.
Fav. My eyes and heart are full of her.
Vir. Look on her as it were to be the laſt,
The laſt, laſt look that you may ever have.
Fav. This object I would wiſh to cloſe my eyes.
Vir. You muſt remember how ſhe has been bred,
The fondled darling of our rival loves.
Fav. Who are to ſtrive in fondneſs of her now?
Who to ſupply a tender mother's care?
Vir. O! that the reaſon of my love ſhould prove,
Should ever prove the reaſon of my hate!
How have I hung upon the little lines
Of that dear face, with a fond father's joy,
To find the mother there in miniature
By Nature's hand copy'd in every look!
I pray'd the gods ſhe might reſemble you,
And now abhor the likeneſs I deſir'd——
I cannot look upon her, but ſhe brings
Her mother's crimes into my memory——
When you are in your grave, the ſight of her
Will raiſe you from the dead, to haunt my peace,
To plague and puniſh me; take her away.
I wonnot throw her out to beggary,
But for your ſake will never ſee her more.
Fav. O miſerable woman! muſt I be
The ruin of my child!
[*She ſnatches up the child; the women come about her to take the child.*
Vir. Away with her.
Why am I not obey'd? Force her away.

Fav. O let her ſtay but for a parting hour——
Vir. No, not a minute, not a moment's ſtay.
Fav. To take a farewel kiſs.
Vir. You've ſeen your laſt of her.
Now ſhe has wound herſelf about your heart,
Now ſhe has hold of all the ſtrings of life,
Now tear her thence——that you at laſt may feel
[*Forcing the child from her, ſhe falls on the floor.*
Some of the tortures you prepar'd for me.
Fav. The gods muſt give me patience to ſupport
What they inflict; this is a thouſand deaths.
Vir. When I can entertain you at this rate,
I'll viſit you again; in the mean time
You know your lodging, I muſt ſee you in.
You'll have ſufficient leiſure to reflect
Upon the follies that have brought you here.
You've made yourſelf unworthy of the world,
And therefore never ſhall appear again,
But live forlorn, immur'd within theſe walls.
Who's there?

A Servant enters with a Dagger in one Hand, and a Bowl in t'other, and gives 'em to Virginius, *who places 'em on a Table by* Favonia.

I have your father's preſent yet to bring.
He ſends a dagger, and a poiſon'd draught,
In your extremity to comfort you.
When you are weary of this ſlavery,
You have that wretched choice to ſet you free.
[*The ſcene ſhuts upon* Favonia; *he goes off.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Forum.*

Enter Pacuvius, Vibius Virius, *and* Marius Bloſius, *with the Senators in their ſeveral Parties.*

1 *Sen.* WE are met here, and only to be made
More certain of inevitable fate:
Each moment brings us matter of deſpair,
And no one to propoſe a remedy.
Blo. The *Mauritanians*, who were hir'd, and ſent,
And, as deſerters, undertook to paſs
The *Roman* camp, and get to *Hannibal*,
Diſcover'd by the conſuls to be ſpies,
Fifty in number were condemn'd to be
Firſt ſtripp'd, and ſcourg'd, then with their hands cut off,
In that moſt lamentable plight driv'n back
To *Capua*, to let us ſee the news.
2 *Sen.* To let us ſee what we are to expect.
3 *Sen.* To let us read in bloody characters
The vengeance that is laid in ſtore for us.
4 *Sen.* The ſpectacle has ſunk the people ſo,
They dare no longer think of a defence,
And talk of nothing but ſurrendring now.
Pac. This accident has cut our commerce off,
All our intelligence with *Hannibal*.
We've nothing farther to expect from him.
Blo. And the gods know, but little from ourſelves.
Within.] Bear back, make way for our deliverer.
Do you not know good *Decius Magius?*

Enter Decius Magius.

1 *Sen.* O! *Decius Magius!* you're a welcome man
Among us, you were never wanted more.
Mag. 'Tis a bad day for *Capua*, when a weak
Old, uſeleſs man comes to be wanted ſo.
But any thing is welcome in diſtreſs.

I'm ſorry for the cauſe that brings me here,
Tho' it has brought me back to liberty,
From dungeon darkneſs to the heav'nly light.
2 *Sen.* We never were in ſuch a wretched need.
Mag. I hear how matters go with us, all wrong,
And fear me, 'tis too late to ſet 'em right.
My pow'r is very poor, but yet you may
Employ it, as you pleaſe, for *Capua*,
For I am ſtill devoted to her cauſe.
1 *Sen.* We cannot hope to have the town reliev'd.
2 *Sen.* Nor are we able to defend it long.
3 *Sen.* The *Roman* clemency has oft been try'd
On deſperate occaſions, and been found,
When all has fail'd, the only remedy.
4 *Sen.* And let us not deſpair of its effects,
Its good effects on us.
Blo. What do you mean?
1 *Sen.* To pacify the fury of our fate.
2 *Sen.* Not to enrage it by oppoſing it.
3 *Sen.* But freely give what they have power to take.
1 *Sen.* We have agreed, the greateſt part of us,
To ſend our legates to the conſuls camp,
And offer up the town, to ſave our lives.
4 *Sen.* And you are come, good *Decius Magius*,
The fitteſt ſuppliant in your country's cauſe.
1 *Sen.* You have deſerv'd, and you may well pretend
An intereſt with the *Roman* generals.
Mag. An intereſt againſt their intereſt!
There's very little to expect from that.
1 *Sen.* We will ſurrender at diſcretion.
Mag. And that is but a wretched embaſſie.
But if you think it is the only way
To do you ſervice, and you are agreed.
2 *Sen.* We are agreed there is no other way.
Mag. What ſays *Pacuvius?* You are yet to ſpeak.
Pac. 'Twould ill become my character, to join
In this advice of ſupplicating *Rome*
In our diſtreſs, who, may be, was the firſt
To urge her ruin, by deſerting her.
But if I were no more obnoxious,

AT

No more accountable for our revolt,
Than he that acted leaſt, yet I muſt think,
From what we've done to them, and they to us,
There is no hope of pardon at their hands.
Blo. A pardon! 'tis a play-thing for a child,
To ſtill the preſent fit of frowardneſs;
A man can never ſet his heart upon't.
Pac. Now, when a foreign enemy inſults,
And *Hannibal* himſelf that enemy,
When all things are permitted to the ſword,
Brandiſh'd, and flaming over *Italy*,
At ſuch a time, forgetting *Hannibal*,
And every threatned danger, to ſend here
Both conſuls, with their armies conſular,
Looks as they did intend to make their wars
Only on us, not *Carthage* more abhorr'd
Than *Capua*; as if they did not come
For fame, or victory, but for revenge.
Mag. It may be ſo, and that they come to raiſe
A monument, to warn ſucceeding times,
Never to injure, in whatever ſtate
Their fortune is, the citizens of *Rome*.
Pac. The very ſavages, and fierceſt beaſts,
Do but approach their dens, and they will leave
Their deſtin'd prey, to ſave their helpleſs young.
The *Romans* are more eager yet than they,
For not the leaguer of their city *Rome*,
Their wives, their children (whoſe imploring cries,
And lamentations almoſt reach 'em here)
Their altars, hearths, the temples of the Gods,
The ſepulchres of their great anceſtors,
In danger to be violated all
By *Hannibal*, can once remove 'em hence,
From the determin'd ſpoil of *Capua*.
So greedy are they of our puniſhment,
Of ſuch a burning thirſt to drink our blood.
Therefore, for my part, I will ſeek no aid
Out of my ſelf: While I am maſter of
My liberty, I can take care for one.

1 *Sen.* You, who have made your ſelves unworthy of Pardon, and mercy, juſtly may deſpair.
But we have hopes in *Decius Magius.*
Mag. Alas!
2 *Sen.* Take the three hundred *Roman* knights
Along with you, that are our priſoners.
3 *Sen.* That was a lucky thought, make all the friends—
Mag. Adverſity will find but very few.
3 *Sen.* What force you can.
Mag. And all, I fear, too weak. [*Exit with his party.*
Pac. You then, who ſeem to have another ſenſe
Of what we owe to the immortal Gods,
And our immortal ſelves, in theſe extreams,
I do invite you to take part with me,
In the kind entertainment of this night,
Which I've prepar'd for many more good friends.
The wine and company I know are good;
The ſupper choſen well; and elegant:
For who can tell but it may be our laſt.
If it ſo prove; indulge the genius,
Enlarge the ſoul, and feaſt the ſenſes high:
We'll ſacrifice at laſt to liberty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Virginius *and* Junius.

Vir. O *Junius!* 'tis unworthy of the man,
Who calls you friend, ſo ſcandalous a fate.
But do not think that I am reconcil'd,
Humbled, and tam'd to my diſhonour; no.
Jun. I know you can't be wanting to your ſelf.
Vir. I wanted to acquit my ſelf to you,
And therefore I have found you luckily,
To go with me—
Jun. You may command your friend.
Vir. To be a witneſs that I treat the wretch
As ſhe deſerves from me, and my revenge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Virginius's *House.*

Favonia *enters with a Dagger in one Hand, and a Bowl in t'other.*

Fav. A father's preſent, to a luckleſs child!
His ſending it, and by a huſband's hands,
Should have determin'd me, before this time,
In what I have to do: 'tis but to die;
And that I've meditated, ſtudy'd long,
And often wiſht; but yet this dagger here,
This ruffian dagger, like a murderer,
That does delight in blood, looks terrible.
There's nothing horrid in this friendly bowl;
And it will do the deed as certainly,
And ſatisfie my angry fate as well.

[*She drinks, throws the bowl one way, and the dagger another.*

'Tis paſt; the little argument of life
Is at an end; and death will ſoon conclude.
This is the fatal period of our crimes,
Ending at laſt in certain puniſhment.
And yet my crimes, methinks, might well have paſt
For my misfortunes, to be pitied,
Rather than puniſh'd; but I muſt not tax
The juſtice of the Gods; they have their ends
In every thing they do; they have thought fit
To judge them crimes, and ſo to doom 'em here.
Perhaps to warn too negligent a world,
By my example, how they do engage
In little things, that may be dangerous.
If there is any profit of my death,
'Tis well, I do not grudge the benefit;
For I begin to find its comfort here.

[*Laying her ſelf down on the floor.*

Enter Virginius *and* Junius *to* Favonia; Junius *runs to her Aſſiſtance.*

Jun. Extended on the floor! Is this is a ſight
To triumph in?

Vir. The dagger, or the bowl,
Has reſcu'd her, and diſappointed me.
I fear ſhe's almoſt got out of my reach.
[Virginius *kneels at her feet*, Junius *at her head.*
Jun. She's in the pangs of death.
Vir. There let her ſtay,
And linger ages out in agony,
And glut my eyes, and ſatiate my revenge.
Jun. She's going! O! *Favonia!* ſhe is gone!
[Favonia *dies*, Junius *weeping over her.*
Vir. Why, let her go, and with her all my plagues.
Jun. I came to be a witneſs of thy truth,
And innocence; but ſhould have come before
To ſave thy life——
Vir. Methinks you are too much
Concern'd for her.
Jun. Begone, and leave me here.
Your title carry'd to the end of life;
No farther; you have put an end to that:
And now I honeſtly may ſet up mine.
Vir. What title?
Jun. To revenge her death on you.
[Junius *ſtarts upon his knees, ſeizes upon* Virginius, *they riſe in a ſtruggle*, Junius *draws his ſword upon him.*
You have involv'd me in this murder here:
And made me an accomplice of a deed,
To damn us both down to the loweſt hell.
If you dare juſtifie it, draw your ſword.
Vir. Dare juſtifie it?
Jun. Dare.
Vir. You know I dare.
Another man had prov'd my daring too,
Before this time.
Jun. So every coward ſays.
Vir. Nay, then 'tis paſt; this only anſwers that.
[*They fight, both wounded.*
Jun. 'Tis as it ſhould be: I was not to live.
Vir. I cannot long. [Junius *falls by* Favonia.
Jun. Then I have been a friend
Indeed, if I have haſten'd on your death.

For

For when I have confeſs'd a few ſad truths,
You'll find I only have prevented you
From laying violent hands upon your grief,
Curſing the light, and falling to deſpair.
Vir. Your words have ſtruck attention in my heart.
Jun. *Favonia* is moſt innocent, and wrong'd:
And you and I the only guilty here.
Vir. But prove her ſo, and I ſhall die with joy.
[*Falling at her feet.*
Jun. I lov'd her, for I may avow it now,
And you may thank your ſelf, who were the cauſe,
By bringing me into your family.
I lov'd her with a paſſion, that no bounds
Could circumſcribe, no violence could tame,
No counſel moderate, no friendſhip cure.
Therefore I went to *Rome*, reſolv'd to breathe
My ſighs in foreign air, not to diſturb
Your intereſt, or *Favonia's* innocence.
I languiſh'd many years; my fate thought fit
To bring me back; and you wou'd have me home.
Vir. I left her with you.
Jun. In that conflict, I
Confeſs'd what I had ſuffer'd for my love:
She pity'd me, and I deſir'd no more.
Vir. Say on, while I have leiſure to attend.
Jun. The man you found in her apartment, was
Your wretched friend: I thought to 'ſcape unſeen.
But that poor caution has undone us all.
Vir. What was your buſineſs there?
Jun. I went to take
A parting look, reſolv'd to end my griefs,
And trouble her no more. *Favonia* was
Ev'n innocent of my being there.
I found her ſleeping with her harmleſs thoughts:
And ſhe but wak'd, as you approach'd the room,
In a ſurprize, to find her ſelf undone.
This writing I have drawn to vouch for me,
In all the circumſtances of this tale:
And the Gods try me by the truth it bears. [*Dies.*
Vir. A ſolemn adjuration! and no doubt

Moſt

Moſt heav'nly true; and all this is the work
Of my own folly. Had I been content
With that fair portion of felicity,
The Gods beſtow'd upon me in a wife;
How happy had I been! But I muſt bring
My friend home to uſurp upon her right.
And what's the conſequence! Ruin, and death.
The approach of death makes me leſs ſenſible.
I've loſt my wife, and friend, and now my ſelf. [*Dies.*

SCENE Pacuvius's *Houſe.*

Pacuvius, Vibius Virius, Marius Bloſius, *with ſeven or eight Senators riſing from a Feaſt.*

Pac. Who, who would baſely lag behind in life,
Only to ſee how many wretched ways
Our enemies will find out to puniſh us?
5 *Sen.* Theſe eyes ſhall never be ſpectators of
My country's ruin.
Vib. Nor will I behold
The ravage, and the havock of our ſpoils——
6 *Sen.* Nor *Capua*'s honours trampled in the duſt——
7 *Sen.* Nor ſhining horrid with involving flames.
Blo. Shall our chaſte matrons, and our bluſhing maids,
Our generous youth, bred up to nobler hopes,
Attempted, ſeiz'd, o'erpower'd, be tam'd at laſt,
To the inſults of all unnatural luſts?
Vib. If there was nothing elſe to undergo——
Blo. You cannot call it living on ſuch terms.
Pac. If we agree, that life would be a load,
Not to be born, with theſe indignities;
Here is the helping hand to throw it off.
[*A ſervant gives him a bowl.*
This bowl I have reſerv'd to crown the feaſt.
Hannibal carries poiſon in a ring,
Still to be near him in adverſity.
I have prepar'd this cordial draught for us:
A noble and preventing remedy;
To free our bodies from the puniſhment,
Our minds from the reproach, and infamy.

Our

Our eyes and ears from being witneſſes
Of all thoſe cruelties, that are deſign'd,
Contriv'd, reſerv'd, and wait for conquer'd men.
Vib. We wonnot rob our virtue of its fame,
To think that any here can ſtand in need
Of words, to argue him into a deed,
Of this high conſequence and character.
Blo. We are confirm'd in reaſon, and reſolv'd.
Pac. Then thus I offer you deliverance:
And do begin a health to liberty. [*Drinks.*
5 *Sen.* A generous health, and ſend it round to all.
Blo. Fill all the bowls at once, that we may join
In that moſt noble pledge; let no man have
Priority, or place, in this laſt ſcene,
But all unite in honour of the deed.
Vib. Let us unite our hands, as well as hearts,
In this great work: and ſince we are to part,
We'll part like friends, lock'd in a ſtrict embrace.
[*They embrace in a circle.*

Enter Magius *as they are in the ceremony.*

Mag. I muſt not be ſhut out. I come to be
Admitted to the gallant fellowſhip
Of your great enterprize. I hear you are
Determin'd and reſolv'd.
[*Servants give each man a bowl.*
Give me a cup
Among the reſt.
5 *Sen.* 'Tis poiſon——
Mag. Not to me.
Or if it ſhould be ſo, I come to die.
6 *Sen.* We'll ſhow you then the way.
Mag. I'm old and weak,
And cannot follow faſt, unleſs you ſtay,
To take me with you in your company.
6 *Sen.* We will.
Pac. I'm ſorry to ſee you reduc'd to die.
Mag. I'm ſorry to ſee you reduc'd to live.
Pac. That would be poverty of ſoul indeed.
'Tis not ſo poor with me.

Mag. I'm glad of it.

6 *Sen.* *Pacuvius* has drank his cordial off.

Mag. Secure me mine, and then at leiſure, I
Will tell you the particulars at large,
Of what I went about; the conſuls doom;
And *Capua*'s fate———

[*Servant gives* Magius *a bowl, they all drink together.*

But this delivers me.

5 *Sen.* And all of us.

Blo. Now we defy the doom.
Pronounce it in the threatning conſuls words:
Tho' it ſhould thunder from the judgment ſeat,
It ſhakes not us. We have our pardon ſeal'd.

Mag. I was not ſuffer'd to approach their camp,
But as a private perſon, and a friend.
They utterly refus'd the priſoners,
Diſdaining to receive 'em as a bribe;
And would not hear me upon any terms
That I could offer: all I could obtain,
Was to inform myſelf what they deſign'd
To do with us.

6 *Sen.* It muſt be terrible.

Mag. Why, fourſcore ſenators are condemn'd to death.
Three hundred of our nobleſt families
To be diſpers'd into the Latin towns,
There to remain as priſoners at large.
Our treaſure all confiſcated to *Rome*,
Our lands and public buildings forfeited:
Capua to be disfranchis'd of her rights,
Her liberties, and her chief citizens:
The populace by out-cry to be ſold,
Into the ſeveral ſtates of *Italy*;
And none permitted to inhabit here,
But ſlaves made free, ſtrangers, and meaneſt trades;
Never to be incorporated more
In a community, to have a voice
In free election of its magiſtrates,
But live enthrall'd under the ſcourge of *Rome*.

Vib. More dreadful far than fire or ſword could be.

Blo. It had been mercy to extirpate quite

The

The name and memory of *Capua*.

Mag. As to myſelf, 'tis true, they offer'd all,
All honourable terms for me, and mine.
But what is honour, fortune, when we have
No friends, no country, to rejoice with us?
I could not think of life after that loſs,
Therefore came timely to prevent it here.

Pac. O *Magius!* let me witneſs to the worth
I always envy'd. We have rival'd long
For *Capua*'s love; but this laſt act of yours
Has forc'd me to confeſs it was your due:
Has thrown all emulation ſo behind,
The honour of the race is wholly yours.
Had I proceeded with that openneſs,
With that clear ſpirit, in my country's cauſe——

Mag. May be it had been better for us all.
This is no time for long confeſſions.
If you have done amiſs, amend it now:
And by the brave example of your death,
Correct the influence of an ill-ſpent life.

Pac. I've found this eaſy, honeſt way to death:
The only way, my friends, to vanquiſh *Rome*,
To rob her conſuls of their triumph here,
And bear ourſelves the palm of victory.

[*A ſervant whiſpers* Pacuvius, *and gives him the paper that* Junius *left behind him.*

Mag. I thank the gods I have liv'd long enough,
To all the reaſonable ends of life:
Liv'd to my friends, my country, and my fame:
Have glutted nature with ſatiety,
Tir'd all her various appetites of change.
And 'twould be an unmannerly return,
For my good cheer, and welcome of the feaſt,
When I have ſat it out, to grudge to riſe.

Blo. We are all ready now to take our leave.

Mag. But one word more, and then I go with you.

[*They ſupport each other.*

Pac. She's innocent, and well provided for.

Mag. The dead live after in the memory
Of thoſe alive, ſo to be handed down,

Thro'

Thro' all the ages of poſterity,
As triers of their fame; abhorr'd, or lov'd,
According to their good, or ill, in life.
Pac. I would be mention'd only in my death.
Mag. Let it be ſaid of us, we would have dy'd
To ſave our country; ſince we could not that,
Nothing could tempt us to ſurvive its fate.
Now lay us gently down.

Enter a meſſenger.

Vib. What is thy news?
Meſſ. Our gates are open'd to the enemy:
And *Capua* is no more.
Blo. Would it were ſo.
Better be nothing than be miſerable.
Pac. Thou com'ſt too late to do us good, or harm,
By any news that thou canſt bring us now.
Mag. I pity our poor friends that ſtay behind.
Our minds are going to their native home.
And for the earthy part———
Pac. I've taken care.
When we are honourably laid in death,
My clients have their orders to beſtow
Our bodies on a funeral pile, that's rais'd
On purpoſe, to preſerve our laſt remains.
Mag. 'Tis well, now kindle it, and we ſhall mount
Up to the ſkies, in the aſpiring flame,
And live immortal in a glorious name. [*Dies.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Written by Col. *Codrington*, and ſpoken by Mrs. *Barry*.

POETS fine titles for themſelves may find:
I think 'em the fool-mongers of mankind.
The charitable quacks indeed pretend,
They trade in fools, only thoſe fools to mend.
Yet they wou'd ſcarce the nauſeous taſk endure,
But that, like Bedlam *doctors, they are ſure*
To get, by ſhowing fools they cannot cure.
Equal in this, all plays muſt be confeſt;
Fool is the fav'rite diſh of the whole feaſt.
In farce, the wit's a fool, or fool's a wit;
In comedy, the Beau *pretends a right.*
But tragick writers ſtill agree to plot
The greateſt heroe, for the greateſt ſot.
Our bard, t'indulge your taſte with vaſt delight,
Serv'd up a ſenate full of fools to night:
Some buſtled hard for Hannibal, *and ſome*
Wou'd venture all the brains they had for Rome.
Thus fighting fools ſupport ambitious knaves:
Whoe'er prevail'd, the Capuans *ſtill were ſlaves.*
Our pair of friends ſhine far above the reſt,
With double ſhare of fool, and heroe bleſt.
Our lover wou'd not tempt the lady's honour;
Yet had he boldly puſh'd, and fairly won her,
You'll all allow, he wou'd leſs harm have done her.
Joys well contriv'd are had at eaſier price;
Thank Heav'n, our Britiſh *friends are not ſo nice.*

Our moſt important fool is ſtill behind!
The man was marry'd, Sirs, and ſick in mind.
'Twas a meer whim of honour coſt his life.
The ſqueamiſh Capuan *wou'd not ſhare his wife.*
Why wives are wives: And he that will be billing,
Muſt not think cuckoldom deſerves a killing.
What if the gentle creature had been kiſſing,
Nothing the good man marry'd for, was miſſing.
Beſides the rights of ladies ſacred are:
He ſhou'd have been content with neighbours fare.
But ſhe, by her coy gallant's crime, was good,
And was not won, becauſe ſhe was not woo'd.
Had he the ſecret of his birth-right known,
'Tis odds the faithful annals wou'd have ſhown
The wives of half this race, more lucky than his own.

THE

SPARTAN DAME.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL in DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Pellex ego facta Sororis. Ov. Met. l. 6.

With the Addition of the 400 Lines omitted in the Repreſentation, and the former Editions.

TO HIS GRACE

The Duke of *ARGYLE*

AND

GREENWICH, &c.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS are the only effects that are expected to be produced from a poetical eſtate, towards the payment of our debts.

THE ſucceſs of the *Spartan Dame* has been ſo extraordinary, that the income of her reputation has enabled me to pay down ſome of thoſe acknowledgments for the many favours, which I have received from your Grace: I have ever thought it one of the greateſt, that I have been allowed to be ſo frequently near your Grace's perſon, where I have had thoſe great qualities to admire, which have ſo univerſally diſtinguiſhed You, at home, and abroad, to be of the firſt names in *Europe*.

YOUR forward valour in war, was very early known to the world; and your conduct in it,

to the laſt, has been no leſs illuſtrious. *Flanders*, *Spain*, and *Scotland*, have been the ſcenes of your actions, in the higheſt ranks of the army; and ſo long as thoſe wars remain recorded in ſtory, your name will be remembered with honour.

THE whole courſe of your life has been carried on in the ſame ſpirit and vigour. The court and camp, cabinet and ſenate, have been all, on different occaſions, witneſſes of your eminent abilities, and public virtues; as your generous protection of your friends, and engaging courteſy to all mankind, are daily inſtances of your private virtues.

MY Lord, ſuch heroic merit, ſuch uſeful accompliſhments, and ſuch agreeable manners, have juſtly made your Grace eſteemed a moſt noble and moſt worthy patron.

I am,

May it pleaſe your Grace,

Your ever obliged, and

moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

THE PREFACE.

THIS Tragedy was begun a year before the Revolution, *and near four acts written without any view, but upon the ſubject, which I took from the Life of* Agis *in* Plutarch. *Many things interfering with thoſe times, I laid by what I had written for ſeventeen years: I ſhew'd it then to the late Duke of* Devonſhire, *who was in every regard a judge; he told me, he ſaw no reaſon why it might not have been acted the year of the* Revolution: *I then finiſhed it, and, as I thought, cut out the exceptionable parts, but could not get it acted, not being able to perſuade myſelf to the cutting off thoſe limbs which I thought eſſential to the ſtrength and life of it: But ſince I found it muſt pine in obſcurity without it, I conſented to the operation; and after the amputation of every line, very near the number of four hundred, it ſtands on its own legs ſtill, and by the favour of the town, and indulging aſſiſtance of friends, has come ſucceſsfully forward upon the ſtage.*

The following lines were added by the author upon the occaſion of printing the play intire, as it was firſt writ.

In this Edition you have the Spartan Dame, *as ſhe was originally drawn, with the lines inſerted (with this mark ") which were left out in the action. The Play was begun by the command of the Duke of* Berwick, *and encouraged by many never to be forgotten favours of that great man: I was a Lieutenant in his regiment, when moſt advantageouſly recommended to him by the famous Colonel* Sarsfield, *of* Ireland, *afterwards Earl of* Lucan. *His Grace gave me a Company, and diſcovered in a little time, a generous diſpoſition of making my fortune; which, as it would have been no hard matter for a King's favourite ſon to accompliſh, he would probably have finiſhed, had not the changes of the world deprived his country of his ſervice, and his dependants of his ſupport. I was then tumbled down from a high expectation, but afterwards happily laid in the way of his Grace of* Argyle, *who has always been a promoter of my little intereſt, and a favourer of this Tragedy in its confinement and diſgrace; which, ſince its coming abroad, has this to be proud of, that it has been patronized by the illuſtrious names of* Berwick *and* Argyle. *I have now an opportunity of doing juſtice to the dead, by acknowledging that the laſt*

ſcene

ſcene of the third act, was almoſt all written by the honourable John Stafford, *the moſt excellent father of the preſent moſt worthy Earl of* Stafford. *'Tis an argument of honeſty, that I can reſtore to the family a treaſure, ſo long depoſited in my hands, I mean, the reputation of the beſt ſcene in the play: But I have my reward in the honourable fame, of having ſo noble a friend in ſo maſterly a writer, to join with me in the compoſition. I have but this to ſay for the* Bookſeller, *that as he has paid me the extraordinary price of one hundred and twenty pounds for an imperfect picture of the* Spartan Dame, *ſo, ſince it is finiſhed, and the Lady at full length, by the addition of ſo many lines, which were chiefly the lineaments, and, to be preſumed, the ornaments of her character, I wiſh ſhe may appear as amiable in the eyes of the town, for his advantage, as ſhe did for my profit in his; when Mr.* Chetwood *fell ſo dangerouſly, ſo deſperately in love with her, and, in defiance of all rivals, bad ſo expenſively high for her favour.*

AN EPISTLE TO Mr. *SOUTHERNE*, FROM Mr. *FENTON*.

BOLD is the muſe to leave her humble cell,
And ſing to thee, who know'ſt to ſing ſo well:
Thee! who to *Britain* ſtill preſerv'ſt the crown,
And mak'ſt her rival *Athens* in renown.
Cou'd *Sophocles* behold in mournful ſtate,
The weeping *Graces* on *Imoinda* wait;
Or hear thy *Iſabella*'s moving moan,
Diſtreſs'd, and loſt, for vices not her own;
If envy cou'd permit, he'd ſure agree
To write by nature were to copy thee:
So full, ſo fair thy images are ſhown,
He by thy pencil might improve his own.

There was an age, (its memory will laſt!)
Before *Italian* airs debauch'd our taſte,
In which the ſable muſe with hopes and fears
Fill'd ev'ry breaſt, and ev'ry eye with tears.
But where's that art, which all our paſſions rais'd,
And mov'd the ſprings of nature as it pleas'd?
Our poets only practiſe on the pit,
With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
Howe'er 'tis well the preſent times can boaſt,
The race of *CHARLES*'s reign not wholly loſt:
Thy ſcenes, immortal in their worth, ſhall ſtand
Among the choſen claſſics of our land:
And whilſt our ſons are by tradition taught,
How *Barry* ſpoke what *Thou* and *Otway* wrote,
They'll think it praiſe to reliſh, and repeat,
And own thy works inimitably great.

Shakeſpear, the genius of our iſle, whoſe mind
(The univerſal mirror of mankind)
Expreſs'd all images, enrich'd the ſtage,
But ſometimes ſtoop'd to pleaſe a barb'rous age.
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low.
He, like the God of day, was always bright,
Yet rolling in its courſe, his orb of light
Was ſully'd, and obſcur'd, tho' ſoaring high,
With ſpots contracted from the nether ſky.
But whither is th' advent'rous Muſe betray'd?
Forgive her raſhneſs, venerable ſhade!
May ſpring with purple flow'rs perfume thy urn,
And *Avon* with his greens thy grave adorn.

Be

Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

Some *Scions* ſhot from this immortal root,
Their tops much lower, and leſs fair the fruit.
Johnſon the tribute of my verſe might claim,
Had he not ſtrove to blemiſh *Shakeſpear*'s name.
But, like the radiant Twins that gild the ſphere,
Fletcher and *Beaumont* next in pomp appear:
The firſt a fruitful vine, in bloomy pride,
Had been by ſuperfluity deſtroy'd;
But that his friend, judiciouſly ſevere,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care:
On various-ſounding harps the muſes play'd,
And ſung, and quaff'd their *Nectar* in the ſhade.

Few moderns in the liſts with theſe may ſtand,
For in thoſe days were giants in the land:
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to *Shakeſpear*'s fame,
The ſecond honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal Lord,
To wear his armour, and to wield his ſword.

An age moſt odious and accurs'd enſu'd,
Diſcolour'd with a pious monarch's blood:
Whoſe fall when firſt the tragick virgin ſaw,
She fled, and left her province to the law.
Her merry ſiſter ſtill purſu'd the game,
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the ſame.
She firſt reform'd the muſcles of her face,
And learnt the ſolemn ſcrue, for ſigns of grace;

Then

Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
By humming to a tabor, and a drone:
Her eyes ſhe diſciplin'd preciſely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white;
Thus baniſh'd from the ſtage, ſhe gravely next
Aſſum'd a cloak, and quibbled o'er a text.

But when, by miracles of mercy ſhown,
Much-ſuffering *Charles* regain'd his father's throne;
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She ſtraight pull'd off her ſattin cap, and band:
Bade *Wicherly* be bold in her defence,
Glittering with pointed wit, and manly ſenſe:
Etherege and *Sedley* join'd him in her cauſe,
And all deſerv'd, and all receiv'd applauſe.

Reſtor'd with leſs ſucceſs, the tragic muſe,
Had quite forgot her ſtile by long diſuſe:
She taught her *Maximins* to rant in rhime,
Miſtaking rattling nonſenſe for ſublime;
'Till witty *Buckingham* reform'd her taſte,
And ſneering ſham'd her into ſenſe at laſt.
But now relaps'd, ſhe dwindles to a ſong,
And weakly warbles on an *Eunuch's* tongue;
And with her minſtrelſie may ſtill remain,
'Till *Southerne* court her to be great again.
Perhaps the beauties of thy *Spartan Dame*,
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
Shall, with ſuperior majeſty avow'd,
Shine like a goddeſs breaking from a cloud,
Once more may reinſtate her on the ſtage,
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.

Arts have their empires, and, like other ſtates,
Their riſe and fall are govern'd by the fates:
They, when their period's meaſur'd out by time,
Tranſplant their laurels to another clime.
The *Grecian* muſe once fill'd with loud alarms
The court of heav'n, and clad the Gods in arms:
The trumpet ſilent, humbly ſhe eſſay'd
The dorick reed, and ſung beneath the ſhade;
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the ſwains
T' obſerve the ſeaſons and manure the plains.
Sometimes in warbled hymns ſhe pay'd her vow,
Or wove Olympic wreaths for *Theron*'s brow;
Sometimes on flow'ry beds ſhe lay ſupine,
And gave her thoughts a looſe to love and wine,
Or in her ſable ſtole, and buſkins dreſs'd,
Shew'd vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppreſs'd.

The nymph ſtill fair, however paſt her bloom,
From *Greece* at length was led in chains to *Rome*:
Whilſt wars abroad, and civil diſcord reign'd,
Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd:
That interval employ'd her ſacred care,
To ſtudy, and refine the language there.
She views with anguiſh on the *Roman* ſtage
The *Grecian* beauties weep, the warriors rage;
But moſt thoſe ſcenes delight th' immortal maid,
Which *Scipio* had reviſ'd, and *Roſcius* play'd.
Thence to the pleadings of the gown ſhe goes,
(For *Themis* then could ſpeak in poliſh'd proſe.)
Charm'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng
She bleſs'd the *Syren* power of *Tully*'s tongue.

But

But when, *Octavius*, thy ſucceſsful ſword
Was ſheath'd, and univerſal peace reſtor'd,
Fond of a monarch, to the court ſhe came,
And choſe a numerous choir to chant his fame.
Firſt, from the green retreats, and lowly plains,
Her *Virgil* ſoar'd ſublime in epic ſtrains;
His theme ſo glorious, and his flight ſo true,
She with *Meonian* garlands grac'd his brow.
Taught *Horace* then to touch the *Leſbian* lyre,
And *Sappho*'s ſweetneſs join'd with *Pindar*'s fire.
By *Cæſar*'s bounty all the tuneful train
Enjoy'd, and ſung of *Saturn*'s golden reign:
No genius then was left to live on praiſe,
Or curſt the barren ornament of bays;
On all her ſons he caſt a kind regard,
Nor could they write ſo faſt as he reward.
The muſe induſtrious to record his name
In the bright annals of eternal fame,
Profuſe of favours laviſh'd all her ſtore,
And for one reign made many ages poor.

Now from the rugged north unnumber'd ſwarms
Invade the *Latian* coaſts with barbarous arms;
A race unpoliſh'd, but inur'd to toil,
Rough as their heav'n, and barren as their ſoil:
Thoſe locuſts ev'ry ſpringing art deſtroy'd,
And ſoft humanity before 'em dy'd.
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful ſtrife
With nature's ſcenes, nor gave the canvaſs life:
Nor *Sculpture* exercis'd her ſkill, beneath
Her forming hand to make the marble breathe;

Struck

Struck with deſpair, they ſtood devoid of thought,
Leſs lively than the works themſelves had wrought.
On thoſe twin ſiſters ſuch diſaſters came,
'Tho' colours and proportions are the ſame.
In ev'ry age, and clime; their beauties known
To ev'ry language, and confin'd by none.
But fate leſs freedom to the muſe affords,
And checks her genius with the choice of words:
To paint her thoughts the diction muſt be found
Of eaſie grandeur, and harmonious ſound.
Thus when ſhe rais'd her voice divinely great,
To ſing the founder of the *Roman* ſtate;
The language was adapted to the ſong,
Sweet and ſublime, with native beauty ſtrong.
But when the *Goths* inſulting troops appear'd,
Such diſſonance the trembling virgin heard,
Chang'd to a ſwan, from *Tyber's* troubled ſtreams
She wing'd her flight, and ſought the ſilver *Thames*.

Long in the melancholy grove ſhe ſtay'd,
And taught the penſive *Druids* in the ſhade;
In ſolemn and inſtructive notes they ſung,
From whence the beauteous frame of nature ſprung;
Who poliſh'd all the radiant orbs above,
And in bright order made the planets move;
Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
And comets roll unbounded through the ſky:
Who wing'd the winds, and gave the ſtreams to flow,
And rais'd the rocks, and ſpread the lawns below;
Whence the gay Spring exults in flow'ry pride,
And Autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;

Whence

Whence Summer ſuns imbrown the lab'ring ſwains,
And ſhiv'ring Winter pines in icy chains:
And prais'd the Pow'r ſupream, nor dar'd advance
So vain a theory as that of chance.

But in this iſle ſhe found the nymphs ſo fair,
She chang'd her hand, and choſe a ſofter air,
And love and beauty next became her care.
Greece, her lov'd country, only cou'd afford
A *Venus* and a *Helen* to record;
A thouſand radiant nymphs ſhe here beheld,
Who match'd the goddeſs, and the Queen excell'd.
T' immortalize their loves ſhe long eſſay'd,
But ſtill the tongue her generous toil betray'd:
Chaucer had all that beauty cou'd inſpire,
And *Surry*'s numbers glow'd with warm deſire:
And now are priz'd by few, unknown to moſt,
Becauſe the thoughts are in the language loſt.
Ev'n *Spencer*'s pearls in muddy waters lye,
Yet ſoon their beams attract the diver's eye.
Rich was their imag'ry, 'till time defac'd
The curious works; but *Waller* came at laſt:
Waller the muſe with heav'nly verſe ſupplies,
Smooth as the fair, and ſparkling as their eyes;
" All but the nymph, that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
" Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong.
But when this *Orpheus* ſunk, and hoary age
Suppreſs'd the lover's, and the poet's rage;
To *Granville* his melodious lute ſhe gave,
Granville, whoſe faithful verſe is Beauty's ſlave:
Accept this gift, my fav'rite youth! ſhe cry'd,
To ſound a brighter theme, and ſing of *Hyde*;

Hyde's

Hyde's, and thy lovely *Myra*'s praiſe proclaim,
And match *Carliſle*'s and *Sachariſſa*'s fame.

O! would he now forſake the myrtle grove,
And ſing of arms, as late he ſung of love!
His colours and his hand alone ſhould paint,
In *Britain*'s QUEEN, the warrior and the ſaint;
In whom conſpire, to form her truly great,
Wiſdom with power, and piety with ſtate.
Whilſt from her throne the ſtreams of juſtice flow,
Strong and ſerene, to bleſs the land below;
O'er diſtant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
And the wild rage of tyranny controul.
Her pow'r to quell, and pity to redreſs,
The *Maeſe*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine* confeſs;
Whence bleeding *Iber* hopes, around his head
To ſee freſh olives ſpring, and plenty ſpread:
And whilſt they ſound their great deliv'rer's fame,
The *Sein* retires, and ſickens at her name.
O *Granville!* all theſe glorious ſcenes diſplay,
Inſtruct ſucceeding monarchs how to ſway;
And make her memory rever'd by all,
When triumphs are forgot, and mouldring arches fall.

Pardon me, friend! I own my Muſe too free,
To write ſo long on ſuch a theme to thee:
To play the critic here——with equal right
Bid her pretend to teach *Argyle* to fight:
Inſtruct th'unerring ſun to guide the year,
And *Harley* by what ſchemes he ought to ſteer,
Give *Harcourt* eloquence t'adorn the ſeal,
Maxims of ſtate to *Leeds*, to *Beaufort* zeal.

Try

Try to correct what *Orrery* ſhall write,
And make harmonious *St. John* more polite.
Teach law to *Ilay* for the crown's ſupport,
Or *Jerſey* how to ſerve, and grace a court:
Dictate ſoft warbling airs to *Sheffield*'s hand,
When *Venus* and her *Loves* around him ſtand:
In ſage debates to *Rocheſter* impart
A ſearching head, and ever faithful heart:
Make *Talbot*'s finiſh'd virtue more compleat,
High without pride, and amiably great;
Where Nature all her pow'rs with fortune join'd,
At once to pleaſe, and benefit mankind.

When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
My fancy free, and all my hours my own;
I lov'd along the laureat grove to ſtray,
The paths were pleaſant, and the proſpect gay:
But now my genius ſinks, and hardly knows
To make a couplet tinkle in the cloſe.
Yet when you next to *Medway* ſhall repair,
And quit the town to breathe a purer air;
Retiring from the crowd, to ſteal the ſweets
Of eaſy life in *TWISDEN*'s calm retreats;
(As *Terence* to his *Lælius* lov'd to come,
And in *Campania* ſcorn'd the pomp of *Rome*.)
Where *Lambard*, form'd for buſineſs, and to pleaſe,
By ſharing, will improve your happineſs;
In both their ſouls imperial reaſon ſways,
In both the patriot, and the friend diſplays;
Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and praiſe.
With bright ideas there inſpir'd anew,
By them excited, and inform'd by you,

I may

I may with happier ſkill eſſay to ſing
Sublimer notes, and ſtrike a louder ſtring.

Languid and dull, when abſent from her cave,
No oracles of old the *Sybil* gave;
But when beneath her ſacred ſhrine ſhe ſtood,
Her fury ſoon confeſs'd the coming god;
Her breaſt began to heave, her eyes to roul,
And wond'rous viſions fill'd her lab'ring ſoul.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. FENTON;
And ſpoken by Mr. CIBBER.

WHEN realms are ravag'd with invaſive foes,
Each boſom with heroick ardor glows;
Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
Diſdain to ruſt with batter'd invalides;
But active in the foremoſt ranks appear,
And leave young ſmock-fac'd beaux to guard the rear.
So, to repel the Vandals *of the ſtage,*
Our vet'ran bard reſumes his tragic rage:
He throws the gauntlet Otway *us'd to wield,*
And calls for Engliſhmen *to judge the field:*
Thus arm'd, to reſcue Nature from diſgrace,
Meſſieurs! *lay down your minſtrells, and grimace:*
The brawnieſt youths of Troy *the combat fear'd,*
When old Entellus *in the liſts appear'd.*
Yet what avails the champion's giant ſize,
When Pigmies *are made umpires of the prize?*
Your fathers (men of ſenſe, and honeſt bowlers)
Diſdain'd the mummery of foreign ſtrollers:

By their examples wou'd you form your taſte,
The preſent age might emulate the paſt.
We hop'd that art and genius had ſecur'd you;
But ſoon facetious Harlequin *allur'd you:*
The Muſes bluſh'd, to ſee their friends exalting
Thoſe elegant delights of jigg, and vaulting:
So charm'd you were, you ceas'd awhile to doat
On nonſenſe, gargl'd in an Eunuch's *throat.*
All pleas'd to hear the chatt'ring monſters ſpeak,
As old wives wonder at the parſon's Greek.
Such light ragouſts and muſhrooms may be good,
To whet your appetites for wholeſome food:
But the bold Briton *ne'er in earneſt dines*
Without ſubſtantial haunches, and ſirloins.
In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour;
Creſſy *was loſt by kickſhaws, and ſoupe meagre.*
Inſtead of light deſſerts, and luſcious froth,
Our poet treats to-night with Spartan *broth;*
To which, as well as all his former feaſts,
The ladies are the chief-invited gueſts.
Crown'd with a kind of Glaſſenbury *bays,*
That bloom amid the winter of his days;
He comes, ambitious in his green decline,
To conſecrate his wreath at beauty's ſhrine.
His Oroonoko *never fail'd to engage*
The radiant circles of the former age:

Each

Each boſom heav'd, all eyes were ſeen to flow,
And ſympathize with Iſabella's *woe:*
But fate reſerv'd, to crown his elder fame,
The brighteſt audience for the Spartan Dame.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

LEONIDAS, a king of *Sparta*, driven out by the people.	Mr. *Mills.*
CLEOMBROTUS, attains the kingdom by the expulsion of *Leonidas*, marry'd to *Celona*, but in love with her sister *Thelamia.*	Mr. *Booth.*
EURYTION, husband to *Thelamia*, of *Leonidas*'s party.	Mr. *Wilks.*
AGESILAUS, the *Ephorus*, an incendiary of the people against *Leonidas*, and fast to the interest of *Cleombrotus.*	Mr. *Corey.*
LYSANDER, } side with *Leonidas.*	Mr. *Thurmond.*
ZENOCRATES, } side with *Leonidas.*	Mr. *Williams.*
MANDROCLES, } side with *Cleom-*	Mr. *Will. Mills.*
THRACION, } *brotus.*	Mr. *Oates.*
CRITES, husband to *Bizanthe.*	Mr. *Cibber.*
CLEON.	
TIMÆUS.	

WOMEN.

CELONA, or CHELONIS, daughter of *Leonidas*, marry'd to *Cleombrotus.*	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
THELAMIA, her sister, wife to *Eurytion.*	Mrs. *Porter.*
EUPHEMIA, another sister, a recluse in *Diana*'s temple.	Mrs. *Seal.*
BIZANTH, a relation, and attendant on *Thelamia.*	Mrs. *Garnet.*

Citizens, Guards, Gentlemen, and Attendants.

SCENE, *SPARTA.*

THE

SPARTAN DAME.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Ageſilaus, Mandrocles, *and* Cleon.

AGESILAUS.

" HAVE you prepar'd the bills?
Cleon. " They're ready, Sir.
Ageſ. " Then haſten to the ſenate, and be ſure
Propoſe 'em as the buſineſs of the day:
They'll take up all our time.
Cleon. I wo'not fail. [*Exit.*
Mand. " The rich men all join with *Leonidas*.
" His party ſtrong, and vigorous againſt
" Thoſe bills, and us; they wo'not eaſily paſs.
Ageſ. " Paſs! they ſhall paſs: the people ſide with us,
" They're now in arms, array'd, and diſciplin'd,
" To baniſh him the city, or depoſe him,
" If he appear againſt us.
Mand. " He indeed
" Agrees not with the humour of the times,
" Nor fits our purpoſe.
Ageſ. " Then *Cleombrotus*
" Aſſiſts our cauſe, out of a royal hope

" The tumult may depoſe his father, then
He is a king.
Mand. The change will mend us all.

Cleombrotus *and* Thracion *to 'em.*

Cleom. The harveſt of our hopes at laſt is come,
Rich in a crop that will reward the toil;
A plenteous crop, to fill the reaper's hand,
And with the binder's ſheaves load every barn.
Ageſ. Let us not then ſtand idle: every man
His ſickle to the work. You *Mandrocles,*
And *Thracion,* you, muſt to your ſeveral poſts.
Cleom. Summon our friends, and lead your parties to
The *Hyppodrome:* we ſhall have need of you.
Thra. You ſha'not want us long.
Mand. We wo'not fail you.
Ageſ. I am the engineer to fire the ſenate;
The flame muſt break out there.
Cleom. I'll follow you.
If we ſucceed, a king ſhall thank your loves. [*Exeunt.*

Celona *enters to* Cleombrotus.

Cleom. Celona here! my wife!
Celo. Your loving wife.
Cleom. You're early up to-day.
Celo. My bed, my lord,
Has no more charms for me, when you are gone.
Cleom. Dreſs'd ſooner too than uſual.
Celo. My beauties,
Such as they are, are honeſt, and my own;
They go to bed with me, with me they riſe,
And need not many hours in putting on.
Beſides, for me to court my morning glaſs,
And practiſe looks, were loſs of time indeed.
I am already what the vanity
Of a fond dreſſing pride, in all its height,
And wantonneſs of expectation,
Can raiſe my wiſhes to; I am your wife,
Moſt honour'd in that title; and deſpiſe
Th' applauſe and breath of any other praiſe,

Than

Than of my virtue, and obedience now.
Cleom. Hear this, you libelling marriage-mortifiers!
You unhous'd, lawleſs, rambling libertines;
Senſeleſs of any charm in love, beyond
The proſtitution of a common bed,
Lewdly enjoy'd, and loath'd: hear, hear, and kneel
Before this ſhrine, repent, and all get wives;
That from the healthy conſtitution
Of your own chaſte endearments, you may gueſs
At what I feel, too mighty for my tongue.
Celo. O ſtop not here! my liſt'ning ſoul is charm'd
Into my ears, and dies upon the ſound
Of ev'ry word, ſoft as a lover's wiſh,
And I cou'd hear you ever.
Cleom. O my fair one!
There is a ſtory, but I have not time
Now to inform thee in it———
Celo. O my fears! [*Aſide.*
Cleom. That will delight thee———
Celo. Your words always do.
Cleom. Ay, but theſe words carry ſtrong ſenſe indeed,
A ſovereign ſenſe.
Celo. The meaning is too plain. [*Aſide.*
Cleom. I won't anticipate the happineſs,
By telling what you will ſo quickly find:
But raiſe your wiſhes high, mount your deſires
On bold ambition's wing: whoſe airy flight
Shoots thro' the clouds, to mingle with the ſtars——
When next we meet, I ſhall behold thee———
Celo. A miſerable woman.
Cleom. How, *Celona!*
Celo. O my *Cleombrotus!* my lord, my life!
What furies urge you on this deſp'rate courſe,
That leads to certain ruin?
Cleom. Whither wou'dſt thou?
Celo. I fear'd indeed before, but now I find
The *Ephori,* thoſe fiends of popular pow'r,
By damning ſpells have wrought upon your ſoul,
Seduc'd you into a combination
Of their black plots againſt *Leonidas:*

" *Leonidas*, a king, and father too!
" O ſound thoſe awful words: methinks there waits
" A reverence upon the very names,
" That ſhould diſarm the reſolution
" Of every heart and hand that would rebel.
Why do you turn away?
Cleom. O! I muſt leave you.
Celo. I am yourſelf, my lord.
Cleom. Pray let me go.
Celo. Half of yourſelf, your wife.
Cleom. You are my wife.
Celo. And in that right I ſpeak, and ſhould be heard.
My fame muſt live but in your chronicle:
And as your actions ſhow to after-times,
My memory will be honour'd, or deſpis'd;
Therefore I ſpeak, and therefore muſt be heard.
Cleom. Then I muſt hear you.
Celo. Suffer not, my lord,
Th' induſtrious malice of our hiſtories,
To take th' advantage of a crime like this,
To ſtain the glorious ſtory of our lives,
And curſe our names to late poſterity.
Cleom. " Why, if the people, as they are incens'd
" Againſt the king, ſhould offer to depoſe him;
" How can we help ourſelves? I but ſtand out
" The next, and lineally ſucceeding heir,
" And wo'not loſe my right.
Celo. " Your right, my lord,
" Is nothing, the king living, tho' depos'd,
" Unleſs you ſtand upon the people's voice,
" Preferring their election to a long
" Hereditary line of *Spartan* kings,
" Deriv'd from the rich blood of *Hercules*.
" *Cleom.* I claim in my deſcent from *Hercules*,
" No otherwiſe.
Celo. " O! I have heard you ſay,
" You ſcorn'd an empire, at the public price
" Of ſlaviſh thanks, and baſe-born courteſie:
" Keep up that ſpirit ſtill, and do not now
" Like a young waſteful heir, mortgage the hopes

" Of

" Of Godlike majeſty, on bankrupt terms,
" To raiſe a preſent pow'r, that's fickly held
" By the frail tenure of the peoples will."
Cleom. Thou wou'dſt not have me ſtand a looker on?
Behold the ſtrongeſt hand carry the prize
Of empire from my hopes?
Celo. My ſoul diſdains
The weakneſs of that thought: No, no, my Lord,
I would not have you tame at ſuch a time;
Boldly aſſert the cauſe of majeſty,
" The right of the good king, his right, and yours:
For yours is the ſucceſſion.
Cleom. What I do,
Is to ſecure it mine.
Celo. " O have a care!
" Let not ambition loſe what thus it toils for.
" When once the people get the jadiſh trick
" Of throwing off their kings, no ruler's ſafe:
" 'Tis in the nature of man's wickedneſs,
" To ſtop at nothing that will bear excuſe:
" And precedent is more than an excuſe;
" It takes the force of law: How then, my Lord!
" If as they would un-king my father now
" To make your way, their giddy humour changing,
" They drive you out to make another room?
" For what has been, they ſay, may be again;
" And you are made th' example of that truth.
Cleom. " No more!
" This theam does not become a woman's mouth.
Celo. " Indeed it does not, Sir; a king's juſt cauſe
" Shou'd never plead in poor precarious words,
" But in the voice of thunder: Then we tremble,
" Sink in our fears, and fall before the throne;
" Then how we roar and promiſe loyalty——
Cleom. " This is a preaching ſpirit, give it o'er.
Celo. " O! think what 'tis to be the peoples ſlave,
" To owe your pow'r to their inconſtancy:
" For ſhou'd the good Gods leave their heavenly thrones,
" To rule below, they could not pleaſe us long:
" The ſawcy cenſurers of ſovereign ſway

" Wou'd tax their government; divinity
" It ſelf were not ſecure, without a guard
" Of bolts, and flames, to awe rebellious man.

Boy enters.

Boy. *Crites*, my lord, attends you. [*Exit.*

Cleom. Pray retire,
And in this confidence, that all my actions
Shall wait upon my honour.

Celo. That's my hope,
Your honour muſt engage you to the king,
And in that hope I leave you. [*Exit.*

Cleom. Tender, and chaſte, and fair! nay, ſhe was once
The boaſted pride, and judgment of my choice:
So ſhe was thought, and ſo I valu'd her:
But ſhe's my wife; and nothing, but a wife,
With all her charms, could have been ſtale ſo ſoon.

Crites *enters behind him.*

O curſe of marriage! plenty makes its wants;
And what was meant love's food, ſtarves all its joys:
The feaſts come quicker than our appetites;
Yet forcing nature ſtill, at laſt we cloy,
And ſurfeit ev'n to loathing.

Crit. My good Lord,
Thelamia may reſtore———

Cleom. My health, my life,
She only can, my *Crites*. O that ſound!
The very mention of *Thelamia*'s name,
Like a ſtrong philter, rages in my veins,
Shoots thro' the boiling channels of my blood,
Up to my heart; then with freſh fury fed,
Strikes at my brain, where forming Fancy ſits,
Divining pleaſures in *Thelamia*'s arms;
Which thou, and I, in all our ſearch of love,
And riots in experience of the ſex,
Cou'd ne'er find out in any other woman:
O! ſhe is excellent, and in that thought
I muſt enjoy her.

Crit. She's *Eurytion*'s now:
The prieſt but yeſterday receiv'd their vows,
Their mutual vows, bleſs'd 'em, and made 'em one.
Cleom. How! made 'em one! O! that the cunning prieſt
Had conjur'd us together, made us one;
Incorporated body, blood, and life,
Our ſpirits mix'd, and love been all our ſoul:
Then I had been his votary for ever.
What's to be done? Speak thou, who can'ſt adviſe.
Crit. She's your wife's ſiſter.
Cleom. That's a name indeed, too diſtant from my hopes.
Crit. Then beſt forgotten. She knows your love?
Cleom. She muſt have known it long,
But warily affects an ignorance,
That flies the notice of it.
Crit. She perhaps
Miſtakes it only for a brother's love.
Cleom. No, no, ſhe knows me, and my meaning well.
Crit. And flies for refuge to *Eurytion*'s arms;
She muſt not 'ſcape you ſo. *Eurytion*,
Faſt to *Leonidas*, oppoſes you,
And every way———
Cleom. His virtue bluntly ſtands
Juſt in my aim of empire, as of love.
Crit. Remove him then, and all your plots fly ſure,
Point blank, and level to the very white
Of your deſigns.
Cleom. *Thelamia*, and a crown———
Crit. They go together.
Cleom. In that only thought
I'll conquer even impoſſibilities:
I know the appearance is to reaſon hard;
But a king's love ſhould never know deſpair.
Crit. Deſpair! name not the word: You know, my Lord,
I'm fortunately for your ſervice marry'd
Into *Eurytion*'s family: My wife
Gives me a title to their confidence,

Which I've improv'd, by a profeſſing zeal
" Of loyalty, and roaring for the king,
To ſuch a reputation, that has been
A key to all their counſels. I have ſerv'd
Your politic deſigns, and may aſſiſt
Your love affairs.

Cleom. O! there is life in thee.

Crit. All, Sir, depends upon this very day
For the ſucceſs: hark, you are ſummon'd forth [*Shouts.*
To head the crowd: If your ambition thrive,
You have her in your pow'r.

Cleom. If that ſhou'd fail,
I wo'not fail my ſelf; force ſhall prevail. [*Exeunt.*

[*Shouts again.*

Lyſander *and* Zenocles *enter.*

Lyſ. What's to be done? All's in a wild combuſtion.

Zen. The people, like a torrent in its fall,
Diſdaining oppoſition, bear down all
Before 'em: Ceremonies, cuſtoms, rites,
Laws human and divine; orders, and men
Devoted to the Gods, profan'd, and ſcorn'd.

Lyſ. All quality, diſtinction, and degree
Of place, or virtue, ſwept away, like rubbiſh,
By the vile hands of popular confuſion.

Zen. Our party in the ſenate-houſe, I thought,
Was ſtrong enough, concluding on thoſe fools
Of argument, and noiſe, who roar'd for us:
But when it came to blows, our orators,
So famous for their battles at the bar,
And victory in words, ſneak'd from their chairs,
Stinted their rhet'rick to a ſingle prayer,
And wiſh'd us well——

Lyſ. Slaves! who, but minutes ſince,
Drew down the terror of loud laws upon us,
And ſpoke in thunder; now, tho' they ſee the rabble,
" With more than barbarous brutality,
" Driving their lawful monarch thro' the ſtreets,
Have not the courage of a *Lictor*'s voice,
To bid 'em keep the peace.

Zen. Eurytion yet
Stands firm, and conſtant " to the royal cauſe.
Lyſ. O'erpower'd by the multitude, I ſaw him
Retreat towards *Juno*'s temple.
Zen. There the ſtreet
Is narrow, and may friend our purpoſe well.
Lyſ. Th' example of his royalty may ſteel us
To the performance of ſome glorious action,
Great as our cauſe, becoming honeſt men.

Crites *with* Euphemia *enters to 'em.*

Zen. The fair *Euphemia!*
Lyſ. O! thou royal maid!
No ſanctuary left for innocence!
Euph. 'Tis fit my father's fortune ſhou'd be mine.
Cri. I've ſnatch'd this caſket from the common ſpoil,
Worthy the ſafeguard of the general Gods:
And, as my maſter's heart is treaſur'd here,
Will place her in the virgin goddeſs' ſhrine.
Zen. The Gods, and good mens pray'rs muſt ſide with us. [*Ex.* Crites *with* Euphemia *one way*, Lyſander *and* Zenocles *another.*

Enter Mandrocles *and* Thracion, *heading a Rabble of Citizens.*

Mand. " Nay, fellow-citizens, you ſhall be ſatisfied " In every point.
Thra. " And have the reaſons.
1 *Cit.* " Why if we have law for what we do,
" What care we for reaſon?
2 *Cit.* Law is above reaſon, I hope.
3 *Cit.* Or ſome of our Senators might be whipt for " their ſpeeches.
1 *Cit.* " I grant you, reaſon does well enough within " doors, in the management of a family, in the diſ- " cipline of our children, or in the correction of a " wife.
2 *Cit.* " The correction of a wife, neighbour? " Have you law for that?

1 *Cit.* "No, but I have reaſon very often. So that I ſay,
" Between man and man, reaſon may be reaſonable
" Sometimes: But if it once meddles with ſtate affairs,
" 'Tis an aſs, and deſerves to leave his leather ears
" In the pillory for affronting the government.
" As for example now——

2 *Cit.* " As for examples, neighbour, we come to make
" examples, and we'll make 'em for others to follow:
" we'll go our own way: What we do, we do by vir-
" tue of the prerogative of the people.

1 *Cit.* " The prerogative of the people to be ſure,
" every body knows that, but I love to ſpeak plain, and
" a little inflammation would do well to quiet men's
" minds:
" So as I was ſaying by way of example——
" Here's law on one ſide, and reaſon on th'other
" Suppoſe 'em plaintiff and defendant,
" Who would you think now a fit judge
" To decide the quarrel between law and reaſon?

2 *Cit.* Who, but the people, man? We can't be
" Corrupted, becauſe we know nothing of either.

[*Shouts again.*

1 *Cit.* " What ſhouts are theſe? come, we loſe time,
" Away, to fire the tyrant's houſe, baniſh him, or——
" We muſt do ſomething, now our hands are in.

Mand. " A little patience: theſe are our friends,
" Who come to join with us.

Thra. " We muſt appear to head 'em.

Mand. " This is our rendezvous. In the mean time
" Be reſolute, and bold——

[Mandrocles *and* Thracion *go out.*

1 *Cit.* " As bold as rebellion according to law
" Can make us.

Another Citizen enters.

Cit. Nay, better or worſe, " as he proves in the
" wearing, but ſo it is, the old king *Leonidas* is fled
" to the temple of *Juno:* The *Ephori* have cited him
" to anſwer ſome miſdemeanors; but he not appearing,
" has

" has forfeited his recognizance to the people: So they
" have depos'd him according to law, and proclaim'd
" *Cleombrotus* king in his room.

1 *Cit.* " He has always ſhown himſelf the people's friend." Now we ſhall have the laws for taking away our debts, and dividing the lands. *Lycurgus*, as we have all heard, was a wiſe man, and lov'd the people. In his days we were all equal.

2 *Cit.* Equal, neighbour! as how? How equal, pray?

1 *Cit.* How equal! why—equal in reſpect of equality! How ſhould it be?
That is, one man as good as another.

2 *Cit.* Ay, thoſe were times indeed:
But we, and our fathers afore us, now-a-days,
Are little better than raſcals, that's the truth on't.

1 *Cit.* Stand aſide: the new king is coming this way;
Let's ſee how his majeſty has alter'd him——
The very ſame thing ſtill for courteſie——
See how he bows, and ſmiles on every hand——
Stand cloſe, he'll ſpeak anon.

Cleombrotus *enters attended.* Ageſilaus, Mandrocles, *and* Thracion; *with* Lyſander, Zenocles, *and* Crites, *Priſoners.*

Cleom. My thanks among you, my moſt worthy friends!
This but begins, what a long happy reign
(The Gods and you confirm it long, and happy)
Shall multiply in bleſſings on you all.
Not one of you " tho' ſtranger, helot, ſlave,
" So born, ſo made," who has this day appear'd
In the defence of *Sparta*, and her laws,
But *Sparta* here adopts among her ſons.

Crit. The ſons of *Sparta* now are ſlaves indeed.

Cleom. And as her ſons, ſhall find a parent's care
To make you happy, and ſecure you ſo,
In all the common goods of government.

Omnes. Liberty, freedom; liberty in *Sparta!* [*Shouting.*

Cleom. Enough of this. " If there be one among you
" Wou'd know, as all ſhall be convinc'd, why I
" His ſon by marriage, and in blood the next

" Of

" Of the royal branch of the *Agiades*,
" Have thus proceeded 'gainſt *Leonidas*;
" To him I ſpeak, he ſhall be ſatisfied:
" And to that purpoſe, I entreat you all
To wait me to the ſenate-houſe; there I
Will give the reaſons of my actions:
Which, when our frighted Senators ſhall find
Founded on no deſign, but what intends
The public weal, our liberties, and laws,
And the kind care of all our people's peace,
How will they bluſh for ſo miſtaking me!
Ageſ. Miſtaking you indeed, and all your ends.
Cleom. *Ageſilaus*, you are the *Ephorus*,
The people's firſt chief magiſtrate in *Sparta*.
Ageſ. But you their champion and deliverer.
Mand. The patron of the people's liberties.
Thra. Their lives, and freedoms, all redeem'd by you.
Cleom. Theſe are high ſounding titles: but the way
To keep 'em mine?
Ageſ. By paſſing of the bills
For cancelling debts.——
Cleom. And the dividing lands.
" If laws will pleaſe the fools, they ſhall have laws.
Ageſ. Sir, cancelling their debts, at preſent will
Content 'em: ſtill keep ſomething in your hands;
Dividing of the lands may ſerve a turn
Another time, and make an after-game.
Cleom. I am advis'd: lead to the ſenate-houſe.
Ageſ. Yet e'er you go, begin a juſtice here,
Upon the people's, and your enemies.
Cleom. My mercy had forgot 'em: *Zenocles*,
And you *Lyſander*, what you have advis'd,
And acted againſt me, I freely pardon.
But as you have betray'd the people's truſt,
Being of the *Ephorate*, yet ſiding with
Leonidas, againſt their intereſt,
I, in the people's name, diſcard you both
From that high office; which I will ſupply
With men of worthier note: You *Mandrocles*,
And *Thracion*, ſhall fill up this vacancy.

Mand. and *Thra.* We are your ſervants ever.
Lyſ. We are doom'd.
Zen. Is there ought elſe?
Ageſ. Releaſe 'em: You are free. But here's a rogue
Juſt ripe, and ready for the hangman's hands.
Cleom. Thou firebrand of fools! what canſt thou ſay
To qualify thy miſchiefs by excuſe,
In hopes of pardon?
Crit. What I did, I did
In honeſt earneſt, and by open day,
In duty to the intereſt I ſerv'd:
And now to ſtammer out a weak defence,
Can't make me innocent, but would betray
A fear, that never ſhall be part of me.
Cleom. I know thee dangerous; yet ſince thou haſt
Some virtues, that prefer and place thee near
The truſt and boſom of a man I love,
And wou'd engage, I pardon all that's paſt:
Eurytion pardons thee: but his heart ſcorns
To be oblig'd: and therefore we are forc'd
Not to depend upon him.—Forward, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Eurytion *enters to* Lyſander, Zenocles *and* Crites.

Crit. Life is not yet become a burden to me;
Therefore I offer up, in thankfulneſs,
To my preſerver, to *Eurytion*,
My days to come, and their beſt ſervices,
To wait upon your fortune.
Eury. I accept
Them, and thy love, my *Crites!* "Gentlemen,
"I think you're caſt from your employments too,
"Your office in the ſtate.
Lyſ. "Why fare 'em well.
"Thoſe worthy men who have ſucceeded us,
"Are fitter for the poſture of affairs.
"*Zen.* Nor do I envy 'em the certain fame,
"That muſt attend the ſtory of theſe times
"To after-ages: I would be forgotten.
Crit. "Draw me but to the life, the thing I am,
"And let me be remember'd in the ſcene

" Of this day's action, to the end of time.
" They cannot call us traytors, nor they ſhannot.
" We have ſerv'd a royal maſter, and may live,
" Some God propoſe the means, again to ſerve him,
" Who will ſecure our memories againſt
" The cenſure of looſe tongues, when theirs ſhall ſtink
" In common graves, without an epitaph.
Eury. Come to my arms: " thou truly loyal man!
And O! embrace him all: This ſpirit ſeems
Inſpir'd to raiſe the hopes of honeſt men,
And I obey the call: No longer then
Be our hearts ſtrangers to each other's breaſts;
Fearleſs and free, we'll interchange our ſouls,
Both of the paſt, and what we may expect
From what's to come.
Zen. What is there to expect?
Lyſ. Or what can come?
Crit. " The reign of tyranny already is begun.
Eury. " Oppreſſion, bonds, and blood will follow ſoon.
Let not the carriage of *Cleombrotus*
Lull us in a ſupine ſecurity,
Sooth our credulity to the fond thought,
That he can pardon us. We are not ſafe,
Till he be ſatisfied his pow'r is ſo:
And that can't be, but by the fall of thoſe
Who have appear'd his enemies.
Crit. And how
We ſtand in his opinion is well known.
Zen. " 'Tis certain, pow'r uſurp'd muſt be maintain'd
" By the ſame force that rais'd it.
Lyſ. " How that force
" May be employ'd, on whom?
Crit. " On you, and me,
" And all of us, if not in time prevented.
Eury. We are not boys, nor is *Cleombrotus*,
Whoſe quick ſuſpicion, as it will awake
His fears of us: ſo let our reaſon too
Provide againſt the danger of thoſe fears,
Which always end in blood. For my own part,
I value life but juſt as life deſerves;

" But

" But as the ſervant of *Leonidas*,
" And follower of his fall'n fortunes.
Zen. " All, we all are ſo.
Lyſ. " In life and death his ſervants.
Eury. " Then cheriſh life to a more happy hour,
" That may require us nobly. Times may mend,
" The giddy temper of the people's love
" May change again——
Lyſ. " And we again may hope;
Eury. " For uſurpation never governs long.
Crit. " I'm thinking what this reformation
" (The canting name of all rebellions) comes to:
" Take it in pieces, and examine what
" Remains to publick good, when diſcontent,
" Pride, avarice, ambition, intereſt,
" Revenge, and faction, have all ſerv'd their ends.
Zen. " Yet theſe reformers are, and will be ſtil'd,
" The fathers of their country.
Lyſ. " The people think 'em ſuch.
Crit. " O, the wiſe people!
" The pillars and ſupports of common-wealths!
Eury. " What are they, but a politick-herded fool?
" Their counſels as tumultuous, as their crowd—
Crit. " Ever in buſineſs, always in the wrong.
Eury. " Merit they have heard of, but they know not how
" To find or value it, but as retail'd
" By the next ſtander-by——
Crit. " They act and think,
" The ſelf-ſame way, juſt nothing of themſelves.
Eury. " Judging upon appearances, and know
" Things only in their names; no matter what
" Their natures are, what mean, or what intend.
Crit. " Becauſe a reformation, in plain ſenſe,
" Promiſes fair, tho' wicked men pervert
" The honeſt-meaning word, and change the courſe
" And current of affairs, from good to bad,
" From lawful monarchy to tyranny,
" Or headlong anarchy; the people ſtill,
" Adoring all things fainted by that name,
" Are pleas'd, and call it reformation ſtill.

Lyſ. " At leaſt it has the charm of novelty.
Zen. " And that ſtill makes a holiday for fools.
Eury. A ſudden thought, but huddled, and confus'd,
Unargu'd yet, inſpires me with high hopes,
Which our united counſels may digeſt,
To a maturity of growth and ſtrength,
" Ev'n to the reſtoration of the king.
Crit. " Let me but live to ſee that happy day,
" And Fate take all behind.
Lyſ. " An age of years
" Wou'd cheaply purchaſe it.
Eury. This place, my friends,
Frequented, and ſo public, does not ſuit
Our preſent purpoſe: Pray withdraw with me,
And you ſhall know the ground I work upon.
If then you find my means ſufficient,
To lead us on in this great enterprize,
Our dangers, as our hopes, will be the ſame.
" Happen the worſt, and all endeavours fail;
" Virtue has its reward in ſuffering
" By death, or exile, for an injur'd king. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Eurytion, *with* Crites *and a Servant.*

Eury. THESE muſt with ſpeed and ſafety be convey'd.
[*Gives letters to the ſervant, who goes out.*
And, *Crites*, in theſe tablets you will find
The method I propoſe in my deſign,
Which you muſt be inſtructed in: You'll find
Something concern my wife; let that be kept
A treaſure in thy heart; for on that truſt
My all depends.
Crit. I'll keep it as my heart.
Eury. Things thus diſpos'd for our intelligence,
Nothing, that in our abſence paſſes here,
In favour, or delay of our deſign,

Can

Can 'ſcape our quickeſt notice.
Crit. Nothing can:
The diſtance of *Tegeæ* from this place
Favours our poſts, that may be hourly with you:
" Thither the king intends, my lord?
Eury. " He does. *Lyſander* and *Zenocles* attend him.
My time grows ſhort: I have a word or two
For my *Thelamia*'s ear: A farewel kiſs,
Parting with ſuch a wife, may be allow'd,
And not diſgrace my duty; that rite pay'd,
Thither I follow too. [*Going.*
Crit. I know not what ——
My ſtaying here behind methinks appears
But an unactive, lazy " loyalty;
I would do ſomething for him.
Eury. Pray, no more.
Your ſtaying here at this time ſerves him beſt:
Beſides, *Thelamia*, in my abſence, may
Need the protection of thy friendly care.
Crit. Sir, I have done, and the charge honours me.
Eury. Pray, *Crites*, tell my wife——I'll go my ſelf.
But ſee ſhe meets my way——

Thelamia *enters.*

The graces all attending on her ſteps——
I ſtood but now ſuperior, and unmov'd,
Ev'n in this fleſh, and frailty of a man,
To all the ſtorms of this bad under-world.
But wonder at the virtue of thy love;
Which, tho' worſe days were to ſucceed theſe bad,
Might entertain me thro' long weary years
Of wretched life: deceiving all my cares
In thy dear arms; forgetting all for thee.
Thel. O, thou firſt fondneſs of a virgin heart!
How ſhall my untaught innocence inſtruct me?
How tell thee what my heart wou'd have thee know?
Eury. Thy eyes inform me; their chaſte beams inſpire
And ſpeak in ſmiles the language of thy heart;
Thy heart, the throne of virtue! where my peace,
My happineſs, and life muſt wait for ever.

Crit. I may provide her better company. [*Aside.*
Eury. O! let me thus tranſported, view thee ſtill!
Still thus tranſported touch thee! and each touch
As raviſhing, as was that furious firſt,
That gave me the poſſeſſion of thy love,
And made thee mine for ever.
Crit. He grows warm
On the imagination: I may cool you. [*Aside.*
Thel. Cou'd this but laſt, my Lord.——
Eury. It ever ſhall.
Thel. I fear the Gods are envious of our joys.
Eury. Thus thou haſt often heard me: All my words
Thus charm'd, and fitted to thy tender ear:
As when I look upon thee, my fir'd heart
Muſt wanton in the rapture of thy praiſe.
Thus thou haſt always found me; but till now,
Ne'er came prepar'd to leave thee. I have told thee
The hard neceſſity that preſſes me,
And by my abſence beſt will be obey'd.
Thel. Our marriage ſure was ominous: The ſtorms
That threatned, and the face of things
That frown'd upon its birth, when we were join'd,
Portend ſucceeding miſchiefs.
Eury. Not to thee,
My love! they cannot mean thee any harm:
Safe in thy innocence, and ſiſter's love,
Thy fears are vain: But I have done thoſe things,
Cleombrotus, tho' I were reconcil'd
To all his ills, can never pardon me.
" Therefore, beſides my duty to the king,
My ſafety does adviſe my abſence now.
Thel. O take me with you then! This is a world
The weak will ſuffer in; and who ſo weak,
As woman thus expos'd, thus naked left,
Without the care——
Eury. Thou art my deareſt care.
Thel. Yet I am left behind you——
Eury. Not expos'd:
O! think not ſo: My *Crites* here, my friend,
Whoſe honeſty, " his ſervice to the king

Has

Has ſo renown'd, is thy ſecurity,
Thy refuge from all wrongs.
Crit. Sir, I am bound
The ſervant of your fortune.
Thel. He indeed
Is truly honeſt; and 'tis ſome relief
Of my misfortunes, that he ſtays behind.
Crit. My life upon the truſt.—
Eury. I know thy faith.
And farther, *Crites*, let *Bizanthe* know
Her near relation to my wife does claim
Her, a companion of this ſolitude,
During my abſence.
Thel. Her kind company
Will paſs away the melancholy hours.
Crit. Madam, my wife ſhall conſtantly attend you.
Eury. Tho' I am forc'd thus to abſent my ſelf
From all I love; I ſhall contrive ſome means,
Some friendly intervals to viſit thee:
But then my coming muſt be private, made
A ſecret; my own ſervants not employ'd.
Crites, who has my reaſons, will inform you,
At better leiſure, why I thus proceed.
Thel. I have ſufficient reaſons in your will,
A law to me, and ſhall be ſo obey'd.
Eury. He ſhall be qualify'd from time to time,
To let you know what happens.
Thel. I muſt hear
Hourly of your health——I know not why,
Altho' I know you ſafe in *Crites'* faith,
Yet ſtill my heart muſt tremble in its fears.
Eury. Only the tenderneſs of parting love:
Baniſh all fears. [*Exeunt.*
Crit. Ay, ſo ſays *Crites* too;
Security will ſerve the turn as well.
Here he diſpoſes in my hands the ſcheme
Of their deſigns, "to re-inthrone the king:
So much for ſtate affairs. Then he commits
His wife to the protection of my care,
And certain honeſty. Why thus he ſpares

My

My pains, and plays the game into my hand.
My honeſty, alas! that has long ſince
Been brib'd by the ambition of thoſe hopes
Cleombrotus muſt raiſe to growth and power.
Therefore I am his ſlave, and act all parts;
His ſpy in buſineſs, and in love his—what?
The word indeed is coarſe to dainty ears;
But he who makes his fortune in this world,
Muſt ſometimes do what he would bluſh to name.
I wou'd not be obſerv'd——the coaſt is clear—— [*Goes to the door, and returns.*
"Thus in the days of reformation,
We muſt put on thoſe forms, and features, which
Reſemble, and come neareſt our deſign.
All are not born with handſome faces; then
Mend 'em, the ladies will adviſe;
Paint to the fair complexion of the times,
And hide the natural deformity.
Whom have we here? I would obſerve unſeen—

Celona *with* Mandrocles, *and* Thracion.

Celo. News of a crown, and royal dignity,
Is worth a welcome ſure from any hand.
But when ſuch men——
Mand. The ſervants of your will.
Celo. Such friends——
Thra. Your honour'd, faithful ſlaves.
Celo. Such worthy friends!
Mand. Our lives and intereſts
Devoted to your majeſty's command.
Celo. When ſuch as you are the kind meſſengers,
How can my gratitude expreſs my thanks!
Man. Madam, the honour of your royal hand—
Thra. O'erpays our hopes.
[*Both offering to kiſs her hand, ſhe puts 'em by, on each ſide.*
Celo. "That's but a lean reward;
"You have depos'd my father——But in that
"Made me a queen——I wou'd employ my pow'r:
"Aſk ſomething that may put me to the teſt
"Of what I can: I wou'd appear a queen;

"And

" And can my pow'r be better exercis'd,
" Than in the ſervice of ſuch——Honeſt men?
Mand. " O, Madam, you are pleas'd——
Celo. " What! honeſt men!
" The other party wonnot ſtile you ſo.
" No matter what they ſay, poor paſſive tools.
Thra. " We are as well.
Celo. " Nay, ſomething better ſure.
Mand. " Tho' they are pleas'd to call us ——
Celo. " They preſume.
Mand. " But I forgive 'em: routed rogues will rail,
" 'Tis all they have to eat by.
Celo. " Let 'em rail;
" They can but call you rebels, villains, fools——
Mand. " O madam! we are magiſtrates, in pow'r,
" To puniſh ſuch licentious libellers;
" They dare not call us ſo——
Celo. " Then I will for 'em;
You brace of courteous, cringing ſycophants!
You double-hearted ſlaves, and double-tongu'd!
Whoſe hollow flatteries would win me to
Your rotten ſides, only to prop your pride.
Avaunt! be gone! But that I ſcorn, deteſt
All the advantages of place, or pow'r,
Such deſpicable, wretched inſtruments
Can raiſe my fortune to, you ſhou'd not ſcape
The common hangman's hands; " I would let looſe
" Some of your own unreaſonable laws,
" Which, in the ſpirit of their popular ſpleen,
" Should worry you like dogs—My thoughts are bent
On matters more importing than your death.—
But fly in time, hated, and curs'd be gone;
For if you tempt me longer by your ſtay,
This dagger ſhall reward your villanies.
[*Drives them out.*
How I abhor the odious ſight of em!
[*Crites comes forward.*
But here comes one, an honeſt-hearted man,
And welcome to my eyes.
Crit. Madam, you ſeem

Diſturb'd

Diſturb'd at ſomething; what can be the cauſe?
Celo. A trifle, *Crites*, at the firſt deſpis'd,
But now forgot—My ſiſter is within;
Pray let her know I'm here.
Crit. I am proud to ſerve you. [*Exit.*
Celo. Oh! that I could recall the innocence
Of yeſterday; then there were halcyon calms!
What a tranquillity, and peace of mind,
Employ'd the hours in comforts on my days!
My full content ſate ſmiling on my brow,
And laughing in my heart, now fled far off,
" And baniſh'd with my father.

Enter Eurytion *with* Thelamia, Crites *following.*

Eury. Once more farewell: 'tis hard to part with thee,
But part we muſt. Now, *Crites*, I am gone.
[Eurytion *goes out.*
Celo. I did not think, *Thelamia*, that your huſband
Cou'd paſs thus coldly by: Methought his eyes
Were cautious of me, and at diſtance held,
Glanc'd on me the ſuſpicion of his fears.
Thel. O! do not blame *Eurytion*, tax not him
Of any fault, but charge it " on the times,
" Whoſe ſudden turns of various intereſts,
" May reaſonably give us jealouſies
" Of one another, and of all the world.
Celo. I bring along with me a ſiſter's love;
Wou'd have it ſo believ'd, and ſo return'd,
No ſpy upon his actions.
Thel. You are rais'd a partner of that pow'r, he has oppos'd.
Celo. " O hated pow'r! whoſe blind ambition
" Stands like a fatal rock in nature's courſe,
" Dividing thus our loves, and intereſts,
" Which elſe had kindly to one channel run,
" In fruitful currents, to our common good.
Thel. From that reflection, ſiſter, you muſt find
My lord's excuſe; who, baniſh'd from himſelf,
And driven from the temper of his ſoul,
The natural diſpoſition of his love,

Compell'd and forc'd, appears thus chang'd, and cold.
Celo. O ſiſter! can a lady ſhow herſelf
To more advantage, than in pleading thus
A huſband's cauſe?——Yet that I am deny'd.
O! 'tis a theme for the *Athenian* ſong;
And fits the virtue of a *Spartan* wife:
" But wretched that I am! what can I ſay
" To extenuate *Cleombrotus*'s guilt?
" I am his wife, the partner of his fame,
" But wou'd not be partaker of his crimes;
" And how can I avoid it to the world!

Cleombrotus *enters with* Ageſilaus.

Thel. Here comes the king.
Celo. " How, ſiſter! what is then
" Our father, if *Cleombrotus* be king?
" O no: call him, my lord, my huſband, or
" Your brother, if you pleaſe, but not the king.
Ageſ. He muſt have chang'd his purpoſe, elſe he had
Faln into their ambuſh.
Cleom. I am pleas'd his flight has ſcap'd 'em:
To *Tegæa* I know he's gone: ſome two hours hence
I ſhall have buſineſs ripe for your advice.
Ageſ. My duty ſhall attend your majeſty. [*Exit.*
Thel. 'Tis fit I leave you.
Celo. I would have you ſtay.
Cleom. O madam! are you found? This is a place
I'm pleas'd to find you in.
Celo. I'm glad you're pleas'd.
Cleom. I come, *Thelamia*, as a brother ought,
To viſit you.
Thel. That title of your love
Makes all my happineſs.
Cleom. I know your heart
Is full of fears, that your ſoft, gentle ſex,
The diſpoſition of your natures takes
More dangerous impreſſions of your fears,
Than bodies ſtronger form'd; therefore I come——
Celo. Like a kind brother——
Thel. Heaven grant he prove no more! [*Aſide.*

Cleom. I know, in the obligation of your blood,
And as becomes the office of your love,
You have already told her——
Celo. Told her, Sir!
Cleom. Ay, giv'n her all thoſe kind aſſurances——
Celo. Of what, my lord?
Cleom. Of me, and of my fortune:
Which, as my friends ſhall ſtill command, ſhe may
Expect an ample ſhare in.
Celo. That ſubject, ſir, you beſt can ſpeak upon.
Cleom. You ſhou'd have done it.
Celo. What pow'r had I?
Cleom. You know, my pow'r is yours:
Beſides, it muſt have been a grateful theme.
Celo. I thought not ſo.
Cleom. How! 'twould have pleas'd you ſure?
Celo. Far otherwiſe.
Cleom. I thought it might have pleas'd you.
Celo. No, I do not underſtand it.
Cleom. That is ſtrange.
Celo. Nor care to be inſtructed.
Cleom. This proceeds
From ſome more ſubtle cauſe.
Celo. From a plain truth:
Nor do I underſtand how I can give
Her more aſſurances, than I my ſelf
Can take from your new fortune.
Cleom. That indeed
You cannot well; ſhe has a ſiſter's claim,
But you're the miſtreſs of it, and my queen.
Come, come, no more of this indifference,
This coldneſs miſbecomes our preſent ſtate,
It looks like envy of your happineſs,
Which only fools inflict upon themſelves.
Celo. All arguments are unavailing now,
Tedious, and from the purpoſe; and to aſk
Why you have thus proceeded, cannot change
The nature of the action, or undo
What is already done.
Cleom. Grant that, and then

We muſt look forward, where the opening ſcene
Diſcloſes nature, elegantly dreſs'd,
To welcome you in her inviting arms:
We have that glorious proſpect now in view.
To turn, and wonder at the ſlippery paths,
The heavy ſteps, the difficult degrees,
By which we roſe, were to deny our ſelves
Thoſe pleaſures, which invited firſt our hopes,
And would reward our pains. No, madam, no,
" Things done are beſt forgotten.
Celo. " Some never are forgotten.
Thel. " You may provoke him. [*To* Celona.
Cleom. " Our folly then preſerves their memory.
Celo. " That folly is our guilt.
Cleom. " Be mine that guilt,
" The guilt of empire; all its thorns and cares
" Be only mine: but the ſubſtantial goods,
" Which, in opinion, or experience,
" Make life a real bleſſing, ſhall be thine.
Celo. O ſiſter, witneſs to my virtue now!
Which tempted thus, thus courted to a throne,
And by the man, who has all charms for me,
Stands yet reſolv'd———
Cleom. Of what? Reſolv'd!
Celo. O, Sir!
Were it a taſk for every common ſtrength
To undertake, it were no part for me;
But loving as I do, and ſo belov'd!
Proſperity inviting every ſenſe,
With various arts, to unprovide my mind!
What but a *Spartan* ſpirit can ſuſtain
The ſhock of ſuch temptations; thus reſolve
To leave the comforts of your bed and throne,
And live a mourner for a " father's wrongs?
Cleom. How's that, *Celona?* Wou'd *Thelamia* e'er
Have us'd *Eurytion* thus?
Celo. He never would
Have given her this cauſe: my life, my love,
My fortune, my obedience, all are yours;
But of my living part, my eternal fame,

I am the miſtreſs, and muſt here command.
" Ill actions, tho' they be paſt our recall,
" May be lamented; and not to ſhare the fruit,
" The benefits, which firſt drew on their crime,
" Makes ſome amends; but where is their reward?
" A throne uſurpt! my father is depos'd
" To make me queen: infamous throne, and queen!
Thel. " This may enrage him, ſiſter; pray no more.
Celo. " Were I like other women now, who know
" No uſe of life, but in their appetites;
" Their tears, their face of ſorrow, and their blacks,
" Might ſerve my turn, and by degrees perſuade
" And reconcile me to my royal fate;
" But as I am above ſuch pageantries,
" One of a nobler aim in all my ends,
" I muſt deſpiſe thoſe forms, which cheat the world.
True ſorrow only lives within the heart,
And in our actions beſt is underſtood:
Therefore my virtue will allow no mean,
" I muſt renounce your power, or ſhare your crimes.
Cleom. This virtue, which you ſenſeleſly affect,
Is a *plebeian* weakneſs in your ſoul,
A poor, degenerate fear of what may be,
Which nobler minds can never apprehend.
Celo. My lord! my lord! I was not born to fear;
My country places me above my ſex:
I am a *Spartan* born, can know no fears
But of diſhonour; and I would be ſtill
A coward in thoſe fears.
Thel. Where will this end?
Celo. But you are pleas'd to tax me, in your phraſe,
Of a *plebeian* weakneſs; Sir, I ſcorn
A groveling ſoul; I have a mind as high,
As generouſly enlarg'd with royal thoughts,
As enterprizing, great, and glorious,
As e'er ambition prompted to a crown.
Cleom. Give but a proof of this.
Celo. I will——
Cleom. I aſk no more.
Celo. The higheſt proof. O! were what you poſſeſs,

" The

" The gift of nature, from a father's death,
" In the ſucceſſion a deſcending right;
Or had you nobly gain'd it, in defence
Of rights inſulted, and invaded laws;
Your crown, the thanks of a free'd peoples love;
The gift of vindicated liberty;
A wreath of triumph over tyranny;
The glorious ſpoil of arbitrary pow'r,
Wreſted, and torn from an oppreſſor's hand:
O! were it ſo deſerv'd, and ſo beſtow'd,
How could I dreſs that brow, and deck my own!
What plots, what factions, what conſpiracies,
What impudent rebellion ſhou'd oppoſe
Your title then? I have a royal ſoul
Wou'd throw me on my fate, never to reſt,
Till I were in the grave, or on the throne.
Cleom. Exert that royal ſoul, let it ſtill reign.
Celo. I will.
And as I would all dangers undertake,
To ſhare a " godlike power of doing good;
So from that ſacred right of ſovereignty,
I ſcorn the privilege of doing ill.
" A petty partnerſhip of borrow'd power,
" Precariouſly rais'd, and ſo ſuſtain'd.
No generous motive from the public cauſe,
But an impulſe of impotent deſire,
The wand'ring luſt of a licentious will,
Has hurry'd you, to violate all laws;
That ſtood between you and your impious ends:
'Tis therefore I abhor your tyranny,
That baſe-born iſſue of unlawful might!
Begot upon the fears of bad mens crimes,
Or proſtituted, ſlaviſh principles;
Cradled in infamy, and rear'd in vice,
Fatted with feaſts of undeſerved praiſe;
Blown up with flattery to a giant ſize
Of rapine, and oppreſſive inſolence,
To trample down the bounds of property,
And ſeize the common birth-right, Liberty.
This is the monſter idol you ſet up,

Which, in the pride of virtue, I deſpiſe,
And in that pride, I go——But do not think
You can be ſafe: You, and " your ill got crown
Long cannot proſper; nay, by *Hercules*,
The father of our empire, I hope
It wonnot long: " If yet there can be found
" Among ſo many ſlaves, one ſpirit free,
" Among ſo many falſe, one man yet true,
" Unſhaken, unſeduced; who has preſerv'd
" His loyalty, him will I animate;
Nay, I myſelf will head my " father's cauſe
Againſt your " throne——But O! the conflict here!
You judging gods! whoſe ſentence has aſſign'd
To wretched mortals our proportion'd ſhare
Of labour, and our recompence of fame
For virtuous actions, look in pity on me:
Compoſe this toſt, this tempeſt-beaten breaſt,
With different tides of ſwelling woe oppreſs'd;
" Reſtrain my tears, that my weak eye may ſee
" The bounds of parricide and piety;
" By turns ſuſtain the daughter, and the wife,
" That through divided virtue's glorious ſtrife,
" I may reſtore the king, and ſave a huſband's life.
[*Exit*, Thelamia *following*.

Cleom. You wonnot leave me too?

Thel. I'll follow her, and bring her back.

Cleom. O! you may ſpare your pains.
Her fury muſt have way; ſhe's beſt alone,
And we as well without her.

Thel. How, my lord!
You do not ſpeak your thoughts, you cannot mean ——

Cleom. I can mean only thee! All that thy prayers
Can aſk of heav'n, all that the gods can grant
In anſwer of thy wiſhes, all be thine:
Eternal youth, an ever-riſing ſpring
Of ſmiling beauty, in its bluſhing bloom,
Make thee the pride, and wiſh, of hearts and eyes:
All joys, all bleſſings, which long happy years
Of empire can beſtow, I mean to thee.

Thel. Where would this lead me?

Cleom. O! thou canſt not be
So dull, *Thelamia*, not to apprehend
What this intends: I would prepare thee thus
By ſoft degrees, gently engage thy ear,
In favour of a cauſe which I muſt plead,
And you muſt judge.
Thel. My ſentence will be mild.
Cleom. Indeed thy looks are wondrous pitiful:
Thy heart's a-kin to 'em.
Thel. I mean, my lord,
I may prove partial, and pronounce for you,
As you're my king, and brother.
Cleom. O that word!
Would I were more than that, or not ſo much.
That brother is too cold; canſt thou not find
A nearer name? one nearer to thy love,
That better can beſpeak thee.
Thel. There is none;
No name in the relation of our blood,
Kindred, or family, nearer ally'd
To our affections, than a brother is;
Huſband is only more.
Cleom. And yet you ſee
I am forſaken; nay, *Thelamia*, you,
Ev'n you're abandon'd by a huſband too.
Good Gods! what is this marriage? that ſo ſoon
Depraves our appetites, that thus prefers
Vile things to precious? It comes, like froſt
Upon a forward ſpring; the flower of youth,
Wanton in gay deſires, here nipt, ſhrinks in
With all its ſweets, drooping the tender head
Upon its ſtalk, no worthier than a weed.
Thel. You're merry, Sir, with our condition.
Cleom. Who, but a huſband, ever could perſuade
His heart, to leave the boſom of thy love,
For any phlegmatick deſign of ſtate,
Of life, or fortune? But he's ſatisfied,
And I ſhould not complain: His abſence makes
Me room for my deſires——
Thel. Deſires, my lord!

Cleom. We are forſaken, but not quite forlorn,
Not deſtitute of comfort; there remains
A recompence———
Thel. A recompence!
Cleom. Rich as my hopes———
Thel. What hopes?
Cleom. That ſeems intended by our very fates,
Deſigningly removing every bar,
To make our way to one another's arms.
Why do you fly me?
Thel. O! I now perceive my ruin plain.
Cleom. What can you fear in me?
Thel. I am moſt miſerable.
Cleom. How?
Thel. No more:
I've heard too much. It was too great a wrong
Ev'n to ſuſpect my virtue: But to explain
Your guilty thoughts, is ſuch a privilege
Your high place only gives you; and from this
I fear a future tyranny.
Cleom. Away!
My thoughts, my every word, my actions,
Are ſlaves to the obedience of thy will,
Nor can aſſume a privilege from pow'r
Of violating thee: But want will ſpeak,
And all my want is love.
Thel. Call it not love:
Coming from you, it has another name,
Too horrid for the ear: Were I that wretch;
Were every light extinguiſh'd in the mind,
Which brightens virtue, and ſhows vice moſt foul;
Were I forſaken of all ſenſe of good;
Abandon'd, and led captive to all ill:
One, whoſe experienc'd wickedneſs could prove
Adultery no ſin: Yet ev'n there,
Among the common rout, you cou'd not hope:
Tho' I were fear'd againſt all other ſins,
Inceſt wou'd make me tremble: Sure it is,
On this ſide hell, known only in the name:
There cannot be a reprobate ſo loſt,

So

So damn'd a reprobate to act it, ſure!
Cleom. Why, madam, do you think I cou'd proceed
Thus far, upon this ſubject, without thought,
A ſerious, judging ſenſe of good and ill?
I have a mind, like you, a conſcience too,
That apprehends the terror of ſuch guilt,
With fears as nice as yours; and, but I know
My loving you cannot be any crime——
Thel. How! not a crime!
Cleom. As purely innocent as any other love.
Thel. I have a refuge yet, a dagger here. [*Aſide.*
Cleom. Brother, and ſiſter, are but terms of art,
Occaſionally faſhion'd to the ends
Of government; as marriage is no more
Than a mere human obligation;
Of no more force than is ordain'd by pow'r;
Which, as it ties the knot, unties it too:
And I ordain it ſhall no longer bind.
Thel. O! Sir, conſider.——
Cleom. All that you can ſay,
I have conſider'd. I have curs'd my fate,
But how does that avail me? Curs'd my ſelf,
And the repented raſhneſs of my youth,
Whoſe unadviſing folly gave me to
Your ſiſter's bed, now ſurfeited, and loath'd.
Thel. Can you repent your marriage?
Cleom. Curſes can't
Mend my condition: Yet I muſt curſe
Euryſon, all the world that comes between
Me, and my joys in thee——but this is wild,
Quite from my purpoſe, idly loſing time,
Whoſe precious minutes, as they paſs along,
May bring me comforts: Oh! there can be none,
But in thy arms: There I muſt find my joys,
Or never find 'em.
[*He preſſing her, ſhe draws a dagger.*
Thel. Find 'em in the grave.
Cleom. A dagger! arm'd againſt me!
Thel. Stir not a ſtep——I wear it for my ſelf,
If you attempt me farther.

Cleom. Have a care: You wonnot wound your ſelf?
Thel. A thouſand wounds
This, as the guard of virtue, ſhall beſtow,
Rather than leave me to your brutal will,
The murder of my fame.
Cleom. This wonnot do:
I muſt try other means. [*Aſide.*
Thel. I know I am
Within your pow'r, expos'd to your wild rage:
But death's a ſanctuary from all wrongs,
And that I can command.
Cleom. O! only die
The guilty memory of what is paſt,
My ſin, and now my ſhame.
Thel. Can you ſay ſo, and not repent!
Cleom. But you cannot forgive:
I can't forgive my ſelf: I've done thoſe things,
Which pardon cannot reach.
Thel. If this be true——
Cleom. I cannot look upon that injur'd face,
(Now to diſſemble well) [*Aſide.*
Without a guilt, that quite confounds me.
Thel. May the Gods, whom you
Have injur'd moſt, forgive you.
Cleom. I have wrong'd you.
Thel. I freely pardon you.
Cleom. How have I ſlept! your virtue only cou'd
Reſtore me to my ſelf. I tremble, now,
At th' apprehenſion of my wickedneſs,
Of monſt'rous ſize, and fearful to conceive.
But my repentance ſets all right again.
[*Leading her to the door.*
Siſter, farewel: this victory is yours——
Be mine the next. Theſe meaſures but begin,
What love by ſtratagem, or force, muſt win. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Ageſilaus *and* Crites.

Ageſ. " NAY, there are many more as well as they
" Of profitable ſolemn ignorance,*
" Who fill employments, only to exclude
" Men of more able ſenſe, and honeſty.
Crit. " No matter for their honeſty, or ſenſe:
" The government needs neither: Theſe are men
" Fit for our purpoſe, who can do no harm,
" Who ruling, may be rul'd: The blanks of pow'r:
" They fill the chairs of buſineſs, and high place,
" Vote as you lead their voice, or have no voice,
" Make up the numbers, whilſt you are the ſum:
" Alone your ſelf the ephorate of *Sparta*.
Ageſ. That way I have my wiſh——but this lady, ſhe
Confounds my policy: What can ſhe mean
" By all this violence?
Crit. What can ſhe mean? Why, ſhe ſpeaks plain enough,
" She means to bring her father in again,
" And to unthrone her huſband. In the city
" Her party ſwarms already.
Ageſ. " She declaims
" Upon his wrongs ev'n in the market-place.
Crit. " And the kind maudling crowd melts in her
" praiſe.
Ageſ. " Our fools, who from their fathers have been ſo,
" Who us'd to be contented to believe,
" Taking up all on truſt, reel in their faith.
Crit. " Now they begin to doubt.
Ageſ. " Aſking us queſtions of right, and wrong,
" Which, tho' our conſciences have reconcil'd,
" My learning cannot anſwer.
Crit. " Then they ſhake
" Their brainleſs coxcombs, rearing dirty palms,
" They ſnuffle out their fears. All is not well.

Ageſ. " All wonnot long be well, if this goes on.
I apprehend the fatal conſequence,
Tho' the king won't.
Crit. Alas! Sir, he's employ'd
In other fears. Love takes up all his time:
But the ſole miniſtry of his affairs,
The ſtate, you rule.
Ageſ. And I had fix'd it ſure,
Had not my ambuſh for *Leonidas*
Been diſappointed. " But he ſcap'd my ſnares,
" Still lives, and threatens while he is alive,
" The ruin of us all.
Crit. Then I ſhou'd think
His death were well reſolv'd.
Ageſ. I have adviſ'd it often, but the king——
Crit. Don't trouble him;
When 'tis once done, he'll find that it is well done.
Ageſ. 'Tis certainly moſt neceſſary.
Crit. Nay, if it be neceſſary, it is juſt:
And in juſt things, ſometimes to ſerve a prince
Againſt his will, is the beſt loyalty.
Ageſ. Then 'tis our duty, *Crites?*
Crit. Without doubt:
And more than ſo, our own ſecurity.
Ageſ. What's to be done? there's nothing to be done
Or thought on where he is——cou'd we decoy
Him here to *Sparta.*——
Crit. That's impoſſible.
Ageſ. But how? What means? What arts?
Crit. O! there are none.
Ageſ. Then think no more upon't.
He muſt live on, ſince 'tis impoſſible
To bring him in our pow'r.
Crit. Not quite impoſſible: But very difficult.
Ageſ. Suppoſe you ſhou'd——
" You who are truſted by him, only can
" Betray him——You methinks may quickly find
Pretences, probable in his affairs,
To draw him here.
Crit. What, Sir, if he were here?

Ageſ. Here he ſhou'd ſtay,
Murder'd as ſoon as enter'd.
Crit. Here's a letter
Will ſpeak what I have thought upon theſe things.
Ageſ. 'Tis to *Leonidas*.
Crit. Pray read it.

THE Gods declare upon your ſide, in their inſpiration of Celona; *whoſe virtue, confirm'd by me, has this night reſolv'd the murder of the tyrant. Fail not to head your friends, who will be ready to ſerve you.*

Crites.

Ageſ. This cannot fail:
Her carriage makes all eaſy to his faith:
He will believe, and come.
Crit. Come! he will come,
Not for thoſe reaſons, which you apprehend,
And might invite another.
Ageſ. Not for his crown?
I cannot gueſs what you rely on.——
Crit. This: I know the niceneſs of his virtue ſuch,
That when the letter tells him that his daughter
Intends her huſband's murder, he will fly,
To ſave her from the ſin.
Ageſ. He may reſolve
To pardon her, and ſo not make ſuch haſte.
Crit. O! you are wide of him: Not this earth's rule
Cou'd bribe him to conſent to ſuch a crime,
Tho' far remov'd, and diſtant from his blood;
But when ſo near him as a daughter's ſin,
You need not doubt his coming.
Ageſ. Have you ſaid when he ſhou'd come?
Crit. The poſtſcript ſays at twelve.
Ageſ. It does, and it appoints your houſe the place—
It is the fitteſt place.
Crit. I'm unſuſpected.
Give me but your authority, and ſome
Convenient villains, who dare do the deed:
And he ſhall fall as ſoon as enter there.

Ageſ. This letter muſt be ſent.
Crit. *Timæus* will convey it ſpeedily.
He waits without——
[*Goes to the door,* Timæus *takes the letter.*
Ageſ. So, this will make all ſure.
Crit. Fail not, upon your life.
Timæ. My life upon't. [*Goes off.*
Crit. I've order'd him to ſtay, juſt till he ſees
Leonidas ſet forward, then to come
With his beſt ſpeed, and bring me certain word.
Ageſ. You muſt attend.——
Crit. Only a love affair,
Which happens luckily enough, and ſhall
To-night employ the king.
Ageſ. That will allow
Us time for our deſigns: I'm glad it thrives.
Crit. O! all goes very well.
Ageſ. He's coming forth.
When you're at leiſure, I muſt ſpeak with you. [*Exit.*

Cleombrotus *to* Crites.

Cleom. Thou art the life of counſel: It muſt be
Juſt as thou ſaid'ſt.
Crit. Indeed, I think it beſt.
Cleom. Undoubtedly the beſt. And I muſt own
My ſelf i'th' wrong, as paſſion always is.
So like a mad-brain'd boy, to think of force.
Crit. I muſt confeſs, a violent remedy,
In ſome deſpairing points, does very well:
When nothing elſe will do, 'tis well apply'd,
And then a rape is neceſſary; but
Your caſe is far from this: She's in your pow'r,
And cannot 'ſcape you: Nay, I ſay again,
She ſhannot, ſir: And when I thus declare,
You ſhall enjoy her any way you pleaſe,
You wou'd not chuſe a violation?
Cleom. Thou art my guide of love.
Crit. This way, that I propoſe,
Shall introduce you for *Eurytion,*
Give you a free admiſſion to her bed,

Which

Which you may ſatisfy as well as he.
Cleom. Then for his care
In coming unattended, in the dark——
Crit. Unknown of all but me, his faithful friend.—
Cleom. Makes ſtill for us.
Crit. All things muſt be remov'd,
And ſilent to receive you.
Cleom. If ſhe diſcover me——
Crit. Why, if ſhe does.
Cleom. Wou'd it were come to that.
Crit. Sir, it ſhall come.
Cleom. I am impatient.——
Crit. 'Tis too early, yet,
And you muſt wait: There is no remedy.
Cleom. Then I muſt wait.
Crit. The hour will ſoon arrive.
Cleom. Crites, withdraw with me: We muſt be nice
In every circumſtance of place, and time:
Thoſe we'll agree within: This ſervice done,
My thanks in thy reward ſhall follow ſoon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Bed-Chamber.*

Thelamia *and* Byzanthe.

Thel. I pity thee, *Byzanthe*; thy gaiety
Has caught the infection of my company,
And thou art melancholy too.
Byz. I wiſh I cou'd divert you.
Thel. I thank thy love, my friend; 'tis growing late:
Yet, ere I go to bed, I'll try to read
An hour away: It may deceive the time.
Byz. Pleaſe you, I'll ſtay, and wait.
Thel. O! by no means:
I am too troubleſome, but thou art kind.
[Byzanthe *goes out*, Thelamia *ſits down at a table, and opens a book.*
Here I gave o'er——The ſtory ſeems diſtreſs'd:
How will it end! [*Reads.*
Tarquinius Sextus then,
Pretending on a journey, late at night

Came

Came to *Collatia*, where *Lucrece* was,
And breaking thro' all hoſpitable laws,
At midnight raviſh'd her——O villainy!
And moſt unhappy lady! *Collatine*,
Where was her huſband then?—— [*Reads again.*——
What do I read? a little farther on,
My author, in his comment on the fact,
Says, 'twas her huſband's abſence ruin'd her.
O fearful apprehenſion! This is juſt
The ſtate of my condition: The ſad tale
May ominouſly repreſent my fate,
In wrong'd *Lucretia*: I am helpleſs now,
As ſhe was then: My huſband abſent too,
As hers then was——Nay, he has already dar'd
To force the modeſty of my chaſte ears
With the bold brutal paſſion of his love:
And after that——But I have forgiv'n him that,
And he repents——O! it is falſe, and feign'd,
Diſſembled to betray my faith, and me:
Love never is repented, 'till enjoy'd——
And he, perhaps, this night, nay, now, reſolves——
He may be here already——Hark! who's there?
I dare not ſtay alone: *Byzanthe*, where,
Where are you?

Byzanthe *enters.*

Byz. You're diſorder'd much.
Thel. There's ſomething in my cloſet.
[Byzanthe *takes a light, and goes in.*
Byz. Nothing here.
Thel. Pray, look again.
Byz. Only your fancy, madam.
Thel. I thought I heard a noiſe.
Byz. Nothing has ſtirr'd,
Within your hearing, ſince I left you laſt.
Thel. Where is your huſband?
Byz. Gone in ſome affair relating to *Eurytion*,
Thel. O! he's a faithful, honeſt friend; wou'd he were here:
All our good fortune does depend on him.

Byz. I think I hear him, madam———

Crites *enters.*

Thel. Welcome, welcome.
Crites. What, madam, you have leiſure for a book.—
Thel. O, *Crites*, I have met the ſaddeſt tale,
The rape of *Lucrece* there.———
Crit. 'Tis famous in
The *Roman* ſtory: *Tarquin* raviſh'd her.
Thel. The circumſtances are ſo near my caſe——
Crit. So near your caſe!
Thel. In all but the ſad end.
Crit. What can ſhe mean? [*Aſide.*
Thel. Her huſband was from home,
As mine is now, the wretched cauſe of all.
Crit. Sure ſhe ſuſpects my purpoſe. [*Aſide.*
Thel. When I think
Upon that midnight raviſher, I reflect
Upon our ſex's weakneſs, thus expos'd,
How eaſily we are betray'd, or ſold,
By any one in truſt.
Crit. There cannot be ſuch villany in men.
Thel. There ſhould not, ſure. Indeed, I was afraid,
But now I think myſelf ſecurely ſafe,
In thy kind care.
Crit. I'm glad you think you are.
Byz. Have you no news for us?
Crit. Faith, I have been
In ſuch a converſation, ſcarce will pleaſe
In repetition: Marriage was the theme,
And my companions its worſt enemies,
They forc'd me to my heels.
Thel. What could they ſay?
Byz. No matter what they ſay.
Crit. By your good leave,
Theſe men will be our judges: We muſt ſtand
The inquiſition of their raillery
On our condition: As, to ſpeak the truth,
Nothing can 'ſcape their jeſt: The gods, and kings,
Manners, and men laws human and divine,

Muſt

Muſt ſtand, or fall, juſt as they reliſh 'em:
We muſt not think it hard.
Thel. What do they ſay?
Byz. We need not doubt but marriage has its load
Of ſcandal, in the lewdneſs of their mirth.
Crit. Why, firſt they ſwear the inſtitution
Was never made in heav'n.——
Thel. That ſtrikes home.
Crit. That the malicious roguery of age,
Impos'd it firſt a penance on the pride
Of luſty youth, to keep their bodies low,
Dull, conſtant ſlaves to one tir'd, fulſome bed.
Byz. A penance do they call it?
Thel. Pray, Sir, on.
Crit. That love was ne'er conſulted in this law:
But that it ſtands enacted, and ordain'd
To theſe our days, that only intereſt
Of fortune, or of friends, ſhould join our hands,
No matter for our hearts.
Thel. Wicked, and baſe!
Crit. Nay, when they once ſet out, they will go on.—
Byz. They have gone far enough.
Thel. I'll hear no more.
Crit. Faith, madam, you may hear a little more,
And not repent your pains.
Thel. How is the night?
Crit. Why, there's a queſtion now that brings me home
Juſt to my ſtory's end.
Thel. That queſtion! Why?
Crit. 'Tis juſt about the time.
Thel. What time?
Perhaps you have ſome tidings of my lord.
Crit. I have indeed.
Thel. When will he come? I languiſh in the thought
Of his approach: O! why art thou ſo long
In news ſo welcome: Pr'ythee tell me all,
Say any thing of him, that he is well,
Say that he comes————
Crit. If you wou'd let me ſpeak.
Thel. 'Tis that I would entreat.

Crit. Then he will come
In half an hour, ſo he ſends me word.
You know his pleaſure is, his coming ſhou'd
Be private, his own ſervants not employ'd.
Thel. O! I obey in all. But how cou'dſt thou
So long delay the comfort of thy news?
But I forgive thee.
Crit. Madam, I muſt wait
Upon his coming: You prepare for him,
And I'll convey him to you. [*Exit.*
Thel. Byzanthe,
I muſt require your friendſhip: Pray diſpoſe
The buſineſs of the family, as you pleaſe,
Out of the way, I would have all remov'd:
He will obſerve our care.
Byz. Leave that to me. [*Exit.*
Thel. Whilſt I prepare to entertain this gueſt,
Lodge him in his own manſion of my breaſt,
And make him happy, as he makes me bleſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE *a Street.*

Crites *alone.*

Crit. Thus far with wind and tide: Things are diſpos'd
Juſt to my wiſh to carry on the cheat.
Where is my lover now? 'Tis juſt his time——
He can't be far——I had forgot the ſign——
Not anſwer me! Nay, then he is not come——
Well, our employment muſt have patience.

Eurytion *enters.*

Eury. What ſign was that?
Crit. O! You are punctual, Sir.
Eury. Rather before my time.
Crit. Eurytion here! [*Aſide.*
Indeed, my Lord, ſomething before your time:
I did not look for you.
Eury. How am I punctual then?
Crit. Punctual, my lord?

Eury. Did you expect another?
Crit. Yes, indeed,
I did expect another, a good friend,
Not such a friend. I have my scouts abroad,
And must be ready for 'em. Yet you come,
As I could wish, to warn you: Dangers, Sir,
Are every where: This is no place; retire,
You may be seen.
Eury. I'll follow thy advice.
Crit. Go not in there.
Eury. My safety must be here. [*Goes in.*
Crit. What shall I do? Death! Something must be done.

Crites *goes in,* Cleombrotus *enters.*

Cleom. The servants still are stirring in the house:
I heard 'em talk: I'll take another turn.

Crites *returns with* Eurytion.

Crit. Your house, you may be sure, Sir, wonnot 'scape
The strictest search.——
Eury. Not if so general.
Crit. Nor will be less suspected, being yours.
Eury. Much more suspected, *Crites.* But that sign!
What could it mean? So late about my doors,
Just as I came to thee?
Crit. I heard it too,
" And took it for the signal of those rogues,
" Who haunt the night, informers for the state.
Eury. " Have you such ministers?
Crit. " No place is free. Would you were safe.
Eury. Well, *Crites,* I am gone.
Crit. The king will soon be there.
Eury. You'll follow me. [*Exit.*
Crit. When I've secur'd all here.——
Unseasonable husband! Fare thee well.
Why, what a 'scape was this? At the same time,
The very place, so unexpectedly,
And just upon my summons of another!
But he's remov'd——if he had seen his wife,

'T had

'T had been impoſſible. That lucky lie
Has ſent him to my houſe, to wait the king,
Leonidas: At twelve I may expect him:
'Tis near eleven now——*Cleombrotus*
Wonnot delay me long: for when he comes,
My office only guides him to the door:
And then to make all ſure, I have prepar'd
A hearty welcome for the good old king.

Enter Timæus.

Tim. The good old king!
Crit. Timæus, by thy voice.
Thou'rt come before thy time.
Tim. I come by your command.
Crit. I ſaid at twelve.
Tim. You ſaid that I ſhould ſtay till he ſet forward.
Crit. Is he coming then?
Tim. I ſaw him mounted.
Crit. How attended?
Tim. Almoſt, Sir, alone.
Crit. He muſt be near.
Tim. He cannot be far off.
Eurytion, Sir, already is arriv'd.
Crit. Wait for me at my houſe. I'll follow thee.
[Timæus *goes out.*
This is unlucky——there's no pauſing now:
Thinking but loſes time: I muſt be gone.
Love muſt attend the leiſure of the ſtate:
A ſingle fortune, this a nation's fate.
[*Going out, meets* Cleombrotus.
Cleom. Who's this?
Crit. Cleombrotus. [*Aſide.*
Cleom. Crites, I think,
Crit. Still worſe and worſe. [*Aſide.*
Cleom. Thou wert in haſte.
Crit. Imagine, Sir, the cauſe. [*Going.*
Cleom. I know the cauſe:
I ſtaid beyond my time, and thou wert going
To find me out, but I have ſpar'd thy pains.

This

This is the door: Now, my *Thelamia!* What!
Thou art uneaſy ſtill.
Crit. I beg you would
Believe, that nothing, but a certainty
Of my beſt ſervice to you, cou'd perſwade me
To leave you now.
Cleom. How, *Crites!* At this time! and call it ſervice?
Crit. Nay, my duty, Sir.
Cleom. No going, man; thy duty now lies here.
Crit. To-morrow will convince you.
Cleom. Thou art mad.
Am I not at the entrance of my joys?
Invited by thine own appointment too?
Crit. But accidents —
Cleom. There are in fortune none:
I conquer her in my *Thelamia.*
Crit. To-morrow ſhe ſhall be with ſafety yours.
Cleom. I wonnot truſt to-morrow: Now is mine.
Crit. This will undo us all. [*Aſide.*
Cleom. No words, but on.
Crit. Let me but ſpeak——
Cleom. I will have no excuſe; ſhow me the way.
Crit. Hear but my reaſons firſt——
Cleom. Forward, I ſay: Conſider who I am.
Crit. My royal maſter.
Cleom. Then thy king commands.
Crit. I muſt be heard, and then——
Cleom. Is this a time,
Thou ſaucy trifler, for argument?

[*Both*

[*Both ſpeaking together, neither hears.*

Cleom. When expectation rages in my blood,
And ſhoots a thouſand fevers thro' my veins?
Is this a time, thou prater! hence, begone—
Still he goes on, and louder in his words!—
Not let me ſpeak! this is an inſolence,
That never yet was offer'd to a king,
And ſhould be anſwer'd by a dagger, thus.

Crit. This is the time, or I muſt never ſpeak:
I would conceal it from you, but there is [you,
Now a neceſſity of telling
Your life, your crown, your empire are at ſtake:
Leonidas, the baniſh'd king, is now
Within your pow'r, if you would ſave us all,
This is your time, an opportunity
Like this you cannot hope.

[*As* Cleombrotus *offers to ſtab him*, Crites *ſtops, and bows.*

Cleom. Impudent ſlave! Open thy lips again
Upon this ſubject, this ſhall lock 'em faſt,
As cloſe, and ſilent, as the jaws of death.
Forward, and introduce me to her arms,
And on thy life ſtir not till my return. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Celona's *Apartment.*

Celona, *Servant, and* Leonidas.

Celo. One in diſguiſe? ſome meſſage from my father!
Admit him: leave the room——'tis he himſelf!
Thus on my knees, thus let me thank the Gods,
Who let me ſee "a king again in *Sparta*.

Leon. Celona, riſe: the poſture is too humble;
"Not for the daughter of a baniſh'd king,
"Nor for the wife of falſe *Cleombrotus*,
But miſbecomes that haughty excellence,
Which knows to form new virtue, and wou'd ſhine
A pattern to the uninſtructed world.

Celo. Indeed my fate, with intricate misfortune
Has compaſs'd round my virtue. Wife and daughter!
Each different duty ſhows a precipice,
Where-e'er I turn my eyes: But yet my honour,
That ſteddily wou'd tread the narrow path,
Looks with contempt upon the pageant greatneſs,

And

And moſt inclines where there is moſt misfortune.
Leo. It may incline too much.
Celo. Too much it cannot.
You ſeem'd, and yet I wou'd not think you did,
You ſeem'd to tax the conduct of my virtue.
But yet that power, who places ſuch as me,
In labouring mazes of an anxious fate,
Who damps the joys of all our preſent hours,
And pays us with the promiſe of a name,
Shall ſee that I ſubmit to his decrees,
(If I am mark'd for glorious wretchedneſs)
To ſhine the pattern of a *Spartan* daughter.
Leon. That fame's too narrow for a *Spartan* princeſs,
Celona too ſhou'd be a *Spartan* wife.
Celo. "To be his wife, I need not be his queen:
" And *Sparta* wonnot think me leſs her own,
" When I refuſe the guilt of majeſty,
" And, if there can be glory there, the glory,
" For innocence, and ruin with a father.
" *Leon.* Indeed for ruin, not for innocence,
" And ſuch a ruin, as involves that father:
" Juſt when his ſoul roſe from the ſtroke of chance,
" And ſtood, with ſcorn, ſecure upon his broken kingdom,
" That makes me rage at the portentous beauty,
" Which firſt betray'd me to thy mother's arms,
" And gave the murd'ring viper to the world.
Celo. Have I offended then?
Leon. Offended! O!
Thou in a moment wouldſt deface thoſe trophies,
Which my laborious anceſtors, thro' ages,
Toiling for fame, had pil'd up legacies
To their ſucceeding ſons.
Celo. High let 'em ſtand,
Admir'd examples to leſs generous man,
'Till I by any act diſclaim their blood.
Leon. When guilt is in its bluſh of infancy,
It trembles in a tenderneſs of ſhame,
And the firſt eye that pierces thro' the veil,
That hides the ſecret, brings it to the face:
But thine amazes me, and ſeems confirm'd,

Beyond

Beyond confuſion bold, and dares the light,
And the reproaching horror of thy father.
Celo. " Can it be ſuch a crime to love you then?
" To ſlight a throne, that bends beneath my feet,
" Without my care, and wooes me to aſcend?
" Were you the lord of all my love, and duty,
" And could you give that duty all away,
" When you reſign'd me to *Cleombrotus?*
" O! you were then my father and my king,
" Nor are you leſs my king, and father now.
Leon. " How with ſuch fondneſs can you call your ſelf
" My child, yet ſtrive to ſtain the blood you boaſt?
" The boiling ſpirits in my injur'd veins
" Cool at the tender name: See, I am calm,
" And can reflect, I ſhould reprove thy love,
" Before I ſhould chaſtiſe: You were to blame:
" But too much erring kindneſs was thy fault;
" And that I ſhould forgive: come, all is well:
" Repent thy heat, we'll think of it no more.
Celo. " Repent! I never can repent that heat.
Shou'd all
" The Gods of *Greece* own the uſurper's cauſe,
" And chide me with their thunder in their hands,
" I could not tremble with repenting fear.
Leon. " So well reſolv'd! So rooted in perdition!
" The ſpirit that inflam'd the *Belides*,
" Has been too boaſting late in hell, too vain,
" And rouz'd the honour of ſome bolder fiend,
" To ſhow tranſcendent damning to their ſhades.
Celo. Cleombrotus would ſpeak more tenderly,
And treat my virtue, tho' his enemy,
In a more gentle way.
Leon. O! all you ghoſts!
You injur'd ſpirits of my anceſtors!
Forbear a while to fire your tortur'd ſon.
By all your acts, which form'd my youth to honour,
You truſt your glory ſafely in my hands;
Nor ſhall my loins defile your ſacred blood:
Give me but ſo much reſpite in my fury,
To juſtify the rage of my revenge,

To the remains of father in my heart.
First ſhe ſhall triumph in her crime, and ſhow
A hard'ned ſoul, beyond forgiving damn'd:
And take her then, ſhe falls your ſacrifice.
Celo. What diſmal reſolution ſhakes you thus?
When I believe I underſtand your words,
Some ſudden ſtart, that contradicts my thoughts,
Throws me in wild amazement.
Leon. Ay, my child,
I will amaze thee, when I let thee know
The tendreſt inſtance of a father's love:
For I have ſav'd thy generous hand the blow,
A dangerous taſk, and done the work alone.
Celo. Alas! What work! What blow!
Leon. The giddy world,
Unequal judges of exalted honour,
Perhaps had blam'd thy zeal: But now 'tis paſt:
Nor ſhall thy fame be truſted to the crowd:
Yet thou ſhalt triumph too: Thine was the act,
My arm inſpir'd by thee.
Celo. What can you mean?
Leon. Canſt thou not gueſs?
Celo. You more amaze me, Sir.
Leon. I tell thee then, my heroine: This night,
Pretending ſecrets, and intelligence,
I gain'd admiſſion to *Cleombrotus*;
Alone I found him, you may think the news——
Celo. Wou'd I were paſt all thought. [*Aſide.*
Leon. I ſent this ſteel with tidings to his heart,
Nor parted thence, till with repeated wounds,
I left the unpanting villain on the earth.
Celo. And this muſt be my triumph! Heav'n and hell
Are reconcil'd, and join contending pow'rs,
To make my ruin infamouſly ſure.
I ſtrove to aid my king, and ſave my lord,
Yet now am call'd his murderer, you Gods!
And bid to triumph in my huſband's blood.
Leon. You ſeem diſturb'd.
Celo. Was it for this, ye Gods!

I own'd

" I own'd your cauſe in injur'd majeſty?
And ſtrove to keep the temperate balance juſt,
Between my different duties? 'Twas too much:
And you reſerve thoſe heights of excellence
To your unrival'd heaven: I ſhould have been
Only a wife, or daughter: For you daſh,
With jealouſie, attempting virtue down,
That dares beyond your limits to their fleſh.

Leon. I thought you would have prais'd me.

Celo. O, my lord, I muſt not curſe you.

Leon. Curſe me for an act, you wou'd have done your ſelf!

Celo. I wou'd have done! Murder my huſband, Sir?

Leon. This very night
You had deſign'd his death: I know it all.

Celo. And I too much—But cou'd you think me ſuch
A monſter, ſir? But, O! I find you do.

Leon. Why! did he not deſerve his fate?

Celo. O, ſir!
I grant he has deſerv'd from heaven, and you,
And all good men, worſe than you can inflict:
I have arraign'd and ſentenc'd his deſerts:
And I muſt think the Gods but juſtify'd,
You honourably reveng'd, and good mens prayers
But juſtly anſwer'd in a tyrant's fall:
All this I think with you, and you were wrong'd:
But how was I? How has he injur'd me,
To make me capable of ſuch a ſin,
Barbarous, and yet without a name in hell,
As you imagine, ſir, I had deſign'd?
Is't not enough that I abhor his crimes,
But I muſt be his murderer? If the Gods,
And you, to clear my fame, will have it ſo,
If I muſt ſtrike at him, it muſt be here——

[*Offers to ſtab herſelf.*

Leon. O virtue! never to be found again!
Thy huſband lives, *Cleombrotus* ſtill lives.
Forbear a violence, which, in thy breaſt
Wou'd wound me deeper than thy ponyard there.
I did but try thee: And in theſe extreams

I find thee ſtill ſincere to all my hopes,
Fixt to thy virtue, and thy country's fame,
Thy ſex's glory, and my daughter ſtill,
A *Spartan* daughter, and a *Spartan* wife.
Celo. Thoſe titles raiſe me.
Leon, I have been abus'd,
And thou art innocent: This letter read
At leiſure: *Crites* knows what it deſigns,
He ſent it, and I muſt ſuſpect it now.
" If treaſon be abroad, and plots deſign'd
" Upon my life, me may they only find.
O guard, you Gods of *Greece!* my faithful friends
From the deſtroying aim of treachery:
Blunt the ſharp arrows, which in darkneſs fly:
Diſcloſe the midnight arts, and break the ſnares
Which fair-fac'd villany's falſe heart prepares.
" Our open foes we need not apprehend:
" But Providence it ſelf can ſcarce defend
" Our ſleeping lives againſt a faithleſs friend. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Cleom. THUS far I'm undiſcover'd. O frail fleſh!
And vanity of fancy! My deſires,
Which mounted me above my mortal ſtate,
Whoſe rage, I thought, nothing but age could tame,
How have they dropt the wing, how are they ſunk
Into the poor concerns of earth again?
Now, *Crites,* I can hear thee. Sure there is
Something extraordinary, as his carriage was:
He does not uſe to contradict me: And,
If I remember right, I heard him ſpeak
Something abruptly of *Leonidas.*
There may be danger near: I muſt be gone:

Thelamia

Thelamia takes me for her husband still:
I wonnot undeceive her: that may serve
To morrow night, and I can stay till then——

Thelamia *with a Light.*

A light! She follows me!
Thel. O! do not find
A trouble in my love, that thus attends
In duty now: Speak, and assure my fears,
You are not angry with me. O my lord!
I can forgive your stealing from my bed,
Your silence there, but not this silence now.
What! turn away! nay, going from me too!
That must not be: This hand, my lord, is mine,
Nor can I part with it without a look——

[*He turns slowly to her, she drops his hand, shows her surprize, by standing stupidly still a while without speaking; he offering to speak, she snatches at his sword, draws it half out; failing in that, she throws her self into a chair, in the most violent passion of grief.*

Thel. The Gods refuse me their assistance too:
Here let me fall forgotten.
Cleom. Let me raise you—
Thel. Touch me not, monster; thou hast sunk me down,
And can'st not raise me——
Cleom. To my bed and throne.
Thel. Dishonour fill thy bed, and death thy throne.
Cleom. That's an unkind return.
Thel. Art thou not gone? Thou hast accomplished
The fatal ends of thy design on me:
What wouldst thou more!
Cleom. I would bring comfort to you.
Thel. O thou destroyer! fly, fly from my eyes!
The sad remains of my poor wretched life
I wou'd employ in sorrow for my fate,
In penitence and mercy to the world:
But while thou stand'st in view, I cannot weep:
My eyes refuse the comfort of their tears

To my misfortunes: All their moiſture feeds
The paſſion in my heart, which only can
Be eas'd by curſes on thee.
Cleom. Do not curſe:
Or, if you muſt, think where you ſhou'd begin.
Thel. O! where begin, indeed! All, all deſerve
Alike from me; the Gods, and fate, *Crites*, and thou.
Cleom. The Gods, for making you thus heavenly fair,
And I, for loving you.
Thel. Both have been my curſe.
Cleom. *Crites* and fate were but my inſtruments;
Thoſe you have curs'd in me.
Thel. That *Crites!* O!
That villain! damn'd inſinuating fiend!
How was he truſted! how has he betray'd!
But I my ſelf am guilty of my fall,
By a fond, fatal ignorance abus'd,
And made th' accomplice of my ruin too.
Cleom. The fatal ignorance then is your excuſe.
Thel. O! there is none in nature, no excuſe
For crimes like mine:——My ſiſter's huſband's——Oh!
Cleom. Be patient, madam, there's your remedy:
You have no other now.
Thel. Yes, there is one,
Revenge, that wonnot fail me; while I live,
I muſt ſolicit that of Gods and men:
And earth or heav'n will do me juſtice, ſure.
Cleom. I'll do you the beſt juſtice: be adviſ'd,
And hear me calmly. What is done is paſt,
Without your crime: If it be any ſin,
'Tis ſo in me: But then 'tis ſuch a ſin,
The purchaſe of my peace, and ſo belov'd,
I never can repent.
Thel. O hard'ned wretch!
Cleom. 'Tis yet a ſecret: While you keep it ſo,
Your huſband is not wrong'd: or if he be,
He who has done it, can maintain the wrong,
And then where's your revenge?
Thel. Art thou ſecure
In wickedneſs? That fool's ſecurity

Shall

Shall be thy ruin: When I have proclaim'd
To all the world, as, while I have life, I will
Proclaim my wrongs ———
Cleom. Your ſhame, your infamy;
The world will call it ſo: And then you make
A monſter of your huſband.
Thel. O! Revenge, revenge! Thus, raving thro' the ſtreets,
I'll cry for vengeance on thee: All good men,
Fathers, and huſbands, brothers, *Spartan* born,
In the defence and cauſe of chaſtity,
Will arm to ſave their daughters, ſiſters, wives,
From my diſhonour in thy tyranny;
And, forwarding the juſtice of the Gods,
Will riſe againſt thy "Uſurpation,
Level their thunder at thy life and crown,
O'erturn thy throne, and end thee in thy crimes.
Cleom. 'Tis poſſible your ſtory may do harm,
And therefore I'll prevent it.
Thel. Only death ſhall ſilence it.
Cleom. Death ſilences at laſt.
You ſee the fortune of your preſent ſtate,
That 'tis not to be mended by complaints,
Yet you complain, and vow to be reveng'd.
If you continue obſtinate, reſolv'd
Not to be pacify'd, 'tis a hard courſe,
But nature does oblige me to provide
For my own ſafety, and that is beſt ſecur'd
By your *Eurytion*'s death.
Thel. His death!
Cleom. I have vow'd his death.
Thel. What is his crime? I do deſerve to die.
Cleom. 'Tis crime enough to be your huſband now.
I know his diſaffection only wants
A cauſe like this, to animate the crowd,
And his deſigns againſt my reign and me:
But that he ſhannot have: Out of a ſenſe,
And tenderneſs of you, thus far I have
Withheld my juſtice, which now you enforce:
Therefore reſolve either to pardon me,

Or doom *Eurytion* dead. *Crites*, you know,
Can bring him in my pow'r. This is your choice;
Think well upon't, I will walk by a while.
Thel. Alas! what choice! I have no choice to make:
My ruin's certain: But *Eurytion!*
Can I resolve his death? he has been wrong'd
Too much already: O! I never can
Resolve his death——there is no other way——
Let me dissemble for a husband's life,
In such a cause, in hopes of a revenge.
Cleom. I wait your answer, madam: if you have
Consider'd well, I know you will forgive.
Thel. If I should not, 'twill do me little good.
Cleom. Indeed but little good.
Thel. Then my revenge,
That will involve us all in other crimes.
Cleom. In blood, and murther; There must be the end.
Thel. O! fearful sounds! I would not be the cause
Of murder, for this earth.
Cleom. Then no revenge.
Thel. Then no revenge indeed. But, O! my shame!
My infamy!
Cleom. That I'll secure you from:
And I can keep a secret, when engag'd
By my own interest; that's the certain charm
Upon mens tongues: So you are sure of mine.
Thel. I wish I could believe.
Cleom. I wish you cou'd:
But to engage me deeper in my trust,
I swear——
Thel. By what?
Cleom. I would by this fair hand.
Thel. Well, well, I must believe you.
Cleom. May I hope you have forgiven me?
Thel. Hope is in your power.
Cleom. Say but you have.
Thel. Not to say otherwise, is far enough at first.
Cleom. You mean it then?
Thel. You may interpret for me.

Cleom. Then I ſay, you have, or ſhou'd forgive me.
Thel. You may find
My meaning out hereafter: for this time
I would be private.
Cleom. You won't ſay, farewel?
Thel. To be alone.
Cleom. Then bid me go.
Thel. Farewel.
Cleom. That farewel bids me ſtay: but I muſt go. [*Exit.*
Thel. O! what a part am I condemn'd to act,
To ſave my huſband's life! My huſband! Oh!
I have no huſband: This foul raviſher,
Uſurper, tyrant, author of all ills,
Divorces me for ever from my lord:
Has robb'd me of the honour of a wife:
Nor am I worthy of that title now,
Or any name, but——Oh! let me here
Bury that name, and all my miſeries:
Sink down beneath the burden of my woes,
Into my grave, unmention'd, and unmourn'd;
Ne'er be rememb'red in my ſtory more,
To the diſhonour of my royal houſe,
Or ſhame of virtuous wives.

Celona *and* Byzanthe *to her.*

Byz. What do I hear?
Celo. Amazement of my ſenſes! can this be
Thelamia on the earth! theſe ſorrows hers?
Byz. She minds you not.
Celo. O! 'tis *Celona* ſpeaks, thy tender, loving ſiſter.
Byz. See, that name raiſes her head a little.
Celo. Now thy tears
Flow faſter than before. O! you good Gods!
Inſtruct me to redreſs, or comfort her.
Nay, I intreat thee, do not ſmother thus
Thy griefs with groans, but give thy paſſion words;
They will unload the burden of thy heart,
If they do nothing more. *Byzanthe*, help,
Help me to raiſe her.
Thel. O! you miſemploy

Your charity on a wretch, whom all the Gods
Concurring in their bleſſings, with your means
To bring me comfort, never can reſtore
To happineſs.
Celo. O you malicious ſtars!
I thought my fortunes might have ſatisfied
For our whole family: You ſhow'd your pow'r
Enough in me: You might have ſpar'd her peace:
But now where will you end? O! ſiſter, ſay,
Speak to me, tell me, can there be a cauſe
Of this diſtreſs?
Thel. There is, a wretched cauſe:
Believe it ſuch, and ſeek to know no more.
Celo. I'll help you to ſupport——
Thel. The load will ſink us both.
Celo. Then we ſhall fall together. Come, the cauſe?
I have a ſiſter's title, and a friend's,
That wonnot be deny'd——Nay, no more tears,
But tell me——
Thel. I can't ſpeak——
Celo. Away——
Thel. To any, but a ſiſter.
Celo. Pray withdraw—— [Byzanthe *goes out.*
Now tell your griefs, none but a ſiſter hears.
Thel. And now I dare not. O! enquire no more:
Tho' 'tis moſt fit my griefs ſhould be reveal'd,
'Tis moſt unfit they be reveal'd to you.
Celo. If they relate to me, I am prepar'd;
Give 'em a tongue.
Thel. You'll curſe it, when it ſpeaks—*Cleombrotus*—
Celo. My huſband?
Thel. Monſter of men.
Celo. Indeed his "uſurpation does deſerve
To be thus treated; but, *Thelamia*, I
Have not deſerv'd to hear you call him ſo.
If he has made you wretched, I am made
Unhappy too: If in a huſband's loſs,
I have loſt him too, equal in all your griefs.
Thel. O! yet there is a grief beyond all theſe!
A loſs, beyond my father, huſband, life,

You wonnot underſtand——
Celo. The Gods protect the honour of our house.
Thel. 'Tis ſain in me:
I am abus'd, diſhonour'd, and undone!
Celo. O! for a thunderbolt, the arm of *Jove*,
To execute the vengeance of my heart
Upon the raviſher!
Thel. Cleombrotus.
Celo. Again *Cleombrotus!* O! have a care,
This is a ſubject, that concerns my peace,
Near as a father's cauſe: Therefore no more.
I know thou haſt been wrong'd, I ſee it plain:
The marks of ruin bluſh upon thee ſtill;
And thy great griefs perhaps have turn'd thy brain:
It muſt be ſo; for thou art mad indeed,
To ſay, *Cleombrotus* cou'd uſe thee thus.
Thel. This only cou'd remain to make me yet
More miſerable: If my injuries
Be of that monſtrous growth above belief,
How ſhall I bear 'em? But they ſink me down,
And this muſt eaſe me. [*Going to ſtab her ſelf.*
Celo. O! ſiſter, hold!
Thel. I ſaid before, you were
Unfit to hear the ſecret of my fate:
Yet you would hear, and wonnot now believe.
Celo. Would I cou'd not believe: But, O! I find
A fear in every thought, that makes me ſhake,
In apprehenſion of the fatal truth:
And now each trifling circumſtance appears
In evidence againſt him: O! 'tis plain:
I had forgot I met him at the door,
Juſt as I enter'd here: There needs no proof,
Fuller than that: What buſineſs could he have
At this dead time of night, but luſt, or blood!
Monſter of men indeed! and tyrant now!
Here I confeſs the weakneſs of my ſex,
Defenceleſs quite againſt a ſtroke like this,
And my full heart can only ſpeak in tears.

Leonidas *enters to 'em.*

Leon. My children weeping both! This is a ſight
Will make me old indeed. " I've ſtood againſt
" The ingratitude of friends, rebellion's rage,
" And my revolted fortune never could
" Subdue my virtue, as this object does.
Speak one of you, inform me of the cauſe:
Celona! O! it muſt be bad indeed,
That thus can conquer thee——*Thelamia*, thou
Art going: O! I dare not bid thee ſtay,
Nor aſk the reaſon of thy parting thus:
But thy diſorder and confuſion, ſhow
Thee moſt concern'd. [Thelamia *goes out.*

Celo. There is no ſaying who
Is moſt concern'd: If I may judge the cauſe,
I'm injur'd moſt, though 'tis a wrong to all:
Nay, Sir, be you the judge; but age can't know
The pangs of ſlighted love; therefore no judge
Of my condition. O! to be deſpis'd,
Is ſuch a thought! it ſtrangles patience.

Leon. Why this is madneſs, child.

Celo. What, at my years forſaken! Had I been
Ugly, or old, miſmatcht to my deſires,
My natural defects had taught me then,
In a tame expectation of my fate,
To ſat me down contented: But to be
Thrown off, abandon'd! for a ſiſter too!
O! monſtrous love indeed! which ſuch a ſin
As inceſt could not tame.

Leon. What ſay'ſt thou? Ha!

Celo. Thus violated, forc'd, and thus abus'd!
She ſtands acquitted to the judging world:
And death, or a revenge, redeems her fame.
But I muſt ſtand the ſhot of every tongue;
The cenſure and the jeſt of laughing fools:
Be pointed at for the forſaken thing,
Forſaken for a ſiſter.

Leon. Yet again thy ſiſter! ſpeak.

Celo. O! yes, while I can ſpeak.

Leon. Thelamia forc'd!
Celo. Forc'd by *Cleombrotus.*
Leon. Inceſtuous tyrant! Plagues of every kind,
Long ſtudied, and ſtor'd up by wrath divine,
For the revenge, and fate of ſuch bad times,
Fall thick upon his head: But O! he ſins
Beyond my curſes now, and only hell,
All hell can do him juſtice.
Celo. "Heavy thought!
Leon. "While he uſurpt my right, my place, and crown,
"I took him for the miniſter of that doom,
"High heav'n had paſs'd upon this rebel land;
"Nor murmur'd at my fate. Had the good gods
Thought fit to exerciſe my patience,
Stript me of all the comforts of this life,
My friends, my hopes, ev'n to my very ſelf—
But here my age gives way; here I confeſs
The frailty of a man, ſurpriz'd, unarm'd,
Unguarded, naked to this ſtunning blow,
That drives me to the earth a weak, old man.
Cel. O miſery on miſery!
Leon. Away! Tears are thy ſex's comforts; I muſt find
Mine in revenge.
Celo. Revenge!
Leon. Revenge for thee, thy ſiſter, and us all. O! I have been
Aſſiſting to this ruin: Had my ears
Been open to the counſels of my friends,
"I might have been reſtor'd, and this undone;
But it is done, and now muſt be reveng'd.
Celo. O! Sir, forbear a while.
Leon. No time ſo fit for my deſigns.
Celo. But hear me——
Leon. Paſſion has no ears.
Or if I did, words cannot alter me.— [*Exit.*
Celo. Alas! my woman's weakneſs has undone
All that my virtue had ſo long preſerv'd;
Now I too late perceive the conſequence:
How fatal this diſcovery muſt be
To my *Cleombrotus!* for he is mine,

My husband still, however base and false.
Tho' I am wrong'd in the most tender part,
Most sensible of pain, I am his wife;
That is the character I must maintain:
But to preserve it! something I must do,
But what, or how, the gods yet only know. [*Exit.*

Crites *passing over the stage.*

Crit. All that I could of moment I have learnt;
But when the husband follows at my heels,
'Tis time to vanish: I have done my do
At chamber-practice, and must shift the scene. [*Exit.*

Eurytion *enters.*

Eury. I meet with nothing but distraction
Thro' all the house: My servants fly the room
Still as I enter it, as each were loth
To be the first in some unwelcome news;
Ev'n *Crites* shuns me too: Something there is—
I wonnot think the worst—Heav'n guard the king,
And my *Thelamia*: If either be concern'd,
'Twill be too soon to know, when I must know;
Till then I would not guess: But there's the king,
And half my fears are vain.

Leonidas *enters.*

Leon. The other half, who is your fear?
Eury. O! you may guess, my wife.
Leon. This is no time for wives.
Eury. No time indeed,
If your employment calls me.
Leon. Then no time, for I have business for thee.
Eury. Sir, speak on.
Tho' I should starve the youth of my desires,
And come but old to her expecting arms,
" When I can serve my royal master's cause,
The bare reflection of my loyalty
Shall make amends for all my loss of love.
Leon. Have thy reward, and hear me; thou art rash,
And must be prefac'd into government,

And

And temper of thoſe paſſions, which would riſe
Againſt my reaſons, and undo us all.
Eury. Sir, I am calm.
Leon. Then know, I have this night
Reſolv'd to undertake the public cauſe,
" With my own right, and reaſcend the throne.
Eury. Heav'n proſper the reſolve.
Leon. What all my friends
With honeſt, weary counſels could not gain,
The general wrongs have forc'd.
Eury. The general wrongs are then our friends.
Leon. O! the worſt enemies to thee and me:
Thine is the general wrong—*Thelamia*—
Eury. My wife! what, Sir, of her?
Leon. Are you a man?
Eury. Talk you of wrongs, and her?
I am a man indeed, to hear them join'd,
Yet hold my reaſon ſtill: But, O! be quick,
I cannot promiſe you, it can be long
That I can hear you: Madneſs will enſue
The bare imagination of her wrongs,
And hurry me upon ſome wild attempt,
Which my repentance never can repair.
O! therefore tell me all.
Leon. Then hear me all—*Cleombrotus*—
Eury. Cleombrotus!
Leon. Soon as he found
Your abſence, made his way, beyond all ſenſe
Of nature, gods, or men, in brutal rage,
Purſu'd *Thelamia* with his monſtrous love.
Eury. My wife!
Leon. My daughter, and thy virtuous wife.
Eury. Then ſhe is virtuous. O! the infernal fiend!
It went no farther? no, it could not, Sir,
For *Crites* was her guard.
Leon. He, he betray'd both her, and all.
Eury. O villain, bred in hell!
Has he betray'd us? But it ended there:
O! anſwer the impatience of my fears;
They could not ſure proceed?

Leon. Still more reſolv'd, and bolder ſtill——

Eury. Where will my hurrying fate?

Leon. Forſaken thus of every friendly help;
And nothing but her virtue her retreat,
To ſave her from thoſe ſavage, threatning wrongs,
She ſwallow'd poiſon.—

Eury. O too cruel gods!

Leon. And ſo expir'd.

Eury. 'Tis too much for life.

[*Seems ſtunned, and dozes.*

Leon. Nay, then he is prepar'd to know the worſt.
Thelamia——

Eury. O that name!

Leonidas *brings* Thelamia *in a Veil, by degrees, to the middle of the Stage.*

Leon. Come forth, my child!

Eury. Cou'd it awaken death, as it does me,
My cheeks ſhould burſt with the repeated ſound:
O! how could I invoke the rivers, ſprings,
Vallies, and hills, dales, rocks, and vocal groves,
With all their ſplitting echo's, to my aid:
Nay, from the ſtormy quarters of the ſky,
Conjure the winds, charm e'en the violent north,
Who, in the tempeſt of his boiſtrous voice,
Should ſummon my *Thelamia* back again.
But O! the tyrant, deaf to all my cries,
Hears not my ſummons, folds her beauteous limbs
In his cold arms, as he would grow one piece
Of earth with her, and I but rage in vain——

[*Turning, he ſees* Thelamia, *and ſtarts.*

Have then the Gods reſtor'd her to my prayers!
It muſt be ſhe: O! ſatisfy the fears,
If poſſible, of every ſenſe at once,
I would be all convinc'd.

Leon. She lives in death, a life of miſery.

Eury. Not ſpeak to me! What, not one look?

Leon. O! the black hand of fate
Has drawn that curtain to conceal her wrongs——

Eury. I find 'em now, worſe than a thouſand deaths—

Leon. But they will burſt, like lightning, from that cloud,
And blaze a day of horror in revenge.
Eury. Speed it, you Gods! tho' it be Nature's laſt.
Revenge her wrongs! Here I devote my days
To blood, and vengeance—— [*Kneels.*
Leon. Vengeance ſtays for us,
Stalking impatient through our frighted ſtreets,
Our friends united too, to puſh it on.
Eury. She's going.
Leon. O thou captain of our cauſe!
We follow thee thro' all the paths of death.
Eury. The ſword from thy foul wrongs ſhall never part,
'Till ſtabb'd, and bury'd in the tyrant's heart. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Outſide of a Temple.

Leonidas, Lyſander, Zenocles, *and People.*

Leon. THE Gods propitious combat on our ſide;
The people animated in this cauſe,
To break their yoke, and vindicate our wrongs.

Eurytion *enters to 'em.*

Eury. Hither the chace had led us: The vile herd
Routed, and ſcatter'd——
Leon. With the morning-dawn,
They and their leaders fall into our hands.
Eury. Confounded in the deſart of the night,
Let 'em brood o'er the terrors of their guilt,
To wait the coming vengeance of the day.
Zen. The paſſes are ſecur'd.
Lyſ. None can eſcape.
Leon. Cleombrotus has here immur'd himſelf,

In

In *Neptune*'s temple——
Lyſ. Garriſon'd, and mann'd,
In bold defiance of the guardian God.

Cleombrotus *and* Crites *on the Walls.*

Cleom. Who name the Gods, and yet with impious hands
Come arm'd againſt their temple?
Eury. Monſter, thou,
Thou haſt polluted it into a den
Of fouleſt villainy, of luſt, and blood.
Cleom. Do not you make it ſo, it yet is pure.
Eury. Art thou there, *Crites?* hang upon him ſtill,
And weigh him down to ſure perdition.
Cleom. But who art thou, that I deſcend to thee?
Leonidas. I ſpeak to, once a king.
Thou doſt uſurp the ſhadow of the night,
To paſs thy faded glory on the ſtate,
And haſt ſurpriz'd a midnight victory
O'er frighted citizens, and ſleeping laws,
Which will awake, rouze, and exert their force,
In the defence of their inſulted king,
To drive thee out again to baniſhment.
Leon. Miſtaken wretch! thy ſubjects are no more:
The laws remain, and gladly live for thee,
Their tyrant once; they are thy judges now;
Therefore ſurrender up thy ſelf to them,
And ſave us from the miſchief of more crimes.
Lyſ. This is your laſt retreat——
Zen. Which will be forc'd.
Cleom. Then here I ſtand my fortune.
Eury. Puſh it on.
[*To* Leonidas, *&c. coming to the front of the ſtage.*
Cleom. Now, *Crites*, now purſue thy own advice.
Thou trembleſt! Ha! thou ſhouldſt have fear'd before,
In time have fear'd, fear'd to have done the ill,
Not fear to ſuffer for it, being done.
Crit. If it ſhould not ſucceed——
Cleom. Why then thou feel'ſt
The worſt already that can follow it. [Crites *retires.*

All

All is at ſtake, but there is yet a chance
That promiſes, and may riſe fair for us.
Eury. While you prepare th' attack upon the gate,
And keep 'em buſie to defend this ſide,
I have my pioneers at work unſeen,
To dig their graves, and bury 'em in ruin.
[*Goes out*; Leonidas *and his party advance to the gate, in order to break it open.*
Leon. Abandon'd of all good! the Gods refuſe
Their ſanctuary to ſuch villanies,
And give thee up devoted. Fall on then,
And force the gate——
Cleom. Yet, hold, *Leonidas*,
Look up, I have an offer yet to make——
Leon. Be quick. [Euphemia *on the walls*,
Cleom. 'Tis this——A daughter to preſent to you.
Leon. My child! *Euphemia!*
Cleom. Draw off your men;
For the firſt violence to force the gate,
Shall ſend her to you from the battlements.
Leon. I plac'd thee in *Diana*'s ſacred train,
To ſhelter thee from my tempeſtuous fate.
Cleom. And I remov'd her, by the wiſe advice
Of honeſt *Crites*, my beſt counſellor,
To ſhelter me from this impending ſtorm.
Leon. O! what is all our foreſight, you juſt Gods!
Cleom. Nay, no expoſtulations with the Gods;
They have declar'd for us in the ſucceſs:
Nor will a thundring tale of ſacrilege
Beat down theſe walls, or gain an outwork here.
Therefore to cut off time, you muſt reſolve
To give up all advantages you've gain'd,
Diſperſe your faction, and withdraw your friends,
And you retire from *Sparta* inſtantly,
Or ſee this daughter of your age, ſo lov'd,
So innocent, firſt raviſh'd by my ſlaves,
And murder'd next, to cloſe the guilty ſcene.
Leon. O you great Gods! determine for me now.
Cleom. Do you determine, for the choice is yours.
Euph. O my great father! 'twere impiety

Beyond

Beyond his crimes, to think the heavenly powers
Can ſuffer, what he only dares to name.
Purſue your injur'd cauſe, your juſt revenge,
Nor loſe a moment in the dread of me.
Therefore again reſign me to the Gods,
The tutelary parents of the weak,
Who can diſarm the proud in his own ſtrength.
There is a hand unſeen, a ſhield to me.
Cleom. Many I have to execute my will.
Leonidas, again I ſummon thee.
What I have done, is a convincing proof
I will go thro'; that I am reſolute
To every deed, my ſafety, or revenge
Solicites me: And I will make ſhort work,
Give her my ſlaves, and drag her to her fate.
Leon. Hold, hold; the Gods diſpoſe of me, and mine.
The father gives his all to ſave the child:
Unſtain'd reſtore her to my trembling hand,
And I reſign my pow'r, renounce my crown,
Diſband my friends, or if you would have more,
It ſhall be done: See, they are going, ſir.
O my kind friends! a laſt, a long farewel.
Afford me but *Euphemia*, that ſupport
Of my declining age, and I am gone,
Never, O! never to ſee *Sparta* more.

[*Shouts in the temple.*

Crit. What ſhouts are thoſe?
Cleom. In thy cold fit again!
Lyſ. The Gods begin to thunder from their ſhrines.

[*A meſſenger above to* Cleombrotus.

Cleom. What is thy news?
Meſſ. The temple is ſurpriz'd.
Crit. Surpriz'd!
Cleom. Impoſſible!
Meſſ. Eurytion is at the head of the bold enterprize,
And is already enter'd——
Cleom. Enter'd too?
Zen. Our brave deliverer! [*Below.*
Crit. What will become of me?
Cleom. How got he entrance?

Meſſ. Thro' vaults, and ſecret paſſes under ground,
Diſcover'd by the prieſts.
Cleom. I am betray'd.
Meſſ. They ſay you are betray'd,
Betray'd by *Crites*——
Cleom. How!
Crit. Betray'd by me?
Meſſ. For there are orders given to ſave his life.
Cleom. To ſave his life?
Meſſ. The prieſt, who does preſide,
Is of his blood, and ſhow'd your foes the way,
Upon that promiſe——
Cleom. Thus I make it good.
[*Seizing* Crites *by the throat.*
Villain! betrayer! thou haſt brought me here
To the gulph's mouth, and doſt thou plunge me down?
But thou ſhalt try the leap——'tis a juſt thought——
If thou haſt kindred devils in the air,
To break thy fall, the prieſt may thank 'em for't.
Seize him, take, hoiſt him up, break off his hold,
And toſs him headlong from the temple's wall.
Crit. O ſave me, ſave me, kill me by the ſword.
[Crites *thrown down, they gather about the body, and drag it off.*
Cleom. Down with him, there he flies, I follow next:
Upward, or downward, 'tis indifferent. [*Exit.*
Leon. Drag off the carcaſs, caſt it out expos'd,
The food of dogs——
Zen. Vultures, and wolves his grave.
[*Shouts and noiſe of fighting in the Temple.*
Leon. Hark, we are call'd.
Lyſ. They are engaged.
Leon. Be quick. Fly, fly, to the aſſiſtance of our friends.
Employ your crows of iron, leavers, beams,
Againſt the gate. [*Attack the gate.*
Zen. Dig its foundations up.
Lyſ. Spare nothing in your way.
Leon. With heaving force,
Wrench the compacted joints of the ſtrong pile.

O! for

O! for the battering ram with armed head,
To tumble down all oppoſition.
Zen. Bravely, bravely done.
Lyſ. See, it gives way.
Leon. Another tug unlocks the griping hinge.
Lyſ. It burſts, it flies.
Leon. Now follow for the crown " of faithful zeal.
[*They force the gate, and enter. Shouts again, and noiſe of fighting continued, till the ſcene draws, and ſhows the inſide of the Temple.* Eurytion *gives ground to* Cleombrotus *and his party, but is join'd by* Leonidas, *and his; then they drive* Cleombrotus *to the front of the ſtage, and take him priſoner; his party fight off the ſtage.*
Leon. Purſue, *Eurytion*, let 'em not have breath
To rally, but cut off their lateſt hope.
[Eurytion *goes out with his party.*
After this mercy of deliverance,
O! never may the innocent deſpair!
Lyſ. This beaſt of prey, this ravening wolf, at laſt
Is hamper'd in the toil.
Leon. Bring him along.
[Celona *kneeling at the door.*
Ha! is it thus, *Celona*, thou doſt greet;
Thus hail thy father's ſafety, and ſucceſs?
Celo. O! for my father's ſafety and ſucceſs,
I kiſs the earth in adoration
Of the juſt gods; dejected, humbled thus,
In this poor ſuppliant ſtate, they have beheld
Me often on my weary'd knees for you,
And they have heard my vows; left me no more
To aſk of them: They have preſerv'd, " reſtor'd,
And re-enthron'd you in their mercy's ſeat,
Their great vicegerent, now a god to me.
Leon. Thy father ever: riſe, *Celona*, riſe.
Celo. 'Tis to that father then I do appeal,
Not to the judge: O! I give up my cauſe,
Condemn'd and ſentenc'd: And I wonnot move
A word in the defence of that bad man,
A burthen to the earth with all his crimes.

But

But O! remember, Sir, I am his wife—
Leon. Forget him, moſt unworthy of thy care.
Celo. Inſtructed in that duty, taught by you,
Ty'd to his fortune, wedded to his fate,
To bear a part in all his weal or woe:
O! therefore, if you would defend my fame,
My virtue, which your precepts firſt inſpir'd,
Let me not leave him in extremity:
If you would ſave your ſinking daughter's peace,
Beſtow her huſband's life, grant it to me;
Forfeited, dead already to the laws,
Sparta renounces him, then drive him out
To reprobated exile round the world,
A caitive, vagabond, abhor'd, accurs'd,
Moſt miſerable in a hated life.
I aſk but for a change of puniſhment,
More exquiſite, and ſharp: revenge itſelf
Should grant me that. O! only ſpare theſe eyes
The murdering object of a huſband's death.
[Thelamia *enters on the other ſide, veil'd, with a bowl in her hand, the mouth downward.*
Leon. Defend me, ſhield me. See, *Thelamia* comes
To tear me from thee. [*Goes to her.*
O! that poſture pleads
More than a thouſand tongues. This fatal bowl
Is drain'd, and empty'd of its poiſon now,
A cordial draught, and thou art happy, child.
The gall of bitterneſs is left for me.
'Tis with the ſharpeſt conflict of my ſoul!
My bowels are diſtracted in the love
Of my unhappy children.

Eurytion *enters.*

Eury. Your enemies are proſtrate at your feet;
And Mercy may become the conqueror:
But Vengeance is the injur'd huſband's right,
Thus with ſtrong hand I ſeize, and make it mine.
[*Kills* Cleombrotus.
Celo. He's gone.
Leon. His crimes be bury'd in his death.

Thel. The voice of vengeance in my dying ear
Is ſweeter than the ſongs of happy life.
Eury. Talk not of dying.
Thel. O! I only liv'd
To hear I am reveng'd, reveng'd by you.
Eury. Look up, and feed thy famiſh'd eyes with blood.
Leon. Remove the fatal object from our ſight.
Celo. And me for ever from a hated world.
[*The body carry'd off.*
Thel. Yes, once again, I lift my faded eyes
For a laſt look of my *Eurytion*,
To feed 'em at the fountain of thy light,
And fill me with thy image, then to cloſe 'em
In laſting night.
Eury. Thou'rt going.
Thel. Lead me hence
From this infected air; My ſpirit ſhrinks,
And cannot mount in the ſame ſky with him.
Let me not fall an outcaſt of thy houſe,
Nor in my ruin loſe the name of wife;
Preſerve *Thelamia* in thy memory,
Who liv'd for thee, and for thy loſs could die.
[Eurytion *leads her off.*
Leon. The dead are paſt our care.
Celo. Paſt all their care.
Leon. Be comforted, *Celona*.
Celo. I was born
To be unhappy, and I have my lot:
This is the portion was reſerv'd for me,
Unhappy in the deareſt names of love,
A wife, and daughter; and I'm paſt the care,
The miſerable care of comfort now.
Yet I will bear this wretched load of life,
But far remov'd, and ſhut out from the world,
No more to be remember'd in my wrongs.
Leon. Thou wott not leave thy father?
Celo. I am gone already, Sir.
Leon. Forſake his hopeleſs age?
[Celona *goes to* Euphemia, *brings her forward, and preſents her to* Leonidas.

Celo. The gods are preſent to you, and have ſent
This bleſſing yet in ſtore to raiſe your hopes.
Leon. My child! I had forgot thee in the crowd
Of buſy fate. O! do I hold thee ſafe!
The gods have been thy guard, and my ſupport.
Celo. And be they ever ſo. The winter's rage,
That tore your branches from the bleeding trunk,
Is now ſucceeded by the healing ſpring,
To ſtanch its wounds, and make it ſprout anew.
Receive her, as that welcome ſpring of life,
Pregnant of future bleſſings for the world,
To riſe in comforts on a father's age.
Her teeming virtues ſhall enrich this land,
With the moſt worthy progeny of kings,
A long poſterity of happy times.
Euphemia is the promiſe of the year,
A golden harveſt riſes to your hopes,
" All hearts rejoicing in the fruits of peace:
O! be that promiſe ev'ry year renew'd,
And in its circling plenty be fulfill'd!
So ſhall her gentle influence cheer mankind,
And ripen this into an age of gold,
Saturnian days may then again return,
And ev'n *Celona*'s griefs forget to mourn.
Leon. *The guilty wretch thus does the thunder tear:*
The innocent, involv'd by being near,
Are blaſted, and the ſpreading ruin ſhare.

EPILOGUE:

Written by Major *Richardſon Pack.*

OUR Author's Muſe a num'rous iſſue boaſts,
And many of the daughters have been toaſts.
She who now laſt appears upon the ſtage,
(The hopes and joy of his declining age)
With modeſt fears, a cens'ring world to ſhun,
Retir'd awhile, and liv'd conceal'd a nun:
At length, releas'd from that reſtraint, the dame
Truſts to the Town her fortune and her fame.
Abſence, and time, have loſt her many friends,
But this bright circle makes her large amends.
To you, fair Judges, ſhe ſubmits her cauſe;
Nor doubts, if you approve, the Mens applauſe.
Some ſullen formal rogue perhaps may lour,
(Rebel to female, as to royal pow'r)
But all the gay, the gallant, and the great,
On Beauty's ſtandard with ambition wait.
Glory is vain, where love has had no part:
The poſt of honour is a woman's heart.
Ev'n chains are ornaments, that you beſtow;
The more your ſlaves, the prouder ſtill we grow.
Man, a rough creature, ſavage form'd, and rude,
By you to gentler manners is ſubdu'd:
In the ſweet habitude we grow refin'd,
And poliſh ſtrength with elegance of mind.

Our ſex may repreſent the bolder pow'rs;
The Graces, Muſes, and the Virtues, yours.

But ah! 'tis pity, that for want of care,
Madmen and fops your bounty ſometimes ſhare,
Wretches in Wit's deſpight and Nature's born,
Beneath your favour, nay, below your ſcorn.
May poor Celona's *wrongs a warning prove,*
And teach the Fair with dignity to love.
Let wealth ne'er tempt you to abandon ſenſe,
Nor knaves ſeduce you with their grave pretence.
Be vile profaneneſs ever in diſgrace,
And vice abhorr'd, as treacherous and baſe.
Revere yourſelves; and, conſcious of your charms,
Receive no dæmon to an angel's arms.
Succeſs can then alone your vows attend,
When Worth's the motive, Conſtancy the end.

MONEY THE MISTRESS.

A

PLAY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

——*Formam Regina Pecunia donat,*
Et bene nummatam decorat—Hor. Epiſt. 6. Lib. 1.

TO

JOHN,

Lord BOYLE.

My Lord,

THIS Play does not come recommended from the Stage; but in the opinion that it carries its entertainment into the cloſet, I preſume to knock at your Lordſhip's door, to take it in. The tale is a very fine one, as Madam *Dunoy* has told it in *The Lady's Voyage into Spain*, and I hope will be allowed, with ſome ſkill and addreſs, to be brought by me into the unity of the ſcene and compaſs of a play. Some, the beſt judges of dramatic performances, have gone a great way in commendation of this, and at the ſame time believed it would not take with the Town. Since

the palate is vitiated, let thoſe anſwer who have depraved it. If the tale be good, the plot well laid, and digeſted into the ſtrength and ſupport of the whole; the diſpoſition of the buſineſs natural and eaſy; the incidents proper and prepared; the ſentiments honourable and virtuous, and the writing able to ſpeak for itſelf, all which I hope I have ſecured in this piece, I ſhall think I have done my part: It is framed on the model of *Terence*, and as Comedies ought to be, not to do harm; the characters in nature, the manners inſtructive of youth, and at leaſt becoming ſixty and ſix, the age of the writer. I have puniſhed infidelity in the lover, and falſeneſs in the friend: And that I myſelf may not be guilty of a greater crime, a ſin againſt human nature, Ingratitude, I take this occaſion to confeſs the obligations that I muſt ever have to my great benefactor the Earl of *Orrery*, your Lordſhip's father. It is to his favour that I have now in my old age the reaſonable comforts of life, and that I am not ſtraitned in any the conveniencies of it, by what could happen to the play. His generous goodneſs may forget benefits ſo long ſince conferred,

but

but 'tis a duty upon me to have 'em ever freſh in my mind, and it is with ſincere pleaſure that I acknowledge 'em to your Lordſhip, and in this dedication enter into new engagements of thankfulneſs, deſiring to be continued in the number of your Lordſhip's well-wiſhers, that from your promiſing qualities, you may ſucceed to your father's polite learning, and good ſenſe, and riſe to the reputation, and honours, which ſo many of the noble houſe of *Boyle* have ſo worthily enjoy'd. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,

Humble Servant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

PROLOGUE:

Written by Mr. WELSTED, ſpoken by Mr. QUIN.

FROM the dull beaten road reſolv'd to ſtray,
This author, for the ſubject of his play,
Does every ſect and every nation chuſe:
French, Spaniards, Moors, *and unbelieving* Jews!
So ſubtle chymiſts to import are known,
From different climates, medicines for their own:
This is his ſcheme—But much, he fears, at length,
Is waſted of his fire and wonted ſtrength.
The ſuns decay; the brighteſt luſtre wains;
Nor is he all he was in former reigns:
Then was his day to court th' inconſtant ſtage;
Enfeebled now, and diffident with age,
To you, ye fair, for patronage he ſues:
O! laſt defend, who firſt inſpir'd his Muſe!
In your ſoft ſervice he has paſs'd his days,
And gloried to be born for woman's praiſe:
Depreſt at length, and in your cauſe decay'd,
The good old man, to beauty bends for aid;
That beauty, he has taught ſo oft to moan!
That never let Imoinda *weep alone,*
And made his Iſabella's *griefs its own!*
Ere you aroſe to life, ye blooming train;
Ere time brought forth our pleaſure and our pain;

He melted hearts, to monarchs' vows deny'd!
And ſoft'ned to diſtreſs unconquer'd pride:
O! then protect, in his declining years,
The man, that fill'd your mothers' eyes with tears!
The laſt of Charles's *bards! The living name,*
That roſe, in that Auguſtan *age, to fame!*
And you, his brother-authors, bravely dare
To join to-night the ſquadrons of the fair;
With zeal protect your veteran writer's page,
And ſave the Drama's *father, in his age:*
Nor let the wreath from his grey head be torn;
For half a century, with honour worn!
His merits to your tribe to mind recall;
Of ſome the patron, and a friend to all!
In him the poets' Neſtor *ye defend!*
Great Otway's *peer, and greater* Dryden's *friend.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Governor of *Tangier*,	Mr. *Diggs.*
WARCOURT, an *Engliſh* colonel,	Mr. *Quin.*
MOURVILLE, his lieutenant-colonel, a *Frenchman*,	Mr. *Ryan.*
MARSAN, a *French* captain, married to *Diana* the governor's daughter,	Mr. *Walker.*
Don MANUEL, a *Spaniſh* captain of horſe,	Mr. *Boheme.*
WINGRAVE, a captain upon the party with *Mourville*,	Mr. *Milward.*
DAVILA, father to *Mariana*,	Mr. *Hippeſley.*
MOLUZA, a *Moor*,	Mr. *Hall.*
HAMET, his caſhier.	
NATHAN, a *Jew*.	
Another *Jew*.	

WOMEN.

MARIANA,	Mrs. *Younger.*
HARRIET,	Mrs. *Bullock.*
DIANA,	Mrs. *Moſſet.*
TERESA, wife to don *Manuel*,	Mrs. *Martin.*

SCENE, *Tangier* and the *Moors* camp before the town.

MONEY THE MISTRESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Market Place in* Tangier, *before the Court of Guard.*

Enter Governor, Warcourt, Manuel, Marſan, *and Officers of the Garriſon.*

WARCOURT.

WHO goes upon this party?

Man. A foot officer, I ſuppoſe; there's nothing to be done without a foot officer: had he been in the cavalry, I might have been on horſeback as ſoon as another; but 'tis an *Engliſhman*, I warrant you.

Gov. Why an *Engliſhman?*

Man. O, there's a national good-nature among you, that never refuſes a countryman an opportunity of having his bones broke.

War. You are witty upon us.

Man. You are always plaguy civil to one another, when there is nothing to be got by the courteſy.

Gov. Why faith, I think he knows us.
But if the *Moors* come on, as they begin,
Tangier will find employment for you all.
Your *Spaniſh* honour may have no occaſion to complain.

Man. Why truly we foreigners have no reaſon to complain of your ſervice, for you commonly bring it about to have no body beaten but your ſelves.

Gov. Every man in his turn, don.

Marſ. It may come to your ſhare, *Spaniard*, and no body grudge you the fortune.

War. We can ſpare you a wooden leg, to mend your dancing——

Man. O colonel, I ſhall rob you.

War. To ſerve a friend, ſir.

Enter Mourville.

Gov. Here's your lieutenant-colonel, may be glad of one to bring him back again.

War. Mourville the man then?

Mour. All's in a readineſs, governor; the detachment made, and drawn up on the parade; the ſoldiers have made even with this world: Every man has lickt over his landlady, ſettled his ſins and ſons upon her, ſilenc'd his conſcience with her laſt quartern of brandy, and bequeath'd his foreſkin to the *Moors*; we only wait your marching-orders, to try whether they will circumciſe us or no.

Enter Mariana, Diana, Tereſa, Harriet.

Gov. I'll ſee you march my ſelf.
Good-morrow, ladies.

Mour. My *Mariana* there!

Gov. You are for church this morning?

Dia. To pray for your ſucceſs againſt the *Moors*.

Mour. Wiſh it, and have it, ladies: I am your champion; ſend but your wiſhes heartily along with me, and I'll do your buſineſs without the help of a parſon; drive your fears back upon the infidels, and bring you the ſucceſs of all your hopes.

Gov. Nay, if the women's wiſhes will do any good, I dare ſay, you will have ſome of the warmeſt in *Tangier* along with you.

War. Mourville was always a favourite of the women.

Dia. I dare anſwer for this company, we wiſh you well, and ſafely back again; but a marry'd woman's wiſhes can't go far with you; I'll join my prayers to 'em.

Ter. Nay, if a young married woman's wiſhes can't go far, mine may ev'n ſtay at home. I believe I muſt pray for you.

Man. Had ſhe been fit for any thing elſe, I ſhould hardly have brought her to *Tangier*.

Mour. What ſay you, madam? You ſeem to have ſomething beſides your prayers to ſpare upon a charitable occaſion.

Har. Why really, ſir, 'tis not ſo maidenly to make ſuch public declarations; but I am going to church, as you ſee, for company with my relations; I can't promiſe you'll be very much the better for my devotion, but I wiſh you very well, if that will do you a ſervice, and I'll pray, if I can, for you.

Man. She'll do him as good a turn, when ſhe ſees him again.

A good girl! St. *Jago*, I believe her.

Mour. Your bleſſing, *Mariana*.

Mar. I wiſh you ſafe, ſir, for your own ſake, and quickly back again for the ſake of your miſtreſs.

Mour. There, madam, you have charm'd me;
I have indeed a miſtreſs left behind;
May ſhe prove conſtant.

Mar. You continue kind.

Mour. Now, governor, I go. [*Exit.*

Gov. I follow you.

Man. Sir, ſir, I would not have theſe raſcally unbelievers imagine you have put off any entertainment upon their account. You were talking of——

Gov. I underſtand you, don. Daughter, I muſt oblige you to bring the company to the caſtle. This alarm won't laſt long, and muſt not diſturb the meeting of our friends; pray tell 'em I expect 'em.

Ter. You'll go to chapel with us?

Man. What, at ſuch a time as this is? Why the town may be beſieg'd before morning for ought I know, and I hope

I hope I underſtand my ſelf better, than to pray, and neglect the king's buſineſs. Your old ſoldiers never pray before the danger is over.

Ter. Nor then neither.

Man. Beſides, in an *Engliſh* garriſon, it is not ſo faſhionable; one *Ave-Mary* here would be an article of cowardice againſt me; I might loſe my commiſſion by it. [*Ex. Women.*

Gov. Well, don, we ſhall be even with you.

War. But you who are always in the intereſt of the women, why did not you go along with them?

Marſ. You have a deſign upon ſome of 'em.

Man. Not upon my wife, you believe. But does any gentleman live without a deſign upon the women? I always deſign upon half the women of my acquaintance.

War. And do you always ſucceed?

Man. I can't ſay always; but I loſe no more than the woman does, if I don't ſucceed; and then I never fail of pleaſing my ſelf.

Gov. There's ſomething indeed in that, don.—Come, colonel, *Mourville* ſtays; I'll order him to march, and we ſhall ſee from *Peterborough* tower how they behave themſelves. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Manuel.

Man. Well, here am I engaging in other affairs—— let me ſee——here's a young woman, the governor's daughter, married to *Marſan*, a *French* officer—I don't ſay I'm in love with her——and I have a mind to—— what a devil have I a mind to now? Or how am I ſure I have a mind? I have known myſelf miſtaken before now; and upon the whole matter, found, I had not near ſo much mind as I thought I had when I came to diſcover it to the lady. A pox on this *Marſan* tho', for being ſuch a pretty fellow—a handſome, promiſing young dog! Wou'd his wife could ſay half ſo much of her humble ſervant——Why I verily believe if a man could enter into the ſecret, ſhe has as little reaſon as I have to make him a cuckold—but hang reaſon; 'twould be

be a bad world with moſt of us, if reaſon were always to rule. A woman may cuckold her huſband, I hope, whether ſhe has any reaſon or no——well, there's one comfort, he's a *Frenchman*, and will give me as many opportunities——but then ſhe's an *Engliſh* woman, and will make as little uſe of an opportunity——But what's an opportunity to a man who has no occaſion of making uſe of one?—my opportunities may be harder to come by than his for ought I know, and then—I could adviſe myſelf now to give over playing the fool—but at my years every thing is playing the fool—and can any man direct me to a better diverſion?—If I can perſwade her to play the fool, no body will think I play the fool——if not, every man is to be laught at for one thing or other, and pray allow me to make myſelf merry my way, if I can.

Enter Davila.

Dav. O, Don *Manuel*, I am glad to find you; you're of the ſoberer part of Chriſtendom, of *Spain*; you'll ſpeak ſenſe to me: what think you of the times, good Captain?

Man. The times truly are likely be good times, for thoſe who have nothing to loſe.

Dav. Ay, that's my fear; a bad world likely to be, Captain.

Man. Every man mend one then: Can you help me to a *French* taylor?

Dav. A *French* taylor!

Man. To take me into conſideration, to remove me out of this faſhion of my forefathers, and tranſplant me into any habit of a gentleman.

Dav. You are not in earneſt ſure; theſe are not times to——

Man. A pox on the times! what have I to do with the times? the worſe, the better for a ſoldier; and a pox on thee for putting me in mind of myſelf. I had no extraordinary opinion of my perſon before; and now thou com'ſt to put me quite out of conceit with it. If I make as conſiderable a figure as thou doſt, which I

villainouſly

villainouſly ſuſpect may be about that conſideration, I am in a way to make cuckolds, that's certain—— why thy *Gullilio* looks like a fortification to thy face, rais'd there to defend thy gravity againſt all aſſaults the women may offer to thy beard.

Dav. Look upon your own, good Captain.

Man. Ay, ay, I ſee it—kiſſing was not thought of, I ſuppoſe, when this was invented; and for our pudding-bag breeches here, they were deſign'd for the family ſecurity to the wives, of the peaceable behaviour of their huſbands. They ſit as cloſe as the inquiſition upon a man's conſcience: let your occaſions be what they will to be wicked, you were never deſign'd to come out of 'em. [*A retreat ſounded.*

Dav. Hark, Captain! this drum does not ſound as it us'd to do.

Man. 'Tis a retreat, *Davila:* an honourable word for running away: but the governor will tell us more.

Enter Governor, Warcourt, Marſan.

Gov. Never excuſe him, colonel; he has his fortune, and deſerves it.

War. A better fortune, governor.

Gov. When I particularly cautioned him—

War. I don't maintain his faults: It was a fault, to go beyond his orders; but the firſt—

Gov. A ſoldier cannot make a ſecond fault;
'Tis mine, if I employ him.

Enter Wingrave.

Captain, you're welcome home; you've ſav'd your men,
And made a wiſe retreat; I thank your care.
Wou'd I cou'd ſay as much for *Mourville* too.

Win. Faith, ſir, you may; there's always enough to be ſaid of a gallant man, and he is that at leaſt.

Gov. I did not ſend to try my opinion of his gallantry,
Whether he durſt be taken priſoner; I know he dares,
Dares like a ſoldier, and a gentleman,

Who

Who muſt dare every honourable thing;
But I would have had him done the king's buſineſs
Sometimes, as well as always his own.

Win. I hope the king's buſineſs is done, Sir.

Gov. I thankt you for it then.

Man. If it be ſuch a crime to be taken priſoner, Captain, it may be dangerous to come into the temptation: There are officers in the garriſon, will have the grace to avoid it, I ſuppoſe.

Win. Nay, if the ſoldier's forward ſervices once come to be decided by ſucceſs; fortune makes all our wars, and we do nothing.

War. Have you loſt many in the action, *Wingrave?*

Win. None loſt, I hope, colonel; ſome twenty taken——

Man. Merry fellows, governor; they would go along with their officer. You may hear of 'em next market-day. They are only gone to learn the diſcipline of the *Moor*'s camp: they'll ſtay till you ſend for 'em, I warrant you.

Gov. Be it your care. The captain of the guard [*To* Wingrave.
Does ſend a trumpet, to enquire from me
About the priſoners—*Davila* ſhall go——
Our private men may be exchang'd for theirs.
But *Mourville*'s ranſom——

War. Muſt be thought upon—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Davila's *Houſe.*

Enter Mariana *and* Harriet.

Mar. 'Tis paſt diſpute, the news of every tongue, and I am miſerable: *Mourville*'s a priſoner, taken by the *Moors*; my hopes all led into captivity, enſlav'd, and loſt in him: O *Harriet!* another day had made my fortune ſure; made me his wife, and fix'd the giddy wheel,

Which

Which whirl'd by fate, muſt now for ever rowl,
And always turn from me.

Har. Hope better, couſin.

Mar. What can I hope? O, that our inclinations
Should ſo betray our happineſs to love,
To love theſe men, who wo'not love themſelves.

Har. Why this you get by loving a ſoldier;
I told you what would come of it.

Mar. Why have they power to make poor women ſlaves,
And not ſecure themſelves from being ſo?
Or if they are ſo fond of ſlavery,
It ſhou'd, methinks, it ſhou'd be only ours.

Har. Indeed this honour, which the men follow ſo cloſe, is hardly ſo conſtant a miſtreſs as you are, couſin; when her admirers have done as much as they can for her, like a true jilting jade, by one trick or other, ſhe ſeldom fails of deceiving 'em in the end.

Mar. Then *Warcourt!* how ſhall I behave to him?

Har. Here comes your father.

Enter Davila.

Dav. So, ſo, what's here to do with you? down on your marrow-bones, and thank heav'n for the good fortune that's towards you.

Mar. Good fortune, Sir!

Dav. Ay, ay, a great good fortune, not only to have ſo rich an offer as colonel *Warcourt*; but to be ſecure from the danger of being undone by theſe pretty fellows. Here's *Mourville* now a priſoner: I am going to the *Moor*'s camp, the governor won't redeem him: what a taking his miſtreſs is in? why he is not worth the ſhoes he goes upon; ſhe, poor ſoul, muſt foot it for life, for her folly. Let her fortune be a warning to all young women who have an inclination for coaches. My daughter is to ride in air; I have a huſband for her, who will never ſuffer her to ſet a foot to the ground more. I'll bring him in; receive him as a bleſſing to the family, and as he deſerves.

Mar. The colonel deſerves of me more than I ſhall ever be able to pay him; that's one part of my diſtreſs.

Davila *introduces* Warcourt.

Dav. Here, colonel, I give you my fatherly authority——

War. Your leave I thank you for.

Dav. To make uſe of all your arguments to my daughter.

Mar. There will need few——

Dav. The fewer the better; and ſo I leave you to drive on the bargain. Come you with me, miſtreſs.

[*Exit with* Harriet.

Mar. Very few, to convince me how much I am indebted to your generoſity and goodneſs.

War. If there had been any room for generoſity in your family, your goodneſs had engag'd it: but I have acted upon the principle of loving my ſelf. For I have long obſerv'd, and admir'd the gentleneſs of your diſpoſition, which, in my eſtimation, is the nurſing-mother of content in private life: I wou'd have endeavour'd before to ſecure that family felicity in you; but my long illneſs deny'd me any approaches towards it. What I left behind me would have told you how much I eſteemed you. If I had died, you had got by my death; but ſince I am recover'd, I ſhall be happy indeed, if I can recover you.

Mar. My confuſion muſt be my excuſe, from my ignorance, how I ſhould behave my ſelf, or of what I ſhould ſay on a ſubject of ſo much caution and conſequence.

War. Of the higheſt conſequence indeed, and deſerving the niceſt caution.

Mar. This is the firſt time you have mention'd it to me; I muſt entreat you to regard that gentleneſs of diſpoſition, which you are pleas'd to ſay you have taken notice of, by allowing me to come back to my ſelf from that hurry of ſpirits, ſo natural to our ſex on ſuch ſurprizing occaſions.

War. I wou'd not ſurprize you, I wou'd not drive you from your ſelf; I wou'd have your cooleſt thoughts.

Mar. Then you will not aſſert the authority my father has given you, by preſſing me in time, beyond the decency of my character.

War. I honour it too much, to deſire to injure it. I give up the authority of your father, and reſign my ſelf entirely to your diſpoſal.

Mar. My father has the right of nature to diſpoſe of me, and his goodneſs intends all things to my advantage, therefore he commands me to receive you; I do with all ſubmiſſion to him, and thankfulneſs to you.

War. I am very ſenſible of the diſadvantages I come upon, from the inequality of our years. I have not the gaiety of youth, to dance my deſigns into the favour of the ladies; but then I have not that mint in my mouth for the coinage and utterance of falſe vows and oaths, which have paſſed current on many a virgin, ruined and undone, before the diſcovery of the baſeneſs of the alloy. Since therefore I am ſo far out of the faſhion, to ſcruple the promiſe from the impoſſible performance, I will not make many profeſſions, but beg leave to hope that I may, by my real ſervices, in time, become more agreeable to you. [*Exit.*

Mar. What an uncommon misfortune I am fal'n into! beggar'd by my proſperity; undone by what would have made another woman's fortune. If I complain to my friends, they rejoice that I have an opportunity of ſuch an eſtabliſhment. If I beſpeak the compaſſion of my own ſex, they cry, I am happier than comes to any one woman's ſhare. 'Tis an aggravation to my calamity, that I have no body to pity me. Was there never any woman in love before me, to have a fellow-feeling of my diſtreſs? or are they all corrupted by the bribery of fortune, and family, in the equipage, and indifferent to the man, or the monkey that rides in the coach? Sure they are not of the ſame compoſition with me; I am transfus'd, converted into the object of my love;

my

my every faculty, and power of ſoul employ'd on *Mourville*, my underſtanding bigotted to him; my memory of no further uſe to me, than to reflect the images of what he did, and ſaid, that charm'd me from his tongue; my will and wiſhes all reclin'd on him.

Enter Davila *with* Warcourt's *preſent*. Harriet.

Dav. Ay, this is ſpeaking ſenſe, this is oratory, this is perſuaſion, daughter! a preſent of jewels! there's nothing to be ſaid after it: he's ſure of his welcome, who paves his way with pearl and diamond. Here's a necklace now of pearl, that wou'd become the oriental boſom of the empreſs of *China*; ear-rings more brilliant than her eyes, to bob at her ears, and a diamond buckle, the emblem of matrimony, to twitch you together. The colonel knows the way to the heart of a woman. Here girl, take 'em, I warrant they coſt ſix or ſeven hundred pound.

Mar. I can't receive 'em, father, on ſo ſlight an acquaintance.

Dav. Slight me no ſlights; you'll be better acquainted in a little time. Take 'em, I ſay; I'll bring you quickly acquainted. If it were not for my going to the *Moor*'s camp about the priſoners, I would marry you to him to-morrow.

Mar. To-morrow!

Dav. Somebody ſhall fare the worſe for preventing me; *Mourville*, I mean: I'll take care to keep him there; I'll have no fooling in ſuch a fortune; ſhow your duty in your compliance, and expect to marry him at my return. No delay, no excuſe, nothing ſhall prevent it; therefore prepare for it; for as ſure as you are my daughter, you ſhall be *Warcourt*'s wife. [*Exit.*

Mar. The ſuddenneſs ſurprizes me; I have no debating time. Now, *Harriet*, thy friendſhip in extremity.

Har. My friendſhip is ready. Which way to employ it?

Mar. I can't direct you the way yet; but I conjure you to aſſiſt me in following a deſperate reſolution that I have taken, to free my ſelf from this marriage.

Har. I'll aſſiſt you in any reſolution, practicable, or deſperate; but to make our undertaking, whatever it is to be, more practicable, I adviſe the taking the jewels along with you.

Mar. No, that would be accepting his love in his preſent.

Har. They would be ſerviceable in any deſign.

Mar. I'll have nothing to do with 'em; I have other things in my head.

Har. I'll take the trouble of carrying 'em in.

Uncertain of the path in which to move,
We blindly wander, when the guide is Love.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Warcourt, Marſan, Manuel.

WARCOURT.

MOST ſurpriſing!

Marſ. Very extraordinary!

Man. Very ſtrange, indeed!

Marſ. The family is in an uproar, ſervants running every way, the mother in a diſtracted condition, not knowing what ſhe is ſaying or doing.

War. Have they been at the *Mole?* no veſſel gone off?

Marſ. They have enquired there: nothing has ſtirr'd.

War. They don't apprehend any miſchief, I hope?

Marſ. They were afraid of it at firſt, till they remembred that *Harriet* was miſſing too.

Man. Then all agreed, that as well as ſhe loved *Mariana*, ſhe was not a companion for ſuch an expe-

dition: tho' ſhe would jump as far into a frolick of this world, as another, ſhe would come lamely to the taking a trip into the next. And when it came ſeriouſly to hanging or drowning, ſhe would bilk the adventure, dive out of danger, or ſlip her neck out of the collar, and cozen her deareſt relation of her company.

Marſ. So, from her character, 'tis to be hop'd there's no danger of t'other world, whatever has betided 'em in this.

War. I wiſh it may prove ſo.

Marſ. I wiſh it may. I'll go and comfort the good woman, as we ſhould all do, I think: my wife is gone to her already.

Man. I'll go along with you. I make one on all good-natured occaſions.

War. I'll be there in a little time, and do her all ſervice in my power. [*Exe.* Man. Marſan.

Enter Servant.

Any further diſcovery? Any tidings of her yet?

Serv. No certainty; all agree that *Mariana* and *Harriet* are gone together, but whither—

War. There are not many places to go to.

Serv. If any boat had gone off, they might have gone over to *Tariff*, in their way, over land, to *Cales*, to *Harriet*'s father, *Lopez de Vega*, the rich merchant.

War. But no boat has gone off.

Serv. There is a report, tho' a very unlikely one, that they are gone with *Davila* to the *Moors* camp.

War. To the *Moors* camp!

Serv. This is certain, that there were two women ſeen to go along with him from Port *Catherine*.

War. Tho' 'tis moſt unreaſonable to think a father ſhould carry his daughter there, I will uſe the means to be ſatisfy'd. Tell *Nathan*, I muſt ſpeak with him immediately. [*Exit ſervant.*] I can't ſettle in any thought upon this unlucky accident of *Mariana*'s going away. If I find, that I have been any way the cauſe of her diſturbance, I will reſtore her to her peace, tho' I cannot promiſe my ſelf ſo much to my own.

Enter Servant and Nathan.

Serv. *Nathan* was coming to you, Sir.

Nath. With bad news, juſt landed, Colonel; that two rich *Weſt India* ſhips of *Cales* are taken by the *Sallee* men.

War. That may fall heavy on ſome of our friends. I muſt employ you, *Nathan*, to the *Moors* camp.

Nath. I am always ready for your employment.

War. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt Servant*, Nathan.] What does the wiſdom of the world amount to in the counting? If we knew what would continue ſtill to be deſir'd, 'twere worth our pains to compaſs that deſire.

Reſtleſs, from wiſh to wiſh we wander on,
And no poſſeſſion can inſure content. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the* Moors *Camp.*

Enter Davila, Mariana, Harriet *veil'd.*

Dav. An old ſaying and a true one; give me the employment, I'll make it worth having. Salary walks on foot, perquiſites ride in coaches; you no ſooner ſet out on the King's buſineſs, but Bribery bows to you, is your moſt obſequious, and till he's receiv'd into ſervice, will follow in the train; ſo that when an old man can't run, it will overtake him in time. Five piſtoles!

Mar. I am ſtill afraid of being diſcovered.

Har. A lover and afraid! We are at our journey's end! Fear nothing. The little gold we have given him has hinder'd him from diſcovering any thing, but the way to get more: it has put him into very good humour: beſides, he never ſaw us in this dreſs.

Dav. Well daughters, daughters, as I call you, here you have given me five piſtoles for my paſs-port to the *Moors* camp, and here I have brought you ſafe and ſound; but how ſafe and ſound you are to continue, is your affair. Five piſtoles! you might have had your account in *Tangier* for that money without coming ſo far: I am oblig'd to throw you that advice into the bargain, daughters, againſt another time.

Har. But, Sir, we are coming to our friends.

Dav. Are not you running from 'em? I ſuſpect the goodneſs of your cauſe, by the largeneſs of your fee. But how durſt you venture to come with a ſtranger?

Har. We are no ſtrangers to your character, your honeſty——

Dav. Honeſty's the beaten road, no graſs will grow upon it; you muſt turn out of the way to grow fat.

Har. We have a brother in the camp, he will convey us to *Tetuan*, to our real father, *Benzaddi*, the *Jew*.

Dav. Benzaddi your father! I have been in debate with my ſelf a good while, as *Benzaddi* your real father would have been on ſuch an occaſion.

Har. About what, Sir?

Dav. About making much of you——

Har. Ay, marry ſir.

Dav. Or rather about making the moſt of you——

Har. As how pray?

Dav. By ſelling you.

Har. By ſelling us?

Dav. This is an excellent market for woman's fleſh. But if you have a *Jew* to your father——

Mar. I find I have. [*Aſide.*

Dav. Be you but handſome and young, he knows how to make money of you; if you miſs of your brother, I can help you to good company——

Har. That will be kind, to provide for your daughters——

Dav. Where I am going.

Har. You are going to redeem priſoners.

Dav. To exchange ſome; but for redeeming, that will keep cold: Like other wife plenipotentiaries, I will provide for my own affairs, and then take care of the public.

Har. Do they interfere then?

Dav. I'll tell you, all the young fellows in the garriſon belong to the public, and all the private families in *Tangier*, I think, belong to them: The father, or huſband, may ſhut the door, but the wife or daughter will lift up the latch.

Har. But the good company you will help us to.

Dav. Well remembred! *Mourville*, the Lieutenant-Colonel.

Mar. I know him a little.

Har. I wou'd know more of him.

Dav. And may, if you and he can agree upon the matter, you may know more of him, and it will be good-naturedly done of you to fiddle faddle away ſome time with him, it may lye on his hands elſe, longer than he cares for; he's at preſent in diſgrace with the governour, it will blow over, but here he muſt ſtay for fair weather.

Har. You have ſome perſonal quarrel to him.

Dav. Not more to him than the reſt. If all the young fellows in *Tangier* were here, here they ſhould ſtay, till I had marry'd my daughter. That ſhould not be long neither, for I am reſolved to marry her as ſoon as I can get back again. I muſt make haſte, I have buſineſs that will take me up; when I have ſettled that, 'twill be time enough for my priſoners.

Har. You take but little care of your daughters. Who is to bring us to the ſight of this *Mourville* in your abſence?

Dav. O, here comes the man I was going to, and the man that is wanted.

Enter Moluza.

In good time my good friend, *Moluza*, to do me a good office. *Mourville* is your priſoner, I know.

Mol. And you know I am at the top of the market; he carries a good price, I am bid money for him already.

Dav. Pray gratify my daughters curioſity.

Mol. Your daughters!

Dav. And allow 'em to viſit him.

Mol. Viſit and welcome.

Dav. I have wide dealings among the *Jews*, you know, which will take me up two or three hours; when I have ſettled 'em, I ſhall find you at home for the priſoners.

Mol. Money will find me, and a welcome at all times. Come, ladies. [*Exe. ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes.*

Re-enter Moluza, Mariana, Harriet.

Mol. I'll ſend my priſoner to you. [*Exit.*

Har. Two or three hours! A great deal may be done in two or three hours. There may be a good uſe made of his calling us daughters.

Enter Mourville.

Mour. My *Mariana!* O aſtoniſhment!

Mar. Aſtoniſhment! Is it a wonder that the body ſhould follow the directions of the ſoul?

Mour. Thou art all wonder.

Mar. You the ſoul of me, I cou'd not bear the news of your ſlavery, but was diſtracted with the thoughts of it, at a time when I was condemn'd to a fearful apprehenſion of my own.

Mour. Of your ſlavery?

Mar. Of marriage ſlavery; and therefore I have broke through all the conſiderations that would have adviſed me in other regards, all the dangers that threatened in my way; to find a refuge in my *Mourville*'s arms, give up my life and liberty to you; for bondage here is life and liberty.

Har. Well, theſe are very pretty things, but hereafter for them; now, if you pleaſe, to our buſineſs. Strange things have happen'd in the family ſince you were together. You know that colonel *Warcourt* had always a reſpect for my couſin; that reſpect, as we thought, has now flam'd out in the brighteſt expreſſions of admiration and love. The father and mother have ſet him down for their ſon-in-law; he wants only your advice as a friend, for the daughter's conſent, and then you may have the honour of being a brideman at the wedding.

Mar. How can you be ſo cruel, to make a jeſting matter of ſo great a misfortune?

Mour. Misfortune! Ruin! ruin to my hopes!

Har. I'll tell you firſt the misfortune to the lady, and then I'll conſider the ſtate of your caſe, *Mourville.*

Colonel *Warcourt* you know had been in a deſperate way of his health, and a great while in danger of dying, made his will, left it in *Davila*'s keeping, to open it upon his death, or at his requeſt, when recover'd. The will was open'd about your coming away, which to the wonderment of the by-ſtanders, gave *Mariana* a thouſand pounds a-year in *England*, in caſe of his death; the father and mother, I told you, are at their wits end to be related to this thouſand pound a year, in a country of liberty, and ſhe has run through all theſe rough roads to overturn the title, or break the neck of their expectations.

Mour. You have given your ſelf ſome trouble to break the neck of mine.

Mar. Not ſo, I hope.

Har. Nay, if you cannot extract a ſpirit of conſolation from theſe materials of fire and fondneſs, you are a thread-bare chymiſt: and ought never to attempt the philoſopher's ſtone.

Mar. 'Tis ſoberly true, what ſhe has been telling in her mad way.

Mour. She has put me on the rack of a rival; and I ſhall live in torment.

Har. If you are inclining to be jealous——

Mar. I cou'd not be jealous of you, *Mourville*; and methinks 'tis of ominous reflection, that one time or other you may be ſeduc'd by your intereſt, who can imagine it has ſo ſtrong a temptation to me.

Mour. Mine is the jealouſy of fear, not of my love: when I remember how many women have unbleſt the ordinance of marriage, by a proſtitution of bed and board to old age, infamy, deformity and diſeaſe, and have ſubmitted their youth, beauty and health to monſters they have not been able to look upon, who have frighted them in the morning, from the enjoyment of every one of their ſenſes; I cannot but wonder at the bewitching charms of money, and believe it difficult to be overpowered when it is preſented by a valuable hand.

Mar. I have a moſt valuable regard to colonel *Warcourt*, and his merit.

Mour. Every body muſt acknowledge his merit.

Mar. And from his good qualities and eſtate, I do believe the world wou'd find out an eaſy excuſe for a little inconſtancy.

Mour. An eaſy excuſe to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

Mar. And I muſt own to you——

Mour. 'Twill come to that, I fear. [*Aſide.*

Mar. That his behaviour has been ſo extraordinary, by diſtinguiſhing me in ſo eminent a manner, that tho' in the wildneſs of my paſſion I ran from the fortune that lay before me, it has upon maturer deliberation return'd me to my reaſon and intereſt—

Mour. There will always be reaſon in intereſt.

Mar. And given me the agreeable pleaſure and pride—

Mour. Either of which is ſufficient.

Mar. Of finding my ſelf, by the high price he has ſet upon me, ſo exalted and rais'd in the general eſteem, that even in your allowance, I muſt appear recommended with greater advantage——to my *Mourville.*

Mour. Surprizing happineſs!

Mar. In giving you a proof, that *Mariana* is not of the mercenary women you mentioned.

Mour. I was afraid you were going.

Mar. I have had a little revenge on your ſuſpicion of me, by your libel on the ſex.

Mour. I thought I ſhould loſe you, but you have rais'd me from my fears, and more than redeem'd me from my ſlavery.

Har. We came to redeem you.

Mar. I was reſolv'd to follow your fortune, wherever it carry'd you.

Mour. Tranſportingly kind! This is but a common fortune in the ſoldier's profeſſion, to be taken priſoner, it carries no farther than a ranſom.

Mar. You don't know how far it may carry, nor how long it may be to your ranſom.

Har. The governour is diſpleas'd with your going beyond his orders, and the perſon employed is reſolv'd to keep you here.

Mour. Who is employed? Your father us'd to be.

Har. 'Tis ev'n he; we came in his convoy.

Mour. He bring you here? how cou'd that be?

Har. We brought it about: There was a bribe in the way, that quieted all ſuſpicion and enquiry: nay, he call'd us daughters, and preſented us to *Moluza* to bring us to you.

Mour. And now what's to be done?

Mar. To get your liberty at any price.

Mour. I'm ſure I can't come up to it my ſelf.

Mar. I have brought what money and jewels I had of my own.

Har. Now, couſin, you find the folly of refuſing *Warcourt*'s preſent. Thoſe jewels would have been of excellent value here.

Mar. If I had thought of the ſervice they would have done me in your liberty, I ſhould have been tempted to take 'em. But, couſin, I underſtood that you had 'em.

Har. I intended to take 'em, but they were forgot, left behind, or loſt in the hurry. I can give no account of 'em.

Mar. Then other means muſt be found.

Har. I'll leave you together to adviſe, while I try my fortune with *Moluza* in negotiating this affair. [*Exit.*

Mour. With *Moluza?* negotiating with him! He has no ſenſe of any thing, but money: an arrant mule, that wo'not be beaten out of the road of his intereſt.

Mar. She has a deſign upon him; if it ſucceeds, ſhe ſays, we ſhall all be the better for it.

Mour. Nay, ſhe has mettle to undertake, and wit to conduct any managable affair.

Mar. I ſhould have ſunk under this undertaking, but for her ſpirit, that reviv'd me in the hopes of ſucceſs.

Mour. Succeſs to her enterprize then: but has your father diſcovered our loves, that he is reſolv'd to keep me here?

Mar. Not that I know of, but he would keep all the young officers of *Tangier* out of the way, to make ſure work of marrying me to the colonel.

Mour. Unlucky for me to be now in his power.

Mar. Moſt unlucky at this time——See, ſhe pleads powerfully with *Moluza*.

Mour. And he ſeems to liſten to her. They are coming this way, we won't interrupt 'em. Let us retire to my quarter, and expect the event. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Moluza *and* Harriet.

Mol. I don't diſlike a great deal of what you ſay; I can ſhow you my good nature, when you ſhow me my intereſt: *Turk* and Chriſtian agree in that doctrine.

Har. Your intereſt lies plainly in the way I propoſe.

Mol. When you lead me into it, my good nature ſhall follow. You tell me, you and your ſiſter came here chiefly to procure the liberty of *Mourville*——

Har. We did ſo.

Mol. Who was juſt upon marrying a dear friend of yours, a very great fortune——

Har. In a day or two.

Mol. Which he is likely to loſe, if he continues a priſoner——

Har. 'Tis as I told you.

Mol. Her father intending to marry her to another; that is the caſe, you ſay?

Har. That is the caſe, which we have undertaken upon her account; and his, in friendſhip to her; having this opportunity of coming, which the poor creature, his miſtreſs, would have been glad of, with *Davila* our father.

Mol. He comes to redeem him with the reſt, I ſuppoſe.

Har. No, no, Sir, he had told us before that *Mourville* was not to be redeem'd, which was the reaſon of our coming.

Mol. Not ranſom'd?

Har. Not by the public; he's fallen under the diſpleaſure of the governor, for being taken priſoner, by going beyond his orders: then as he is a ſoldier of for-

tune, and not having money to redeem himſelf, he may continue a long time here, to his ruin, and a great loſs in your trade.

Mol. A bad hearing: the quick return of our money is the life of trade; at this rate he may lie dead ſtock upon my hands. That is not the way to my intereſt. Which is the way you propoſe to it?

Har. You will allow *Davila* our father to be ſufficient ſecurity?

Mol. His note ſufficient for any thing he deals for.

Har. You ſhall have more than his note, you ſhall have his two daughters; my ſiſter and myſelf mortgag'd to you in ſecurity for *Mourville*'s ranſom.

Mol. How! how! ſpeak that again.

Har. Give *Mourville* his liberty, and we will be your priſoners in his room.

Mol. Are you in earneſt?

Har. Since 'twas the only expedient, we came for that purpoſe; by this means *Mourville* will marry his miſtreſs; and our father, *Davila*, pay his ranſom for us: ſo there's the life of trade in the quick return of your money.

Mol. I'm inclining to *Mourville*: had he been a cool fighter, he ſhould have had a warm reckoning, never expecting to ſee him more; but we're the better for ſuch gallant men as *Mourville*, they furniſh our markets, and by the forwardneſs of their courage, are liable to be priſoners again.

Har. And by his marrying this rich wife, he will be in a condition of paying an honourable ranſom, when he comes.

Mol. So far I cloſe with you, as daughters to *Davila*; but how do I know you are his daughters? he call'd you ſo indeed, but I muſt have further aſſurance.

Har. Not from *Davila*; his knowledge of our deſign would defeat it; he is employed to keep him here.

Mol. So you ſaid indeed.

Har. And to ſhow that I would not impoſe any thing upon you, tho' he call'd us daughters, as he uſually does, I own I am but his niece, an inconſiderable creature,

ture, in reſpect of his daughter, a very fine woman; ſhe is with *Mourville* within; her father lives but in the ſight of her, and wou'd not leave her behind him here, but for a day, to have the inſurance of his richeſt ſhip from the *Indies*. We will both ſtay if you demand it, but as ſhe is the daughter, and of that price in her father's affection, and as the handſomer, the more marketable woman ———

Mol. You ſay right, I will be contented with her, and leave you to the liberty of ſtaying or going: But will your couſin ſign theſe articles?

Har. At ſight of 'em.

Mol. My caſhier *Hamet*, in time of truce, has been at *Davila's* houſe; he may know if they are, as they ſay, related to him. [*Exit.*

Har. I have a fair proſpect in view, if I can come to the end on't. There is ſome rough way that will require wary walking.——'Tis pity we can't honeſtly bring about our deſigns ———Friend and couſin! Friendſhip is thought to be a combination of intereſts to ſtand againſt all oppoſition, and kindred the knot to tye thoſe intereſts ſtraiter together. How I ſhall act as a friend or a couſin, in this affair, will be a queſtion hereafter; the preſent muſt be regarded.

Enter Moluza, Mariana, Hamet.

Mol. Have you ever ſeen theſe women at *Tangier?*

Ham. Very often, at *Davila's* houſe; this his daughter *Mariana*; and this his couſin.

Mol. 'Tis well. Are you contented to be priſoner to me, to give *Mourville* his liberty?

Mar. Moſt chearfully and thankfully.

Mol. Then call him in. [*Exit* Hamet.

Re-enter Hamet *with* Mourville.

Mar. You have done wonders, couſin.

Mol. Colonel, here's your deliverer; go when you pleaſe, ſhe has paid your ranſom.

Mour. My ranſom! how?

Mol. She has paid down herſelf for you, her ſlavery for your liberty. [*Exit.*

Mar. I had giv'n my all to you before, and now give only your own to redeem you.

Mour. Is this the way to requite it? to leave you in my room, my benefactreſs behind me, expos'd, and inſulted by a thouſand brutalities, that wou'd never attempt me? Wou'd this be to repay you? wou'd this be to deliver me? to gall me with reproaches and contempt, more heavy and corroding into my ſoul, than the load and ruſt of my irons eating into my fleſh? Wou'd this be to redeem me? to ſink me into deeper bondage, to ſend me into an unrepealable captivity, where the eye of humanity wou'd abhor the ſight of me; a monſter of ſo vile an ingratitude, that no man was ever after to be believ'd or truſted, for my baſeneſs and ingratitude, unthankfulneſs to a woman who has out-gone the gallant examples of her ſex, in what ſhe has ſuffered, and done, for her conſtancy in love: and is my deſerting her to be my return?

Mar. This is not deſerting me.

Mour. No, condemn me to the galleys, chain me to the oar, bread and water my food, under the laſh of my maſters, or bury me in the mines, to toil out my days in damps and darkneſs; or to feed the wretched remnant of life, let me dig, and hew my bread out of the bowels of the quarry, rather than lengthen out my ſhame, under the gnawing reproach of ſo ever-growing an infamy.

Mar. I have ſtruggled thro' all this conflict that you now labour under. We muſt ſubmit to the neceſſity.

Har. And to the little time that is allowed you by your father; if he returns, he'll put an end to this diſpute of your gallantry, and by his prudent care, provide, that you ſhall never renew it again.

Mour. Mercileſs misfortune! and father! to bring it upon us! How ſhall I behave? What ſhall I do in this diſtreſs?

Har. Hear reaſon, and be govern'd by it: make uſe of your liberty, and gain your miſtreſs; if you ſtay here, you loſe her. Her father will carry her back, and marry her to *Warcourt*.

Mour. Tormenting thought! he may force her to it, if I am at *Tangier*.

Har. She may find out a way to you, if you are there. Beſides, when *Warcourt* is convinc'd of her behaviour, that ſhe has left herſelf in pawn for you, he'll cool in his compliments, and gueſs what he is to expect in a marriage with *Mariana*, a miſtreſs ſo determined, and profeſt, as ſhe has been to you.

Mar. You ſee, I have thrown away the regard of the deareſt thing in this life, my reputation, for your ſake. Reputation! the reward of virtue, the voluntary tribute of all good people, paid to it, in commendation and eſteem; and ſhall my ſacrifice of that moſt ſubſtantial good of this life, that life of life, and moſt neceſſary to the comfort of it, have no power to prevail upon you, to provide for my happineſs, if your own is not concern'd———

Mour. Not mine concern'd! My life and death at ſtake!

Mar. If I loſe you, I am miſerable; but much more ſo, if I am forc'd to be another's.

Mour. I will do every thing to prevent it.

Mar. What reproaches and contempt, what baſeneſs, and ingratitude can be charged upon you, for leaving me here, at my own entreaty, as the only means of coming together again? Will not thoſe bad words be rather thrown at you, for not complying with my requeſts? Will not the laughers be inclining to ſay, that I had deſerv'd of you indeed, but that from the inconſtancy of your nature, you were cloyed with my fondneſs, and would rather continue a priſoner, than be deliver'd by me? What will poor *Mariana*'s character then be in the mouth of the world? there you may be juſtly reproached with baſeneſs and ingratitude. O! let me not live to the day of ſuch a revolt, of ſuch a baſeneſs and ingratitude, ſuch an inconſtancy, to a creature of your own making, who have run away from my family to come to you, who have not only given to you my intereſt in this world, but have endanger'd my hopes in the next.

Mour. O fearful to hear! what can you mean?

Mar. By committing a ſin, which I thought I cou'd not have been tempted to, committing it with greedineſs and joy, by rebelling againſt the command, and making a merit of my diſobedience to my parents, to recommend me to you——may *Mourville* not be my puniſhment.

Mour. May ſeparation never be mine: Is it no puniſhment to leave you?

Har. To a fond father, who will redeem her at ſight, and bring her to town, almoſt as ſoon as you can be there.

Mour. I contend it no farther, I obey your advice, and, as you command, will leave you. You'll ſtay with her till he comes?

Har. Moſt certainly—but I have a qualm comes over me, if *Davila* from his diſappointment of your being redeem'd by his daughter, and his exceſſive love of money, ſhould, in his anger, delay the redeeming her.

Mour. That muſt be provided for, before I leave you.

Har. And I have the expedient—the only one—I'll go with *Mourville* to *Tangier*, ſollicit your mother, who governs the caſh and accounts, return with your ranſom from her fondneſs, and reſtore you to your wiſhes and wants.

Mar. That would be a reſtoration indeed.

Mour. The conflict ended, ſtill we part in pain,

Mar. As ſoul and body part, to meet again.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Moluza *and* Davila.

Dav. *Mourville* at liberty! And *Mariana* in his room? You muſt dream.

Mol. Are you awake?

Dav. My daughter! Impoſſible! How ſhould ſhe come here?

Mol. Nay, then you talk in your ſleep. Did not you bring her here?

Dav. I bring her here?

Mol. Your daughter and niece: you call'd 'em daughters, recommended 'em to me as ſuch, to ſhow 'em to *Mourville:* I us'd 'em civilly on your account; they told me what they came about.

Dav. To go to their father at *Tetuan*, *Benzaddi*, the *Jew*.

Mol. They took you for the *Jew*, that you were reſolved not to redeem *Mourville*, that he was to marry a rich friend of theirs, and therefore they took this opportunity of coming with you, to obtain his liberty, if they could.

Dav. Were thoſe women who came with me, and whom I called daughters, related to me?

Mol. Don't you know your own family?

Dav. Mariana my daughter, and *Harriet* my niece?

Mol. Or have you brought people with you to run away with your ſenſes?

Dav. You have almoſt perſuaded me out of 'em.

Mol. Mourville not being to be ranſom'd, and *Mariana* your daughter, and a handſome woman, being a full and fair ſecurity, I was for turning the penny; ſo *Mourville* is gone about his buſineſs, and I have taken the wiſeſt care of mine.

Dav. I have brought mine about finely indeed. This comes of bribery and perquiſites: I ſhall account for my five piſtoles, which I was ſo fond of, a way I did not ſuſpect; I took 'em for clear gains. Five hundred, I fear, will be wanting to balance 'em. [*Aſide.*

Mol. I'll bring your daughter to you. [*Exit.*

Dav. 'Tis juſt upon us, when we can't be contented to grow rich leiſurely, which our honeſt employments wou'd do for us; we may out-run conſequences for a time, but they will come up with us in the end.

Re-enter Moluza.

Mol. Your daughter is in the extremeſt confuſion; ſhe dares not appear before you.

Dav. She's in the right now, for there would appear a countenance very terrible, that ſhe never ſaw in her father before.

Mol. When ſhe has recover'd her fright, ſhe will throw her ſelf at your feet, and beg your forgiveneſs with prayers and tears.

Dav. What amends will prayers and tears make me?

Mol. You muſt forgive her at laſt.

Dav. You muſt help me to forgive her.

Mol. I do, with all my heart, forgive her for what ſhe has done.

Dav. I mean, you muſt forgive a part of her folly, in her fine; you muſt take a moderate ranſom for her. You and I have been old acquaintance and friends, have had dealings together a great while, and may better afford to be eaſy to one another.

Mol. You would not have me a loſer by my civility to your daughter?

Dav. No, not a loſer, but———

Mol. But what? Have you heard that acquaintance, or friendſhip, or kindred were ever tendered in part of payment, to any man of buſineſs, who underſtood the getting of money, or the prudent improvement of it? Make it your own caſe.

Dav. 'Tis like to continue ſo, I find.

Mol. I have known friendſhips made and improv'd, by combination, in a community of profit and gain, which have been torn to pieces by ſeparate intereſts, as ours happen to be at preſent.

Dav. Well, at a word, what muſt you have for her?

Mol. At a word, what *Mourville* ſhould have paid me.

Dav. Why, he was a great officer, a ſtout ſoldier, and able to do a great deal of ſervice in his way.

Mol. And your daughter, as a handſome woman, may do a great deal of ſervice in her way: I will have 500 piſtoles for her.

Dav. Five hundred piſtoles? You ſpeak as if you did not underſtand the getting of ſuch a ſum.

Mol. You ſhall be ſatisfied that I do; tho' you be unſatisfied in paying it.

Dav. She may hang upon your hands longer than you'll care for, I ſhall not be in haſte to redeem her.

Mol. But you ſhall, *Davila.*

Dav. I'll try that with you; you are not yet in my pocket; my purſe is my own. [*Exit.*

Mol. But I have hold of the ſtrings. He'll come to himſelf, and to my price too.

Enter Hamet.

Ham. Our *Sallee* men have brought in two rich *Weſt Indian* ſhips: they took 'em ſome days ago, making for *Cales.*

Mol. Good news, *Hamet.*

Ham. The men aboard ſay, the richeſt part of the cargo belongs to *Davila,* the commiſſary at *Tangier.*

Mol. Do you acquaint him with it. [*Exit* Hamet.] If his ſhips are taken, he muſt lower his top-ſails; Won't this alter the caſe? How ſhall I get my money? —Not a jot—no danger of my money—the ſhips may be taken, and *Davila* ſunk to the bottom; but I have the pinnace ſecure, to bring me to ſhore, I ſhan't ſink with him; I have his daughter; I can fit her out for a voyage to the Golden coaſt; ſhe'll make a tight ſmuggler, to run away with the profit of the fair trader: Her goods will come cuſtom free. [*Exit.*

Enter Davila, Mariana.

Dav. Little loſſes are ſwallowed up in the greater; your folly in *Mourville*'s redemption, and leaving your ſelf in his room, tho' that would have done me a very ſenſible damage, and been greatly to be found fault with, at another time, is now not to be felt in this pinching neceſſity, this univerſal mortification of the whole maſs; not to be mentioned, not deſerving to be thought upon, with the inevitable ruin, which the loſs of my ſhips has brought upon me.

Mar. I am in the greateſt affliction for having offended ſo good a father; I take all the fault to my ſelf, and wiſh I could bear all the puniſhment.

Dav. A ſevere ſhare of it will be your portion, I fear; for I am utterly undone, and know not which way to turn me, even for the deliverance of you.

Mar. I was taught that the days of my happineſs ſhould be lengthened by my duty to my parents, and I confeſs it juſt, that they ſhould be ſhortened by my diſobedience.

Dav. I had provided a huſband, who would not only have made you happy, but would have been a friend to us all, in time of need.

Mar. I wiſh I had not to charge you, Sir, with welcoming *Mourville*, ſo often in the family, to the inſenſible engagement of all the affections in my ſoul; before I was aware that I was in open rebellion againſt a father.

Dav. By our ſeverity, or fondneſs, fathers are commonly fools.

Mar. But your reſolution of marrying me, at your return, hurried me to the extremity I am now reduc'd to.

Dav. The love of money did that too.

Enter Moluza.

Mol. Now, *Davila*, you won't be in haſte to ranſom your daughter, you ſay: you have kept your word.

Dav. Shrewdly againſt my will, *Moluza*.

Mol. But ſhe ſhan't hang upon my hands, neither, as you thought fit to threaten.

Dav. Alas! Threaten! only in concern for my money, *Moluza*.

Mol. In concern for my money, too, *Davila*, I muſt threaten in my turn———

Dav. O, no, *Moluza*, pity my loſt ſtate!

Mol. That if you don't redeem her in four and twenty hours———

Dav. In four and twenty hours!

Mol. I have a chapman ready, who will give me double the price I ſet on her to you.

Mar. *Mourville* will return in half the time, to my deliverance. *Harriet* will be here.

Mol. If not, I will preſent her to the Alcade of *Alcazor*, who has beſpoke the firſt handſome *Spaniſh* woman that came to my hands.

Mar. O ſend me not to him,
Let me continue ſtill a ſlave to you,
Employ me in your vileſt offices.

Mol. My employment is money.

Dav. You ſhall have money, I'll go a begging for it.

Mol. It riſes ſlowly that way.

Mar. A little patience, and all who hear my fortune ſhall come in with charitable contribution, to my relief in paying your demands; mean time I'll ſerve you with a thankful heart.

Mol. You were not intended for my ſervice: Where I ſhall diſpoſe of you, you ſhall be miſtreſs, ſerv'd in ſtate, and be lov'd.

Mar. Be curſt and hated, rather;
I'm *Mourville*'s wife, conſider what you do,
Left in your hands, but till his ranſom's paid.

Mol. He has four and twenty hours to pay it in.

Mar. Whatever violence you offer me,
In ſenſual ſacrifice to your Alcade,
He will revenge at full.

Mol. For his revenge ——— firſt, *Hamet*, lock her up, nor let her father ſee her.
I'll venture his revenge.

Mar. May it fall ſure. [*Exit.*

Dav. There's poverty, and old age, to endure.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Harriet, Mourville.

Har. It muſt have been a ridiculous interview between *Moluza* and *Davila*, and worth peeping upon from an inviſible cranny; when the old gentleman found himſelf cozen'd by his cunning, cheated by himſelf, puzzled in his politics, and diſappointed in his chiefeſt deſign of keeping you there.

Mour. But I'm afraid 'twas a very ſerious meeting of father and daughter, when he found *Mariana* left in my room.

Har. Very ſerious, for the time, to be ſure; ſhe look'd ſweetly ſimply, and he aukwardly angry, but it could not hold long; and by this time they are coming after us.

Mour. That would crown the expedition with honour—

Har. If he ſhould delay, the mother would be certain to haſten it.

Mour. For I would not have her ſuffer, if poſſible, a moment's uneaſineſs; ſhe who has done ſo many things for me, that I ſhall never be able——

Har. If you are near breaking, make a fair liſt of your debts, that every one you are oblig'd to, may come into the compoſition, and have a ſhare of the acknowledgment.

Mour. I ſhall pay the full ſum of my acknowledgment to you.

Har. And 'twill become your honeſty to do ſo—*Mariana*, I own, is the ſhining character in the play, and engages all the concern of the audience—but 'tis *Harriet* conducts the deſign, and has carried it ſucceſsfully ſo far: She indeed is a well-natur'd, gentle-condition'd, beautiful——but a poor helpleſs creature, and unable to ſtruggle with any misfortune.

Mour. She indeed told me ſhe ſhould have fainted in the undertaking, but for your ſpirit that reviv'd her, in the hopes of ſucceſs.

Har. The undertaking was mine: I won't part with the merit of it: ſhe was willing, 'tis true, to engage in any thing, but was ſo bewildred, poor ſoul, in her deſpair, that ſhe could not tell which way to get out of the maze. I put her upon the ſtratagem of redeeming you, treated with *Davila*, gave him five piſtoles, kept him clear of all jealouſy and ſuſpicion of us, and have improved every ſcene of the plot, to the beſt of my ſkill, to the utmoſt advantage, for you, and your intereſt.

Mour. You have conducted like a great captain of intrigue, and deſerve to be at the head of affairs——

Har. In the ſervice of my friends, *Mourville*. *Mariana* has done all ſhe was able to do; but 'tis well her father is a rich man, for her huſband might otherwiſe be a poor one.

Mour. Whom have we here that meet us from the town?

Har. *Warcourt* and *Nathan*——how are they employed?

Mour. I cannot now avoid the ſight of 'em.

Enter Warcourt, Nathan.

War. Mourville! 'tis more than I expected, meeting you. I congratulate your liberty: *Davila* has been good-natur'd.

Mour. He cannot change his nature.

War. How have you diſpos'd of your company, Madam?

Har. Mariana is with her father; they are coming after us.

War. I have but melancholy news to condole him upon.

Mour. What's the matter?

War. The certainty of being undone.

Mour. Undone!

War. By the loſs of two rich ſhips from the *Indies*, confirm'd in all our letters from *Cales*. I am going to comfort and aſſiſt my old friend in his diſtreſs.

[*Exe.* War. Nat.

Mour. Undone! *Davila* ruin'd! A ſtunning blow!

Har. A ſtunning blow indeed; ſudden and unexpected!

Mour. Indeed moſt unexpected!

Har. I would not have believ'd it from any but colonel *Warcourt*.

Mour. 'Tis certainly ſo; his coming confirms it.

Har. I wiſh I could believe otherwiſe. Poor *Mariana*, ſhe's fallen from an eminence!

Mour. I have puſh'd her down, baſely left her in ſlavery; but I'll return to my chains, and deliver her.

Har. Do, deliver her to *Warcourt*; you can't do better than deliver her to your rival, who will carry her off in triumph over your folly, and leave you to be laught at, for not knowing what you would have.

Mour. Would not you have me deliver her?

Har. You ſhall deliver her; but yours is not the way. The mother will better enable us.

Mour. She's undone in her huſband.

Har. I tell you ſhe ſhall do it——I know her ability; rely upon me for the management.

Mour. Poor *Mariana!* ſhe's fallen, as you ſay, from an eminence, from a very high one.

Har. In the low eſtimation of the vulgar, a very high one indeed; but upon worthier thoughts, to the gallant part of the world, of which the ſoldiery ought to be the gallanteſt, ſhe is not fallen at all.

Mour. Not fallen with her father?

Har. What ſignifies the alteration of Fortune? her frown has not rumpled a feature in the face of *Mariana*; nor ſtampt a wrinkle on her brow; the beauty the ſame, the youth, the woman the ſame.

Mour. But the woman, the youth, and the beauty were not the leſs agreeable, for being related to twenty thouſand pounds.

Har. Which never entred into your thoughts before, to be ſure; 'tis mercenary and marketing, the conſideration of the prophane, who were never initiated into the ſacred myſteries of intrigue. Do not I know, nay you ſhall confeſs, the pangs you have labour'd under, in the progreſs of this amour?

Mour. I do confeſs that I have ſuffered in an hourly apprehenſion from her father, of loſing her.

Har. In an hourly? a minutely confuſion, you mean; I know you mean, for her having gone before you in this courſe of gallantry; but now you have a fair field to come up with her: for tho' you pretend a concern for the ruin of her father, I know you rejoice that you have now an opportunity———

Mour. An opportunity of rejoicing?

Har. Of clearing that kind account, that has been depending ſo long, and ſo often embroil'd.

Mour. I don't underſtand you.

Har. But I do you: tho' you have a mind to conceal it; and 'twill heroically become you, and be receiv'd in an univerſal acclamation, the uncommon teſtimony that you are to give of your paſſion.

Mour. Teſtimony of my paſſion!

Har. A great one, I confeſs; and a deep mortification, I grant you, it muſt be, to give up the favourite, ſoliciting deſigns of ambition; to ſit down and unravel the projects

projects that you have been weaving ſo long, of riſing in the world.

Mour. Ambition is the life of a ſoldier.

Har. To lay aſide the hopes of diſſecting the old man in his grave: ſuch a limb of *Davila*'s eſtate to be ſet apart for the immediate purchaſe of a regiment; another to be collopt off in liveries, plump equipage, ten ſuits of embroidery, and a ſervice of plate: the leavings of furniture and finery to be ſettled on the wife and children, till there offers a handſome opportunity of employing 'em better, and qualifying the family for a penſion from the government.

Mour. You draw your picture at length, madam.

Har. In frightful colours to another; but nothing can frighten a man devoted to the glory of his love; as *Mourville* I know is: you can with pleaſure throw away the expectation of the tranſitory great things, that invited, for the immortal reputation of ſtarving with an undone miſtreſs.

Mour. Starving is a winter word, and makes but a cold compliment to lady.

Har. Love is for all the ſeaſons of the year.

Mour. Tender plants muſt be hous'd; I would place *Mariana* on the ſunny ſide of the hill.

Har. Wherever you place her, when you and ſhe ſmile, the ſun will ſhine.

Mour. If it ſhould not,—

Har. Why then you come into a climate to try your conſtitution; to put you to the teſt of your ſincerity, the probation of all the promiſes and vows, which you prodigally made to your miſtreſs, in fair weather: If you can ride out the tempeſt of adverſity, you are as brave as your word, and fit for the voyage; but if you ſhrink in the wetting, and can't be contented in obſcurity, to live little and poor with her, you muſt confeſs you were not acquainted with your own heart, nor the nature of the paſſion you pretended to.

Mour. I never conſidered it in that ſenſe before.

Har. I believe you.

Mour. We ſhould never venture to ſea, if we always thought of a ſtorm.

Har. You are catcht in one now. Get to ſhore as well as you can.

Mour. I would not be caſt away, I confeſs.

Har. If you think of ſaving your ſelf, I'll lend you a plank: ſince you deſcend from romance, and come into nature, we may ſpeak ſenſe, and underſtand one another.

Mour. We muſt come into nature at laſt.

Har. I muſt put you in mind then, that ſelf-preſervation is the firſt dictate of nature, and that according to her direction and advice, you prudently fell in love with the father, before you became enamoured of the daughter; ſo that *Mariana*'s beauty was but the ſecond motive of your love.

Mour. The ſecond motive?

Har. For *Davila*'s riches were the firſt; and you will find it ſo in the end, and confeſs it, may be, too late, when you feel your ſelf irrecoverably loſt, by the weakneſs of being carried beyond the firſt deſign of your intereſt.

Mour. I own ſhe was not the leſs handſome for being daughter to a rich man.

Har. Not at all; but as you began with an eye to her fortune, I would not have you fall blind to your own. I ſpeak in friendſhip to you both: you may undo one another, if you pleaſe, and repentance be the fruit of your fondneſs.

Mour. Sour fruit, repentance!

Har. Would *Mariana* chuſe to deſtroy your hopes of preferment? or you covet to make her miſerable in being the cauſe?

Mour. I would not make her miſerable.

Har. This is the certain way to it;
The woful remembrance will do it.

Mour. That would be a woful remembrance!

Har. Nothing continues long at a ſtay; and ſince the viſionary proſpect of happineſs, which you painted to your thoughts, in the poſſeſſion of *Mariana*, is vaniſhed,

you

you muſt have an eye to the ſhifting of the ſcene, and make the beſt of what comes next on the ſtage.

Mour. What can ſucceed for me?

Har. Favour and fortune, you'll find 'em at every turn, they'll throw themſelves in your way, and court you to accept 'em.

Mour. There are coxcombs of that perſuaſion.

Har. They are not intended for coxcombs.

Mour. But often beſtowed on 'em.

Har. When this fit of humiliation is over, you will recover the juſt opinion of your ſelf, and of every woman, who has the pleaſure to know you.

Mour. I don't underſtand you.

Har. Then I muſt bring you acquainted with your ſelf, and inform you, that you are one of thoſe few agreeable men, whom every woman is deſigning upon, dreſſing at, watching for, catching at, and would engage to her ſelf, if ſhe can. I ſpeak for my ſelf, at leaſt.

Mour. You're inclining to divert your ſelf.

Har. To be downright ſerious, I aſſure you, and to declare, being under the neceſſity of declaring, that ſince *Mariana*'s pretenſions muſt fall, which I am moſt heartily ſorry for, I will ſet up my own, if I can; and will now venture to tell you, that I have been as long in love with you, as ſhe has been—

Mour. In love with me?

Har. That when you prevented my hopes, by declaring for her, I could not hate you, as other women would have done; but follow'd you with the good offices of my friendſhip. Not helpleſly whining over you, but have ſtruggled to come at you with more eſſential ſervices.

Mour. I ſhall ever own my obligations to you.

Har. So much for the woman; as for the fortune you expected with her, you may recover that in me, my father having no other child, and *Lopez de Vega* being as rich as *Davila* was.——I ſee your ſurprize.

Mour. I have ſo many thoughts crowding in upon me, I don't know which firſt to ſpeak to.

Har. No matter for declaring your thoughts—I have other offers to make, when you are able to receive 'em:

mean time I lay theſe queſtions of povery and plenty before you, to anſwer 'em to your ſelf, if you can: and take this along with you, that, in a little wearing of marriage, my perſon would appear in a wife, to as much advantage in the eye of a huſband, as hers would have done.

Beauty may charm you to a marry'd life,
But ſenſe and conduct join to make the wife.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Warcourt, Davila, *and* Moluza.

War. YOU have the ſum you demanded for her ranſom, *Moluza*, ſo now return her to her father.

Mol. I'll ſend her to you. [*Exit.*

Dav. O, colonel, if you had not come as you did, my daughter had been ſent to the alcade of *Alcazor*, to be devoured. There was but four and twenty hours allowed for her reprieve.

War. I came in ſeaſon then.

Dav. Our good angel has brought you; I was in a deſperate debate with my ſelf, between this hard-hearted rogue, and my chriſtian creditors, about turning *Turk*.

War. Turning *Turk*, man?

Dav. I had rather truſt *Mahomet* with his paradiſe, than thoſe *Jews* in their dealings, with their gaol. I thought that was the beſt way to ſecure my daughter and my ſelf.

War. I'll find a better for you; get the governour's protection, till you can put your affairs in order, and I'll aſſiſt you in doing it.

Dav. O, that undutiful girl! to run away from ſuch a friend, as you have been to us.

War. I won't ſuffer you to ſay any thing to the diſadvantage of *Mariana*.

Dav. Well, well, if you will have it ſo.

War. You have brought this miſchief upon your family, as other fathers have done, in other misfortunes, by your ſeverity, in forcing the inclinations of your children.

Dav. I have done, I have done.

Enter Mariana, *and kneels to* Davila.

Mar. My father! O my father, bleſs, and ſave me!

Dav. Bleſs thee, my child, my bleſſing ever keep thee; but for thy ſafety, throw thy ſelf at the feet of the colonel; turn all thy thanks, thy duty, heart, and ſoul, to him, for thy deliverance.

War. You owe me nothing. I had driven you here, and think my ſelf concern'd to bring you home.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II. *In* Tangier.

Enter Mourville, *and* Harriet.

Har. I have perſuaded you to the only means of aſſiſting *Mariana* in her diſtreſs; now you are marry'd to me, ſhe may liſten to the colonel, which ſhe never would have done, till you were diſpos'd of.

Mour. Should not I have ſtaid till ſhe was diſpoſed of?

Har. Your better ſenſe was to direct hers.

Mour. You ſaid——may liſten to the colonel—— if ſhe ſhould not, I muſt not think on't—I have made haſte, and fear you reproach me——

Har. With the common care of you both? I ſhan't reproach you with my own advice; for this way, colonel *Warcourt* will reſtore *Mariana*'s proſperity, and you may be plentifully furniſhed in mine ——

Mour. That was the drug that laid the dragon aſleep. [*Aſide.*

Har. So that I have provided for my couſin and friend, and ſecur'd the perſon I eſteem'd from contempt, by drawing you on by degrees to follow the wiſer part of

mankind, in your intereſt, which will always govern the world.

Mour. A principle unworthy a ſhare in it.

Har. I have brought you the hundred piſtoles; my father ſent me the jewels commodiouſly to raiſe money for you at this entertainment; there will be play at the caſtle, I would have you puſh your fortune; they'll pawn for 500 more on your demand; they have not been ſeen. I have never appear'd in 'em.

Mour. You don't need 'em to ſet you off. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Warcourt, Davila, Mariana.

War. There are our friends afore us, *Mourville* and *Harriet*; they are employed, *Mariana*, here at *Tangier*, in your ſervice, to be ſure.

Mar. I hope they are. *Harriet* I think my friend.

War. Your friends and mine; for I ſhall ever think *Mourville* my friend, for giving me this opportunity of waiting on you home to *Tangier*; home, to the comfort of your mother's fears; home, to the quiet of your fearful thoughts, never to be diſturb'd by me again; for I pronounce you free, free from your chains, free from your father's power, and free from me: from every ſenſe of obligation free; proteſting that I would not have your hand, but as it frankly offered up your heart: I leave you to decide upon the paſt, and take your time in the reflection. [*Exit* Mariana.

Enter a Jew.

Jew. Colonel, do you know any thing of the jewels, I made up by your order, for *Mariana?*

War. What ſhould I know of 'em? if ſhe has 'em, they are where I intended; if ſhe throws 'em away, they are hers to diſpoſe of. [*Exit.*

Dav. What of thoſe jewels? I preſented 'em to my daughter from the colonel; do you know any thing ſince of 'em?

Jew. A woman veil'd has juſt pawn'd 'em to me; I'm ſure they're the ſame.

Dav. Pawn'd to you?

Jew. I have paid a hundred piſtoles upon 'em, and am adviſed to be ready to pay more upon occaſion.

Dav. I muſt know more of this matter.

Jew. I ſuſpected ſome rognery, and had the woman dog'd into *Jew Street.* I thought fit to make you acquainted.

Dav. Can you diſcover the perſon?

Jew. With your aſſiſtance, in a little time, I believe.

Dav. I go with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mariana.

Mar. He bids me to reflect upon the paſt,
And take my time for the reflection.
Reflection will be dangerous—*Mourville*, come,
Come quickly to the reſcue of my love,
Tranſport me with the dear, dear ſight of you,
Far from the crowding thoughts of what I owe
To *Warcourt*, for my father, and my ſelf:
Where ſhall I find you? *Mourville! Harriot!*
Now ſhow your friendſhip, and deliver me,
For I am more enſlav'd by being free. [*Exit.*

Enter Mourville.

Mour. What is it that purſues and haunts me thus?
Is it the ghoſt of my departed——what?
'Tis ſomething that I once thought had a being——
I call'd it Honour: But the wiſer world
Have found it but a phantome, to ſcare fools——
I feel my ſelf converting by degrees
Into their ſentiments, to ſhun my guilt——
I call'd it Honour, and 'tis call'd ſo ſtill;
If we dare boldly juſtify our crimes——
Am I arriv'd ſo far, to juſtify
What I have done?——No, ſelf-condemn'd; I feel
The vengeance of bad deeds begins at home,
The guilty not abſolv'd at his own bar.——
I cannot keep my ſelf in countenance;
Private, alone, ev'n to my ſelf, I bluſh——
I did not think I could deſerve to bluſh——
I was not then ſo vile to merit it——

Is nature thus deprav'd in other men?
I am no monſter——our frail honeſty
But carries on to ſuch a certain point:
Beyond it lies forgetfulneſs of faith,
Truth, friendſhip, juſtice: All the charities
Which ſhould endear the fellowſhip of life.
Relation, brotherhood, and family,
Caſt off, and ſunk, in ſelfiſh intereſt.
If then the tempter bids up to her price,
The proudeſt virtue proves it may be bought——
I would excuſe my crimes by other mens——
Theirs are but faults, and venial to my crimes.
Fain wou'd I ſhelter in the common herd,
But blown, and hounded on in a full cry,
Am driven out by my own raſcal kind.
I hate my ſelf, hate *Harriet*, hate that fiend
Who has ſeduc'd me——nay, I almoſt hate
The goodneſs I have wrong'd——I ſhould be glad
Never to meet her injur'd face again.

Enter Mariana.

Mar. O *Mourville!* Have I found you?
Mour. Found me, *Harriet!*
Where is the rarity in finding me?
Mar. Do you not know me? *Mariana?*
Mour. Ha! *Mariana!* Yes, I know you well—— [*In confuſion.*
I knew you better once——but ſtill I know you——
I know you did not mean to find me out.
Your ſearch is for another.
Mar. For another? What do you mean?
Mour. You can explain your ſelf, I need not ſay——
Mar. I can explain my ſelf?
Mour. It is not worth your while.
Mar. To juſtify my innocence to you?
Is it ſo little worth in your eſteem?
'Tis highly of neceſſity in mine.
Mour. If the colonel is ſatisfy'd of your conduct, you are accountable to no body elſe.
Mar. I think I am to you.

Mour. You would not then have come away with him, when *Harriet* had undertaken to redeem you: But I don't blame you; I don't pretend to find fault; 'twas, I confeſs, the wiſeſt thing you could do. There was your father's command; and his, and your own intereſt; nay I own there was even a neceſſity in your affairs, and neceſſity hath no law to controul it.

Mar. Indeed I was driven to the utmoſt neceſſity.

Mour. And therefore I ought to be ſatisfy'd.

Mar. You have no reaſon to the contrary.

Mour. I am ſatisfy'd; the colonel is a gentleman of excellent qualities, and a proſperous fortune, and will keep any favour in countenance, that you can do for him. I confeſs I had nothing, that could preſume to deſerve you.

Mar. Mourville——

Mour. If from a levity of humour, or inconſtancy of nature, you had thrown your ſelf away upon an undeſerver, it would have diſturbed me, gone very near me; but when you have pitch'd upon ſuch a man to make happy, I give up my pretenſions, reſign all intereſt, title, and claim to you: You are as free from me to diſpoſe of your ſelf to *Warcourt*——

Mar. Hold, hold, this is the peeviſhneſs of jealouſy, *Mourville*; it has carry'd you quite out of the way of my meaning; you have no reaſon to be jealous on the colonel's account. I told you I was driven to the utmoſt neceſſity, but that related to the diſtreſſes I had undergone from your leaving me; not in excuſe of any unworthy behaviour to you.

Mour. There is no need of excuſing it——'tis all well; and I am glad 'tis ſo well, upon your account.

Mar. As ſoon as *Moluza* heard my father was ruined, he gave him but four and twenty hours to redeem me; if five hundred piſtoles were not paid in that time, he threatened to ſend me to the alcade of *Alcazor*. *Warcourt* paid my ranſom——

Mour. So has worthily purchas'd you.

Mar. Has brought my father and me to *Tangier*; has diſcharg'd me from all the obligations I have to him: and now I am free, am yours, and ever yours.

Mour. Does the old gentleman, your father, ſay ſo too? Yonder he is.

Mar. I wou'd not be ſeen with you.

Mour. Nor I with you for the future. [*Aſide.*

Mar. You know where to find me. [*Exit.*

Mour. To avoid it moſt carefully.—— [*Exit.*

Enter Harriet.

Har. I have thrown well, and made the beſt of the caſt; nay, I have play'd all the game, as they ſay, not only had good luck on my ſide, but have put the doctor, the falſe dice upon 'em, to make the work ſure——Let me ſee, whereabouts am I now? I have carry'd my cauſe, and in a little time ſhall have leiſure to ſit down, and enjoy my ſelf over the pleaſurable articles of vanity, and triumph, in managing, ſolliciting, and conducting the ſeveral difficult ſteps in this intricate affair——From our ſetting out with *Davila*, I diſcover'd a genius——in the treaty with *Moluza*, for *Mourville*'s liberty, and in my contrivance to come away with him my ſelf, and leave *Mariana* behind us, I think I behav'd to admiration——there my genius began to ſhine——but it was darken'd again, when I had nothing to proceed upon, but by drawing off from *Mariana*'s character, as maliciouſly as I durſt; and robbing her of the reputation and honour of the adventure; tho' that went heavily up hill, it deſerv'd ſomething, for going as faſt as the ground would allow. But when I heard of *Davila*'s being undone, there I blaz'd out, with diſſimulation and ſucceſs, in a pretended concern for their ruin: There I diſplay'd my parts, there I lay'd about me to beat down all contradiction; there I ſtartled him, there I confounded his conſtancy; and from the operation of that ſcene, have founded, and dated the empire of my eloquence—— Poor *Mourville!* he had ſuffer'd many a convulſive pang from the poiſon I infus'd; there was no eaſe to be found, till it work'd him to my purpoſe ——the jewels were a great reſtorative, I thank my couſin for leaving 'em in my way. A rich cordial; I had 'em at hand to apply in his cure, and indeed they have

have done their part, in quieting his complaints——— if he has good fortune at the caſtle to-night, I will redeem the jewels to-morrow, and convey 'em to *Spain*, to be diſpos'd of at *Cales*, to prevent diſcovery——but win or loſe, diſcovery muſt be prevented.

Enter Davila, *and* Jew.

Dav. You are diſcreetly in the right, to prevent it: but how will you do it now?

Jew. Could you not keep your own counſel?

Dav. Where was the need of prating ſo loud to your ſelf, to blab your ſecrets?

Jew. The heart was open, and the tongue would not be kept within doors.

Dav. This you get by triumphing before victory. I muſt diſpute it with you before our betters; bring her away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Caſtle.*

Enter Manuel, *and* Diana.

Man. O, ladies are out of the rule, out of the queſtion, ladies are underſtood to be the fineſt things of the creation, there is no need of declaring for them: you are too ſudden upon me; I meant that a fine gentleman was always intended for a fine lady.

Dia. There I join with you, that good company ſhould go together.

Man. That's my meaning, madam; it ſhews it ſelf plainly, by my ſingling your ladyſhip out of the aſſembly.

Dia. That is intolerably fine, I confeſs: but why do you ſingle out a marry'd woman?

Man. To chuſe a marry'd woman.

Dia. Theſe gallant things are thrown away upon us.

Man. I ſhould think juſt the contrary.

Dia. We are not us'd to hear them from our huſbands.

Man. For that very reaſon, that you may have 'em from your humble admirers, and obedient ſervants.

Dia. That reaſon never came into my head before.

Man. Your ſex was ſent into the world to be admired and adored, and the great buſineſs of mankind here, was to offer up the ſacrifice of commendation and praiſe.

Dia. That would be brave!

Man. That was what you were intended for.

Dia. If we could perſuade them ſo.

Man. And he was an impudent rebel, in my opinion, who firſt undertook to degrade a deity to a mortal in matrimony.

Dia. Meer mortals indeed, when we once come into that ſtate.

Man. For now, inſtead of the devotion that ſhould naturally be paid, you meet with nothing at home, nothing preſented within doors, but familiar fault-findings of houſhold affairs. Huſbands are tyrants, uſurpers: they have depos'd you from the hereditary right of government: if you wou'd be reſtor'd to your natural empire, it muſt be by diſcountenancing theſe matrimonial monopolies for the future, and beſtowing your favours and rewards upon men of clear ſpirit and principle, of undoubted fidelity in the worſt of times, who have been famouſly known to have dedicated and addreſſed their lives and fortunes, and themſelves, to the ladies.

Dia. Theſe abuſes would do well to be reformed.

Man. Where are the tranſports and the eccſtaſies, which ſhould always attend upon every thing you ſay or do?

Dia. Not in the huſband's ſurly indifference.

Man. Where the proſtrations and ſubmiſſions of body and looks, that are becoming the approaches, and addreſſes to ſuch excellent beings?

Dia. No where to be ſeen, or heard of, that I know—

Man. But in the behaviour of your admirers, your ſervants, your lovers: we never preſume to look up, till an enlivening ſmile raiſes us from the deſpair of our condition; dying and expiring, we throw ourſelves at your feet. [*Falls down.*

Enter Tereſa.

Dia. Bleſs the man! help there! *Tereſa*, you come luckily.

Ter. Bleſs the man indeed! my huſband! what's the matter with him?

Dia. Juſt fallen into a fit; you come in good time to help me to bring him out of it: is he us'd to be thus taken?

Ter. Never, that I heard of.

Dia. I perceiv'd it coming upon him; he talk'd very idly ſome time afore. Is it the falling ſickneſs?

Ter. It may be that, or any other diſtemper; he's old, and muſt ſubmit to infirmities, he muſt expect 'em.

Dia. He's not ſo old.

Ter. Yes, yes, he puts the beſt face upon't, he's old; older than you take him to be, older than he would have you believe; I know him to be old.—How do you?

Man. Where am I?

Ter. Don't you know me?

Man. Tereſa, my old wife, I know you; but you have awak'd me out of the moſt agreeable reverie I was ever entranc'd in; I was juſt entring into *Elyzium*.

Dia. And there you might have ſtayed, and fallen into your laſt ſleep, if your wife had not rouz'd you, to bring you to your ſenſes again.

Man. You have rouz'd me, you have brought me to my ſenſes again, I thank you; I'll go into the air.

Dia. We'll return to the company. [*Exe. Women.*

Man. I am come off unſuſpected; I was almoſt in a fit indeed, when I heard her nam'd; ſhe came in moſt unſeaſonably. But how nimble the lady was in her turn upon the wife? A fit! I lay cloſe for fear of a diſcovery; ſhe call'd it a fit, and I acted my part of the fit to the life, by the help of my prompter———I find there's no ſurprizing a woman of any country in the way of intrigue. I did not expect this from an *Engliſh* woman. A *Spaniard* is born and bred to it: 'tis not climate, but nature, that in their forwardeſt adventures of this kind, will always ſecure their retreat——that wife of mine, that jade with her——" he puts the beſt face upon't, he's old, older than you take him to be, older than he would have you believe, I know him to be old."———She does indeed, ſhe's in the ſecret, but I could have beat her for blabbing——*Diana* too, my

miſtreſs, play'd the rogue with me; but that was management, and cunning, to clear off ſuſpicion——ſo circumſtances laid together, and conſidered, I may very well hope for another opportunity, and take her behaviour for encouragement.

SCENE *opens.*

Governor, Marſan, Wingrave, *Officers*, Diana, Tereſa, *and other women come forward to* Manuel.

Gov. You've ſav'd your money, *Manuel.*

Man. I was coming to try my fortune, Governor.

Gov. Don't diſturb her, Fortune is at preſent taken up, moſt whimſically employed between the rivals, *Warcourt* and *Mourville*; they are deeply engag'd at hazard; ſhe's playing the jade with 'em both: for in the fantaſtical diſtribution of her favours, ſhe has given *Mariana* to the man who wanted an eſtate, and the run of the dice to *Warcourt*, who only wanted the woman: ſo I don't find that either is the richer for her bounty.

Wing. Mourville has had very bad throwing.

Marſ. He is obſerv'd to loſe more than was thought to be in his power to play for at other times.

Man. A good hand recovers all; I wiſh him the ſucceſs that *Mariana* wou'd beſtow upon him, if ſhe held the ſcales.

Gov. We have been upon that ſubject, Don; we wanted you, it lies in your way to ſpeak to, a point of honour.

Man. I am a caſuiſt in ſome caſes.

Gov. The converſation has turn'd upon *Mariana*'s gallantry to *Mourville*, and his behaviour to her.

Man. O, there is the ſpirit of a *Spaniſh* woman, in her part of the adventure; and when we come into the drift of the ſcene, I make no doubt but *Mourville* will appear with approbation and applauſe.

Gov. That as time ſhall try. Let's ſee how the battle goes. [*Going to look on the Gameſters.*] Daughter, we'll have a dance of old *England*: couple the partners, we'll return at the call of the fiddles.

Marſ. I have this opportunity, my dear, to tell you, that officers dine with me to-morrow; I have always a feaſt for my friends, in the welcome of your chearfulneſs.

Dia. Your friends bring their welcome along with 'em, they're ſure of one from me: Is Don *Manuel* among 'em?

Marſ. Why do you aſk?

Dia. What do you find in that old impertinent creature, the governor, and all of you, to keep ſuch a clutter about him?

Marſ. A monkey will entertain you.

Dia. I hate a chattering baboon, odious to look upon, and tedious in the repetition of the ſame tricks, over and over again.

Marſ. What, I warrant he makes love to you.

Dia. He has perſecuted me a great while, with his nonſenſical addreſſes.

Marſ. Things of courſe, child, from him, not to be minded. Addreſſes! nonſenſical indeed.

Dia. I laugh at him, and deſire you wou'd do ſo too.

Marſ. 'Tis not a ſubject to be ſerious upon.

Dia. I wou'd not have told you, if it had.

Marſ. Matter of merriment; as ſuch I receive it, and will help you to laugh at him. But I'll ev'n this account with my Don. [*Aſide.*

The Muſick plays, Governor and Company return with Warcourt *and* Mourville *from Play.*

War. The dice have run a great way on my errand, *Mourville*; you ſhall have your revenge when you pleaſe.

Mour. Another time, Colonel, they may run as far for me.

Gov. Come, now for an *Engliſh* dance: how do you pair your ſelves?

Man. My pairing time laſts all the year round—

Gov. And all your life long.

Man. I beſpeak you for my mate, madam. [*To* Diana.

Marſ. And by the Don's example, I take his turtle for mine. [*Takes* Tereſa *by the hand.*

The women join the company.

Man. My turtle, Sir! you muſt explain that word.

Marſ. All in good time.

Dia. The colonel and *Mourville* were ſo deeply engag'd at play, I did not reckon upon 'em. I have a very good partner for one of you; you muſt throw for her, I think—the moſt upon one die.

Both. Agreed. [*They throw.*

Mour. She's mine.

Dia. She is ſo—*Mariana*, I have ſecur'd her, I'll bring her in. [*Exit.*

Mour. My fortune follows me.

War. And wins the prize in the lady.

Mariana *brought in, dances with* Mourville. Marſan *makes over-forward advances to* Tereſa. *Letters given to the Governor. At the end of the dance,* Marſan *kiſſes his Partner.*

Marſ. Every man kiſſes his partner, I ſuppoſe.

Man. You take large liberties.

Marſ. Freedom is the privilege of an *Engliſh* country dance.

Man. You muſt anſwer to me as a *Spaniard*, for that freedom.

Marſ. As a *Frenchman* I will.

[*They part unobſerv'd.* Manuel *goes to* Mourville.

Gov. Good news, gentlemen, the *Moors* are drawn off from the town: We ſhall have leiſure to wait upon the ladies. I have ſome letters from *Cales* to peruſe, and then we'll renew our diverſions.

[Mourville *comes to* Marſan.

Mour. Under *Peterborough* tower, *Manuel* ſays.

Marſ. As ſoon as we go from hence.

Mour. You'll bring a friend?

Marſ. To ſhare with you in the entertainment.

The publick fears and dangers now blown over,
We have more time our follies to diſcover:
And he may be allow'd to have his ſhare,
Who fights, only becauſe his wife is fair.

When

When there's a handſome woman in the caſe,
The huſband, or gallant, will prove an aſs.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Warcourt, *and* Marſan.

War. UPON breaking up of the company, I wou'd have had a turn with you on the *Terras*, before we parted, but you have buſineſs.

Marſ. Not much buſineſs; a little I have.

War. Will it keep till to-morrow?

Marſ. Not very well.

War. Can I ſerve you in't?

Marſ. 'Tis not of value to trouble you about it.

War. May I aſk of what nature it is; that is ſo preſſing in time?

Marſ. A little affair, not worth naming.

War. You need not name it, I know what it is: I have heard of an uneaſineſs between you and *Manuel*, and have had my eyes upon you; I ſee, by your endeavour to follow him, there's ſomething to be done, you would conceal from me; but you find I know it.

Marſ. I am ſorry for it.

War. Nay, I'll ſpoil no ſport willingly; if you will accept of my ſervice in your cauſe, 'tis your's; if not, 'tis your fault if I acquaint the governor, prevent your deſign, and give you the diſquiet of ſleeping this night in a whole ſkin.

Marſ. There's only a punctilio between us, that wants to be adjuſted; the firſt officer I met on the parade ſhould be my man. 'Tis too much a trifle for you to appear in.

War. I have known quarrels ſlight in the principals, that have grown to be conſiderable in the ſeconds. I ſee *Mourville* is gone with him, which is one reaſon why I would wait on you.

Marſ. Your reaſon ſhall be mine, ſince you will have it ſo.

SCENE *Peterborough Tower.*

Enter Manuel, *and* Mourville.

Man. We have not been obſerv'd.

Mour. In no danger of being diſturb'd.

Man. That's as it ſhould be.

Mour. Our buſineſs will be done with ſecrecy and ſilence.

Man. We ſhan't exerciſe by beat of drum then. He'll bring his ſecond.

Mour. Not the captain of the guard, to prevent us, depend upon't; he'll ſatisfy the forms, I warrant you.

Man. Things of this nice nature are not to be huddled and embroiled, like an *Engliſh* rubber at cuffs; they cannot be treated with too much ceremony.

Mour. Provided the ceremony does not deſtroy the nature of the thing.

Man. I don't underſtand you.

Mour. For I have heard of a gentleman, who to give an air to his action, and a countenance to his courage, has been tying up his peruke, while the ſeconds had made their end of the tilt.

Enter Warcourt, *and* Marſan.

Marſ. I have not made you wait.

Man. 'Tis worth waiting for a friend, and, as the world goes, you are ſo, in doing me juſtice.

War. Mourville, well met.

Mour. That's as we think at parting, colonel.

War. I am glad to find you are my man.

Mour. I had rather have drawn my ſword on any body elſe.

War. I don't know how the quarrel ſtands between *Marſan* and *Manuel,* but the garriſon expects a tilt from us as rivals: If we have been wanting in our gallantry to the lady, as principals, fortune has brought us together, as ſeconds, to ſerve ourſelves in our friends.

Man. You do us honour, gentlemen.

War. So, *Mourville,* my ſervice to you.

Mour. I thank you in your own way.

[*They*

[*They engage.* Warcourt *disarms* Mourville, *and joins* Marſan, Manuel *gives up his ſword.*]

Man. There's no contending with numbers.

War. Mourville, you don't uſe to part with your ſword ſo eaſily.

Mour. 'Tis to a man will keep me in countenance.

War. Now, gentlemen, all friends again. Pray what was the angry reaſon that made you enemies?

Man. That which has made many enemies of old friends, too great familiarity with my wife——

War. That's an angry reaſon indeed.

Man. In defiance of the gravity of her perſon, and the character of my country.

War. Reaſons particular, and national.

Marſ. So you are a *Spaniard* in your reſervations to your wife, and a *Frenchman* in your liberties with other mens.

Man. I don't underſtand you.

Marſ. But my wife does.

Man. Has your *Diana* told you ſo?

Marſ. She has indeed.

War. How, how, Don? the quarrel ought to have been on this ſide then.

Marſ. And ſo it was, as appears by the provoking liberties I took with his wife, in revenge of his teazing of mine.

Man. You call it ſo.

Marſ. She did, upon honour; or gave it a worſe name. [*Turns to* Warcourt.] For I contriv'd to put the quarrel upon him, that by his reſentment, my wife might not be reported to be the occaſion of it.

War. Why, *Manuel,* if the wife comes in evidence againſt you, by telling the huſband you make love to her, and ſhe moreover calls that love-making teazing, or ſomething worſe, as the court is inform'd; what can you in reaſon expect from this cauſe?

Man. Why, really, colonel, I may in reaſon expect—to be laugh'd at; I deſerve it, and expect it, and I allow you the liberty.

War. That ſets all right again.

Man. I ſee I have play'd the fool, and own I am grown old in that folly; which I confeſs I had no more provocation to proceed in, than gentlemen who ſwear in cold blood; and I have only to ſay with them, in a ſilly excuſe, that I had got a nonſenſical habit of it.

War. 'Tis really too much, to fight with the huſband, and be laught at by the wife.

Man. In the mortify'd mind I am at preſent, I will keep *Lent* with my old wife, all the year round; and leave the younger women to the younger men, who, at the carnival, in the accommodation of maſquerades, will take care to do a generous juſtice to the huſbands, by providing for their families, without letting them know who they are oblig'd to.

Enter Wingrave.

Win. Colonel, the Governor has ſome extraordinary buſineſs with you; he has ſent every where to find you and *Mourville.* I ſaw you and *Marſan* coming this way.

War. 'Tis very well we are found, to wait on him.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Mourville.

Mour. Nothing proſpers that I engage in. I have ſold my ſelf, and can't have the benefit of the bargain: I loſe my money above board at play, that I got by underhand knavery and falſehood. If I had continued in my former condition, I ſhou'd not have had a hundred piſtoles to loſe, as I have done. The dice ran againſt me, when I would have won; and for me, when I would have loſt: For *Mariana* was the only partner, that could have confounded me in the dance. Fortune ſeems to declare war upon me: She has baffled me, at a game too, in which I thought I had fewer chances againſt me, than on any throw upon the dice——I am allowed to fence better than any man in *Tangier*, and to have ſpirit to make the beſt uſe of my ſkill, and yet I have not been able to defend the honour and badge of my profeſſion, my ſword—— What is the reaſon of all this?——'Twas the cauſe that diſarm'd me, and not the colonel——the guilt of that enervated my arm, and diſtracted the maſterly faculties, which

which otherwiſe would have got the better of him——I am even ſtartled at this ſummons from the governour——every thing alarms me——from the commiſſion of the crime, we live in an hourly expectation of the puniſhment ——is there any ſo great, as the interval between ſentence and execution? I have condemn'd my ſelf, and let the world execute me their own way——I am prepar'd for't ——it will be known—it muſt be known—I wiſh it were known, that I might feel the worſt————that I might know in what infamous rank of mankind I am, for the future, to be drawn up in; that I may herd among the beaſts, who have only a taſte to their provender and profit, and no ſenſe of any thing, beyond the getting up money to procure it. I am truly like a perſon condemn'd, no proſpect of pardon, and the dead warrant the only friend left to put me out of my pain. [*Exit.*

SCENE *The Caſtle.*

Enter Governour, Warcourt, Manuel, Marſan.

Gov. Colonel, I wanted you.

War. In what ſervice, Governour?

Gov. A ſervice we all like well enough to be engaged in ſometimes; there's a female in the caſe.

War. A female?

Gov. I have a woman brought to me————

War. For your own private uſe?

Gov. For the uſe of the publick, I believe. She appears to be a ſinner, an acquaintance of yours, for your name is mentioned.

War. My name! how mentioned! ſhe does not come to forbid the banns? not to ſpoil my marriage, before I get the woman in the mind?

Man. May be ſhe wants a father————

Gov. Not unlikely, ſhe may, for ſome of her failings. What ſay you, Don? for a handſome conſideration, ſhe ſhall lay 'em at your door.

War. He has purchas'd the reputation of a big belly, before now, to my knowledge.

Man. I have dealt that way I confeſs, and have cheated no body but my ſelf: no more of thoſe bargains.

Gov. Nay, then you grow old.

Man. Wiſer a little I am grown, within this half hour.

Gov. If you grow wiſe, you are a gone man.

Man. Never too late to learn.

Enter Mariana, Davila, *and a* Jew, *on one ſide*; Mourville *on the other.*

Gov. Mourville, we ſtay for you.

Mour. What's the matter, Governour?

Gov. Nay, that I am to learn. Here's a woman brought before me: ſome jewels are laid to her charge; ſhe's veil'd, and pretends you are concerned for her.

Mour. I concern'd for her!

Mar. Mourville concern'd for her! what can this mean? and how came I to be ſummon'd?

Gov. In reſpect to you, I have order'd her to withdraw till you came to appear for her.

Mour. I thank you, Sir——There's ſomething I don't like here.

War. Is not *Davila* a ſollicitor in the cauſe?

Gov. Moſt violent.

Mar. What will this end in?

Gov. His daughter, *Mariana*, is chiefly concern'd. I have ſent for her; ſhe's preſent, I ſee, and you are here, as I deſir'd. Where are the jewels? produce 'em. [Jew *opens a caſket.*] What ſay you to 'em, *Mariana?*

Mar. I can ſay nothing to theſe jewels: my father brought me a preſent of jewels from colonel *Warcourt*, but whether theſe be they, or not, or what is become of 'em, I know not.

Gov. What ſay you, *Philo?*

Phil. I ſay I made up theſe very jewels by order of colonel *Warcourt*; I can ſwear to the particulars, the weight, and value of the ſtones, enter'd in my book; the manner of ſetting, which is peculiar to me; and that they are the ſame I delivered to the colonel.

Dav. Which ſame the colonel deliver'd to me, and which ſame I preſented from him to my daughter.

Gov. What ſay you, colonel?

War. Whether they are the ſame, or not, I think they are not worth the trouble, they have given *Mariana*, to appear about 'em.

Dav. For the trouble of appearing, that is not very great: if the jewels are proved to be hers, 'tis fit that every body ſhould have their own.

Mour. The queſtion comes towards me; where is my anſwer?

Mar. What will this come to?

Gov. Mourville, do you know any thing of theſe jewels?

Mour. What ſhould I know of 'em, governour?

Gov. Nay, that you muſt tell me; did you ever ſee 'em before?

Mour. See 'em before? I can't certainly tell; a man may be miſtaken, I may have ſeen 'em before.

Gov. Were they ever in your poſſeſſion?

Mour. In my poſſeſſion? thoſe jewels in my poſſeſſion! that may be an enſnaring queſtion——a man is not oblig'd to accuſe himſelf.

Mar. There's ſomething amiſs——he's plainly confounded; I'll bring him off, let what will be the conſequence.

Mour. Yes, I have had 'em in my poſſeſſion.

Gov. Who gave 'em to you?

Mour. All muſt out————if I muſt tell you who gave 'em to me, I own I had 'em from my——wife.

Mar. He tells you true: I acknowledge I gave 'em to him.

Gov. Are you his wife then?

Mar. My giving 'em to him is a clear anſwer to your ſuſpicion, and puts an end to all the enquiry.

Gov. You ſaid but now, you did not know whether theſe were the jewels, or what was become of 'em; but if you are his wife, as you ſay you are————

Mour. This will involve me in greater difficulties. [*Aſide.*

Mar. I would not have ſaid ſo much as I have done, but to vindicate the reputation and honour of a man————

Dav. Who has ruin'd and undone thine.

Gov. The miſt vaniſhes, we ſee clearly before us: bring in the woman who pawn'd the jewels.

Enter Harriet *unveil'd.*

Are you the perſon, *Harriet?* I find no wrong done to any body, that requires juſtice—there's nothing remaining I think, *Davila*, but to beg *Harriet*'s pardon for having ſo long and ſo unjuſtly detain'd her, and bringing her as a criminal hither before me, without any reaſon or cauſe, to the great diſturbance of the parties concern'd.

Har. This goes well, if it ends ſo———

Gov. The wife gave the jewels to *Mourville*, he thought fit to diſpoſe of 'em—but *Harriet*, how do you come to be employ'd in the pawning 'em?

Har. I pawn'd 'em for my——huſband.

Gov. For your huſband! who?

Har. For *Mourville*, my huſband.

Mar. *Mourville* your huſband!

Gov. Is he your huſband? and *Mariana*'s huſband too?

Har. Not *Mariana*'s, I hope. I am his wife, I am marry'd to him; let her ſay as much, if ſhe can.

Mar. If it be ſo, I have ſaid and done for him more than I ſhould have done, to my preſent confuſion, and to my everlaſting undoing. [*Swoons.*

Gov. She faints; take care of her, daughter.

Marſ. This is a turn we did not expect; I don't wonder it has overturn'd poor *Mariana*.

Gov. Such baſeneſs and ingratitude would turn humanity out of the world; 'tis out of example, I think.

Marſ. And will be out of belief, that a woman, who has thrown away the regards of her own intereſt, neglected ſo many advantages at home——

Gov. Who has follow'd her lover into ſlavery, and left her ſelf in his room; and but now, in the diſtreſs of his guilt, about the jewels, ran into his reſcue, by taking the crime upon her ſelf, as his wife, at the expence of her innocence and truth; that ſuch a woman ſhould be deſerted, left, and forſaken——

Marſ. Is indeed a murder of common faith.

I

Gov. Is ſuch a diſhonour to the clear character of a ſoldier, that in a deteſtation, and abhorrence of a treachery ſo vile, I am almoſt provok'd to break him for diſobeying my orders upon the party.

War. Not ſo, governour, that would be too much; he is ſufficiently puniſh'd by the infamy of the action.

Gov. There is ſomething to come, will reward his deſert.

Har. Things are not ſo bad as you apprehend, on *Mourville's* account. Since the truth muſt appear, I will take ſhame to my ſelf, and confeſs that I alone am criminal, only I accountable to juſtice for the jewels. I ſecur'd 'em at firſt, becauſe *Mariana* wou'd not, without any further view: But afterwards, when they came to be neceſſary to the accompliſhment of my deſigns on *Mourville*, I made bold to employ 'em for his uſe; I pawn'd 'em for a hundred piſtoles; if he had won at play at the caſtle, I wou'd have redeem'd 'em.

Dav. Win or loſe, you may remember, you were to ſend 'em to *Cales*, to be ſold there; for diſcovery was to be prevented.

Mour. I know nothing of this, and abhor the villany: I thought the jewels were *Harriet's*; and, as ſhe told me, ſent her by her father.

Har. In what I have ſaid, and done, about the jewels, I am at the governour's mercy; but for the betraying my friend, in ſeducing her lover to marry me, my own love of him, of as long ſtanding as *Mariana's* has been, and the practice of the politer world, will acquit me; and for the charge upon *Mourville*, 'tis no more than a weakneſs, allowed to be natural to mankind; he was not able to conſent to be poor, with a miſtreſs that was undone, when he was courted to proſperity in the riches of my father.

Mour. Wou'd I were in one of his coffers, to hide my face. I ſhall have money at leaſt to keep me in countenance.

Gov. Not that neither, *Mourville*. The poverty, you ran away from, in *Mariana*, your miſtreſs, has overtaken you, in *Harriet*, your wife.

War. How ſo, governour?

Gov. I have a certain account of *Davila's* good fortune, in two rich ſhips, come into *Cales*, ſafe from the *Weſt Indies*, which were reported to be taken; and that the two ſhips taken by the *Sallee* men are found to be *Lopez de Vega's*, father to *Harriet*, who has abſconded and is ruin'd.

Mour. 'Tis juſt upon me; I deſerve it all.

Gov. There's ſomething ſtill behind: When you have refunded the money the jewels were pawn'd for, which you muſt do, you will have your wife's excellent qualities for her portion.

Mour. I have nothing to hope, but that her excellent qualities may provide a proper portion, a rope for her roguery; the ſooner the better. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Gov. I congratulate your deliverance from ſo unworthy a lover, and friend, as *Mourville* and *Harriet*.

Mar. I throw myſelf at your feet, for pardon of my diſobedience, and acknowledge the juſtice of my puniſhment, for what I have done in my folly.

Dav. Thy folly has been puniſh'd ſufficiently; I forgive thee, my child.

Gov. Since your father is reſtored to his good fortune, and you to your reaſon and good ſenſe, the beſt proof you can give of your repentance for the paſt, is to reſolve to make him as happy as you can for the future.

Mar. I do, with the moſt affectionate duty and love.

Gov. Then as a good daughter, you will think your ſelf oblig'd, in duty bound, to aſſiſt him——

Mar. In every thing to my power.

Gov. In the honeſt diſcharge of his, and your own, many unprecedented obligations to the Colonel.

Mar. There I am confounded again.

War. I have given you my promiſe never to diſturb you in this cauſe; but if the Governor and *Davila* are my advocates——

Dav. With the authority of a father——

Gov. And the advice of a friend——

War. I may ſay you have it now in your hands, to beſtow the only bleſſing that is wanting to my happineſs.

Mar. Our obligations are ever to be remembered, and my unworthineſs never to be forgotten.

War. The unworthineſs of your friends never to be forgotten; you were miſtaken in the choice of 'em.

Mar. If you will ſpeak upon this ſubject, I muſt deſire ſome time, by degrees to forget what I have done amiſs; that I may recommend my ſelf, in my future conduct, with more advantage to you.

War. You are dearly recommended to me, and I am happy in attending your time.

Gov. Theſe patterns lay before our female youth,
The ſure effects of gallantry, and truth.
If from their parents' care they wildly run,
They ſee the ready road to be undone.
But if they wou'd ſecure content for life,
A prudent choice muſt make the happy wife.

EPILOGUE:

Written by GEORGE JEFFRYS, Eſq;

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER.

WELL! You have ſeen my future ſpouſe and me,
The mirrours of heroic conſtancy;
And one pair more, in life at leaſt as common,
A pretty fellow, and a—— very woman:
Great was my loſs of him, I needs muſt grant;
But pardon her, my ſlipp'ry confident;
A female confident! 'Tis all a bite,
For how can truth and rivalſhip unite?
Few, few ſincere in ſpite of int'reſt prove,
And ſure the deareſt intereſt is love.
Come, 'tis a fact beyond my power to ſmother;
Why do we dreſs, and tiff, and keep a pother?
No doubt, in pure affection to each other.
But then to pawn my jewels as her own!
The fair ſeducer ſaw how bright they ſhone,
And knew mankind too well to truſt her eyes alone.
Well, I forgive the creature from my heart;
For, ladies, dear hypocriſy apart,
While we are fleſh and blood, whate'er it coſt,
Some jewels muſt be got, and others loſt.

One

One ſcandal it concerns me to remove,
Young Mourville *is expos'd for faithleſs love;*
A Frenchman *falſe! A ſly inſinuation*
(As ſome may urge) that falſhood is the faſhion:
Pray let us underſtand the poet better,
And judge his honeſt meaning by the letter;
To brand a foreign vice was his endeavour:
And, ladies, is it not extremely clever,
He leaves your Engliſh *ſparks as true as ever.*

A

LETTER

FROM THE

EARL OF ORRERY*

TO

THOMAS SOUTHERNE, Esq.

(From the Collection publiſhed by Mr. Duncombe.)

My dear old man, Marſton †, Nov. 1, 1733.

AT my arrival at this dear and delightful place I was welcomed with a letter from you, which had lain ſome days on my table. Your commands will be ever obeyed by me with pleaſure, which is ſtill increaſed by your deſiring to know how we go on in the

* Alſo earl of Corke in 1753, (on the death of his third couſin, Richard earl of Burlington and Corke) the tranſlator, and, in his own letters, the rival, of Pliny. He died at Marſton in 1762, aged 56.

† Near Frome in Somerſetſhire, a ſeat purchaſed of ſir John Hippeſley by the firſt earl of Corke. It was formerly part of the eſtate of Edmund earl of Cornwall.

gardens. We are hard at work both within and without doors, but in the gardens we are outdoing Hannibal, and working through rocks more obdurate than the Alps. This difficult task is undertaken in order to complete the three hanging terraces that shall exceed any of the eastern gardens; perhaps too to indulge a secret pride, that from the lowest of these I may look down on the highest of my neighbours. The wood-walk, which I designed a labyrinth, is almost finished. Three little fountains, at three several distances, add to the beauty of the place. The goddess of spring, and her follower the deity of the summer, stand smiling at the beautiful prospect in the distant vale, while Bacchus, in another cabinet of wood, presents you with the produce of the autumn, to banish melancholy and dissipate gloomy thoughts. *Winter* is seen shivering in a corner, to remind us of mortality, and I think I must carry a death's head always in my pocket, lest the charms of Marston make me forget to hope one day to be an inhabitant of the kingdom of heaven. Near the uppermost fountain is to stand a seat, erected according to a plan of your faithful servant: two little closets at each end, one of which will contain a couch, are the places where you and Phyllis may consummate your unfinished loves, and where I may count my beads, and say my mattins.

I have now told you all that will be finished next summer. I am scratching out upon paper ten thousand designs for the other parts of the gardens, and my plans commonly share the same fate that I wish may befall all my works, they are thrown into the fire and forgotten.

From

From the gardens if you will enter the houſe, you will ſee a repreſentation of the golden age; the cats, the dogs, the birds, the children, the maſter, and the ſervants, *omnes ſine vindice tuti*. Lions at Marſton would loſe their fierceneſs; the panther would grow tame: within my territories the emperor and the king of France would be reconciled; whilſt, like my firſt parent, I ſtand in the garden which my great Creator hath planted for me, and where he hath made *every tree pleaſant to the ſight*, nor can I fall but by diſobedience, from which perhaps your prayers, and my own endeavours, may preſerve me. I will remember that my mother Eve tempted my poor weak father Adam, and loſt him Paradiſe: wonder not therefore, my good friend, if I chuſe paradiſe, and refuſe woman.—The groves of Marſton—but I am returned to the garden, when I was juſt going to carry you into the hall. There you will ſee as fine a ſet of arms, as are in his majeſty's three kingdoms: pictures and marble tables adorn other ſides of the room; but I am more delighted with the proſpect from the windows, than from the moſt magnificent moveables that can be invented. The great dining-room is covered with pictures: two beautiful canary-birds hang near the windows, and however delighted I may ſometimes be with Italian muſic, theſe choiriſters charm my ears more than the ſofteſt notes of Cuzzoni's voice ever did. In this room I have had the honour to entertain one of the greateſt men of this nation, your much honoured lord Carteret *; with him were lord Weymouth †, &c.

* Afterwards earl of Granville, on the death of his mother in 1744.

† Father of the preſent viſcount, and ſon-in-law to lord Carteret.

Our

Our champaign flew about with the alacrity it uſually does in this houſe, nor is the maſter ever better pleaſed than when he has an opportunity of improving himſelf by the converſation and countenance of ſuch men. I am then, methinks, in the ſame ſituation in which a Greek epigram, which Fenton * has tranſlated, puts old

* "Mr. Fenton," ſays this noble writer in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, dated in 1756, "was my tutor; he taught me to read "Engliſh, and attended me through the Latin tongue from the age "of ſeven to thirteen. When I became a man, a conſtant and free "friendſhip ſubſiſted between us. The fact which Mr. Warton "aſſerts concerning him [in the Eſſay on Pope] is far from being "true. He tranſlated double the number of books in the Odyſſey "that Pope has owned. His reward was a trifle, an arrant trifle. "He has even told me, that he thought Pope feared him more "than he loved him: he had no opinion of Pope's heart, and de"clared him, in the words of biſhop Atterbury, mens curva in "corpore curvo. Poor Fenton died of a great chair, and two "bottles of port a day. He was one of the worthieſt and modeſteſt "men that ever belonged to the court of Apollo. Tears ariſe "when I think of him, though he has been dead above twenty "years."

Pope, in a letter to Gay, dated July 20, 1730, juſt after Fenton's death, mentions him in much the ſame manner: "I have juſt "received the news of the death of a friend whom I eſteemed "almoſt as many years as you; poor Fenton! He died at Eaſt"hamſtead [lady Trumbull's] of indolence and inactivity." The writer of Fenton's life in the "ſupplement to the Biographia," p. 50, ſays, that "being diſmiſſed from his employ of ſecretary to "the earl of Orrery in 1705, he gladly accepted the offer of the "free-ſchool at Sevenoak in Kent." It appears, however, from the above, that Fenton was ſeveral years afterwards tutor to his lordſhip's ſon (then lord Boyle) and for that reaſon probably "his "ſalary" (as mentioned by the biographer) might be "continued "to him."

As

old Homer; I am liſtening to Apollo ſinging, and ſtealing his ſong from him.

I will not tire you with a deſcription of any other parts of the houſe, with which you are already well

As Sevenoak is but five miles from Penſhurſt, if we had not ſuch good vouchers for his indolence, we ſhould be at a loſs to account for a man of Mr. Fenton's taſte and genius never viſiting that ſeat of the muſes, that Engliſh Arcadia, like ancient Greece the theme of poets, the nurſe of heroes. If he had, he could not have ſaid, in his obſervations on theſe lines of Waller "at Penſhurſt,"

Go, boy, and carve this paſſion on the bark
Of that old tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth——

"Theſe verſes apparently refer to ſome tree in Penſhurſt-park, "that was planted at the birth of the famous ſir Philip; of which "there is now no tradition remaining in the family; but we may "apply to it what Cicero ſays of the Marian oak, &c."

This tree was in being till the year 1768, when it was cut down by the late Algernon Sydney, Eſq; not long before his death, thus expiring with the name and family to which it owed its origin, and now indeed, like the Sydneys, living only in hiſtory, tradition, and ſong.

Ben Johnſon mentions it in the following manner:

"That later tree, which of an oak was ſet,
"At his great birth, where all the muſes met."

And this hint the late Mr. Coventry (author of "Pompey the "little") has improved into a beautiful epiſode in his poem "on "Penſhurſt," printed in "Dodſley's collection," vol. iv. p. 50.

Mr. Coventry wrote "an inſcription" for the ſame oak, which is printed in the "Gentleman's magazine" for 1760, p. 184.

acquainted.

acquainted. The days are now grown ſhort; I have therefore prepared all the amuſements within doors that will make a ſolitary life agreeable. When my children are put to bed, I betake myſelf either to the ſtudy of hiſtory, poetry, or natural philoſophy; and with theſe I make ſhift to ſit up till towards eleven; and, then, like Othello, I *put out the light*, and without his guilt, wiſh for Deſdemona; but in vain *! And if I am ever melancholy, it is then, when I cannot help repeating what that black monſter ſays, with the additional horror of ſoul, which attends murder,

" My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife!
" O inſupportable! O heavy hour!

Sometimes indeed, unluckily enough for my friends, I am in a humour to write long letters, and that, you ſee, is the preſent turn of my temper, for I have been gazing at dried butterflies, hornets, and beetles, *'till I remembered* I was a letter in your debt, and ſo took a reſolution to pay you with intereſt.

Lord Boyle † is very much your humble ſervant. He is employed all day long on my errands, which he executes without the leaſt miſtake. He puzzles me ſometimes with his queſtions, and makes me bluſh with his

* Henrietta counteſs of Orrery, daughter to the earl of Orkney, died in 1732. See her character (and epitaph) in lord Orrery's "Pliny," vol. ii. p. 183.

† Charles, afterwards ſtiled viſcount Dungarvan. He was at this time about five years old. He married in 1753 the daughter of Henry Hoare, Eſq; and died in 1759, leaving only a daughter. His relict is married to Lord Bruce.

obſervations.

obſervations. I endeavour to turn off the diſcourſe as well as I can; but if I do not take care, the boy will ſoon grow too wiſe for me, and find out that there are but few years difference in our age, and much fewer in our underſtandings. Hammy*, who is leſs ſedate than his brother, contents himſelf with his tops and his marbles, without enquiring into the natural cauſes of things: by this means, the youngeſt bids fair to be the favourite, for I find I muſt give the other a rap † over the head in my will, or the next age will quite forget me. Betty ‡ is the arranteſt romp in Chriſtendom. She talks as faſt as any of her ſex, and, like moſt fine ladies, in a dialect not eaſy to be underſtood. Sickneſs and indolence tremble at the ſight of her, for ſhe is the picture of health, and a "veritable" Miſs Hoyden.

The great king Nobby || brought me home ſafe in the dark laſt night, and the invincible Hector § is faithful and

* The hon. Hamilton Boyle, afterwards viſcount Dungarvan, and on his father's death, earl of Corke, &c. He was at this time about four years old. He died, unmarried, in 1764.

† His lordſhip, it is probable, here ſpoke feelingly, with an alluſion to the cruel and moſt undeſerved "rap" that he had received from his own father, in the bequeſt of his library, conſiſting of above 10,000 valuable books, and a very fine collection of mathematical inſtruments, to Chriſt-church, Oxford.

‡ Lady Elizabeth Boyle, now the relict of ſir Thomas Worſley, bart.

|| A favourite horſe, whoſe life by great care was prolonged to the uncommon age of 34.

§ A favourite grey-hound, who lived to the age of 14. In an invitation of Dr. Swift, to Marſton (dated April 3, 1737,) lord Orrery

and courageous ſtill. Our aviary has received a great loſs by the death of a favourite parroquet, who died, as he lived, with ſilence and tranquillity; he has left a diſconſolate widow, who, we feared, would not have ſurvived him, but, to my great joy, has admitted the addreſſes of an Indian nightingale, who courts her every morning with a ſong. This is the ſtate of men and beaſts at Marſton; whilſt our neighbours have their misfortunes. Lord Weymouth has had a fall from his horſe, by which his life was endangered: lady Weymouth has miſcarried, occaſioned by the fright ſhe received at ſeeing her lord brought home bloody and lifeleſs.

Great, undoubtedly, are the preparations for the enſuing nuptials *; but let them bury, or let them marry, I am content, ſo that the fates permit me to be lord of Marſton, and

Your humble ſervant,

ORRERY.

Orrery ſays, "Hector ſhall fawn upon you." Both theſe old ſervants have monumental inſcriptions to their memory in the gardens at Marſton.

* Of the prince of Orange and the princeſs royal.

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